

ONYIYE

That Girl



MBALEZINHLE ZIKHALI

For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>

Thank you guys for downloading this book from my site please keep visiting <https://novelsguru.com/> for supporting me and also don't forget to share it with your friends.

Dear Friends please download these books direct from <https://novelsguru.com/> bookmark this site for latest African books, and also supporting me Thanks.

1

ONYIYE

Onyiye -Onyiye -Onyiye! Honestly she hates this name but what can she do about it nothing! The reason of the hate for this name is that it's being abused to the core. Nyiye - Nyoyo - Nyuye. That's how they will mimic her name until she burst in anger. They say this name means gift of God, but the rhyme is hard to pronounce!

An 19-year-old who is still trying to find herself. A very dark, slim short girl who was once everyone's favourite, but now she's everybody's enemy. How did she become an enemy again? By getting what you should got when ones married.

That faithful night - the night when she was only 18 enjoying her matric dance. Her mother made all arrangements, spent the last cent on her but look where she is today...if only she was responsible that night she wouldn't be here, she wouldn't be having a fatherless new born child. Her baby is just a six months old and life is already showing her flames.

People claim that drinking is to blame for the changes in one's personality, these myth-debunking boffins have concluded that alcohol does not, in fact, radically change your personality. Sad isn't?

She once thought to herself that maybe - having an abortion will solve her problems. Giving the baby up for adoption. Keep the baby as a single parent. She was on debrief....

She asked herself as to how many sperms do you need to get pregnant? It's takes just one sperm to fertilize a woman's egg. Just one night, one round got her get pregnant....the fact that he had to explain that she would rather and would rather forget the circumstances and do not want to talk about it.

And at home the situation is worser by the second.

Cook Onyiye, clean Onyiye - why? Because her life is on stand by. No future but she managed to make herself happy by

passing all her subjects in flying colours. Was her mother happy for her? Not at all.

"Mum I passed!" She remembers the exultation in her but mother continued drinking her tea like it's no body's business.

She remembers the disappointment - heartache she felt.

Everything is playing bit by bit.

She wipes her tears and looks at her baby boy who is sleeping peacefully.

Her baby boy is just 6 months old and she cannot wait for him to finally grow and be a big boy. Depending on her child's grant for survival is something she cannot wish on someone else. The fact that she has to go house to house and offer her services to clean and wash. Getting paid peanuts - some will give her R10 after making her slave from morning to noon without food with her baby on her back.

She knows how it feels like to sleep on an empty stomach.

Sitting and moping about her useless life will help the fact she's indeed useless. She sighs getting up from her sponge with weak tired blankets.

She needs to clean and cook before they get back from wherever they are. Her sister works in Cambridge and a cashier

and her mother is a maid in some rich man's house in town, Eshowe Loction.

She loves her rural area, she doesn't see herself living her life outside of Eshowe.

She steps out of her rondovel closing it so that the chickens won't wake her baby up.

She sees the women entering the gate and she knew that trouble is about to stir. She doesn't need it today....

"Hau, I've been knocking this whole time and you are there sleeping. Nxa, your mother said don't cook her daughter it's taking her out. Pick yourself Maan, look at your age mates they are going to varsities and you are here breastfeeding...."

"Okay," she turns to leave Mam' Dlundli spitting fire for no reason - as usual. She saw her entering the gate and now she has been knocking for long. She shakes her head taking her baby's clothes off the line. She needs to iron them before her mother comes back. He doesn't have alot of clothes anyway....

They are back, atleast it's very clean. Her and her sister don't see eye to eye. Their mother has always favoured her sister even if she is the one wrong.

She looks at Sisipho walking right past her without even acknowledging her presence. She's used to the treatment anyway.

The whole house is clean nothing needs her attention now in this house. She walks out of the house using the kitchen door, she just needs to cuddle her son.

"Papi Vuka." He is still sleeping. Maybe he is coming up with a flue or something. "Ndimu," she shakes him and he slowly opens her eyes. He is not burning but something is definitely wrong with him. How does she know? The colour of the skin is pink.

She picks him up and places him on her lap making sure that his heart is beating, good thing he is still breathing. Going to her mother is not an option now.

She places her son on her back covering him with a towel and rushes out of the house.

"Gift, what happened? Why are you here this time of the night?" It's only 6'0 Clock in the evening and already people are considering it as night.

"Mah, I need your help." Does she want to break down and cry?
Yes!

"Come in," at least this woman is kind enough for her to let her in her home. Have a sit." Onyiye unstraps her son off he back and sits down placing him on her lap.

"I think he is coming up with a flue." She tells her. The woman looks at her and sighs taking the baby off her hands. She inspects the baby and finally....

"He just needs to be cleaned. His stomach is bloated."

"What do I feed him?" Onyiye ask out of panic.

"Give the child warm water with pinch of salt - or if a spoon of grape water, that's if you have one."

"I think warm water will do."

"Thought as much. Now if you don't mind I need I sleep. Here," she hands her the baby and remains standing. "Your baby looks like he's suffering from less vitamins - ngathi unekhwashu lomntana maan."

"He was born like this." She looks at her child's red - maroon - orange hair. "What colour is this? Look at his white skin. Is he an albino?"

That touched a nerve. She stands up from the couch with tears blinding her vision. "Ey Nani nokuhamba nilala, noze nilale nabathakathi inkosi impela."

"Stay well," no further words out of her mouth.

No one gets used to the remarks being thrown around. It hurts that her child will go through this when growing up. It's a pity that she didn't see the man's face.

They were both intoxicated, it started with a kiss, clothes flying off their bodies and one thing lead to another. There where both in a dark room and that faithful night, she got pregnant with a stranger's child.

Ndimuphiwe is the name of her child. And she will forever cherish him. The best thing that has ever happened to her.

Arriving home she finds her mother standing outside. She walks past her and heading to her rondovel. The rondovel that she got the time she was pregnant. She was kicked out of the main main. "Since usumfazi, I want you out of my house." There was no use pleading with her at that time. She walked out in piece....

"If you still leave under my roof I will not let you whore in my house in broad daylight. If ikushisa impene

here's the gate - go out and never look back." She points out at the gate. She knows very well not to respond.

She nods her head and continues with her journey. Her mother pulls her back by her hair making her to almost drop the baby from her back but she held on tight onto the towel.

"I'm talking to you." A slap lands on her cheek. "Don't you ever walk away while I'm still taking to you, you slut." Another slap lands on her cheek. She's been crying all her life. And she is definitely done crying.

Parents are required to provide for their children and protect them from danger.

She is struggling to recall the last time she spent quality time with her mother, it had sting up and has accept that a considerable amount of time has passed and she will never have a mother and daughter relationship. Even growing up there wasn't one.

Many pupils in school used to describe their mother's as warm, attentive, and kind but not her mother! As a child, she has always craved unconditional love. But instead of cuddles and family outings, her lasting memories are of bitter rows. The way

her mother treats her son her surprised that she was able to raise two children herself.

She may meet her every word with harsh criticism or make her feel generally unworthy. She takes out her anger and frustrations from other areas of her life out on her, without considering or caring if she hurts her.

She pats in her son's back after giving him a quarter of warm water and salt. He burps out loud and immediately he poops watery pop messing all over his napkin towel he is wearing.

Now she has has to wash his poop!

She decided to bathe him at night. No matter how broke she is but she makes sure that her baby never runs out of lotions for his sensitive skin. A very light skinned child with maroon hair and a black wart planter right below his right eye. Normal people have brownish or black hair all over their skin. But not her boy-boy.

A knock on her window, she frowns pulling her breasts out of her son's tiny mouth. She let's her breasts hang outside her t-shirt.

"Onyi," there's only one person who calls her like that and that is her friend.

"Sthuphethu," she whispers back. She finally opens the window and helps her in. "What are you doing her?" She asks remembering her exposed breast. She shamefully tucks it back in and half smiles.

"Ubuncelisa?" She asks pushing her aside beaming in excitement. "My favourite boy," she kisses his cheek. "My mother told me that you came by."

Onyiye sits down beside her crazy friend. Lindiwe is one hell of a talkative one and Onyiye on the other hand is the quietest. People always wondered how do they keep their friendship going.

"Yeap, Ndimu was sick, well not as in sick but he was not okay to be precise. He wasn't popping so I went to your mum for help."

"Friend, never ever seek assistance from that woman. I don't know what happened to my sweet mother. Just because you made a mistake she wants me to forget about you, mxm."

"She's your mother Sthu. And I appreciate it that you still beside me when everyone has turned their backs on me." She will forever be grateful for that.

"Aysuka! I'm not here to talk about that evil woman. I'm here to give you this. I want you to apply and go do what you love best. Remember when we had big dreams?"

Onyiye smiles remembering. "Dreams of us being married to millionaires, driving expensive big cars, living the dream like Somizi would say."

"I'm glad that you still remember. You may not make enough to afford the extra expenses of my baby. Additionally, childcare is expensive. You may not be able to afford the childcare needed to continue doing the side jobs you are doing. I know providing you with what I also get is not enough but I love how you go about house to house wanting to put a hand to get paid.

I won't be available for long, you know that I'm leaving, soon going to school. When I come back I want to see you better and stronger than this. I want to see my friend out there. I want to see you prosper in your farming."

"I also want to." Onyiye replies. The positivity her friend has for her is beyond everything.

"And it all starts here." She hands her the papers. Onyiye looked at them carefully and sighed smiling.

"I promise not to disappoint you. You are the best things that has ever happened to me."

"And also think about what you will tell your child when they're older. This should form the basis for what you tell your family, cause I know you are still stuck on that same old song. I think if it were me I would say that I was out with friends and having a wonderful time. I met someone I felt a real chemistry with and thought I might have a relationship with. As a result, we moved too fast and sadly it was all over before we really knew each other. The important thing is that the moments when your baby was conceived were happy ones. Be strong. You're an adult who has decided to keep her baby. Stand by your choices. It's hard on your own, but all these fears and the fact he was a result of a one-night stand will disappear as soon as you see your baby grow into a young handsome ladies man. Other people's opinions are not important. The people who love you are there for you are the ones who matter."

Onyiye sniffs looking down on the ground. The only person who has ever cared for her. Not even her sister is this loving towards her.

"I have to go before monster mother notices that I sneaked out." She stands up pulling her dress down.

She looks at her friend as she disappeared out of site in the darkness. She smiled closing the window and looks at the

diapers, Danone and Purity that she bought for Ndimu. Surely she stole her mother's money to buy these.

Lindiwe has always been there for her even in the darkest days.

She takes the documents and neatly placed them under her sponge, she has no privacy when it comes to her belongings.

Part of her is broken that her friend is going away to study but she is definitely happy for her at the same time. The fact that she gave her this means alot.

She needs to sleep, tomorrow is another day for her to go work in a shebeen filled with drunk me. Atleast it's going to be R150 a day. She will save up a lot in this week.

It's morning around 5 am and already she's awake. Her son bathed and ready for the road.

She puts the sleeping Ndimu on her back and as usual covers him with the towel. She steps outside and closes the door forgetting to lock it like when she will normally do.

It's freezing cold and it's very much dark outside.

She will be working in the bottle store today or she been whatever the drunkards call it. It's month end and it will be packed. At least the woman was kind enough to babysit for her.

"Knock knock-"

She's standing outside with a smile plastered on her face.

The door fully opens and the man of the house steps out.

"Can I help you?" That scary voice wiped her smile off her face and replaced it with a slightly frown on her face.

"Sawubona baba I'm here to see MaThusi."

"Hmmm," the old man responds.

He leaves the door open and steps inside to go call his wife.

"Hay Nontombi, come in my child."

That's an awkward name. From Onyiye to Gift now Nontombi? What an upgrade.

"Mah,"

The towel is being tucked tightly around her breast area. Ndimu being pulled off her back.

"I'll put him to bed." She's out of sight. The woman who's not afraid of her child.

She comes back and smiles. "I didn't expect you so early. You can have a sit."

"I'm an early bird mah."

"I can see, akusho wena Nontombi. So how are you?" How is she?

She shrug her shoulders, "I don't know."

MaThusi nods her head and sighs. "It's going to be busy for the rest of the week. Usually my kids help around when they are here but school is keeping them. Let me go bath so we could start."

Here goes the cycle of her life.

2

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Apparently, drinking is like sitting on the TV remote's volume up button, except drunk people are the TV and they can't find the remote. One friend not only starts to shout after a few, but he also won't stop talking and cursing. Normally she wouldn't mind—their conversations are littered with expletives.

They are so weirdly insecure.

Which, frankly, is a surprise. Take a person who's pleasing to the eye, intelligent, put together, and when sober, brazenly competent, and confident—but after a few whisky sours, that person turns into a paranoid mess of self-doubt. She knows what alcohol does to your blood stream. She's the victim of it.

"Awu, mfazi kamfowethu," says Clive on of the guys he used to attend school with. She last saw him two months ago. People are busy with their lives.

"Clive," she smiles wiping the counter. "What brings you here?"

"I just miss home. Ngisazobamba ingudu ezimbalwa."

"It's good that you have never forgotten home. I'm glad that city life didn't change you."

Clive is doing his first year in DUT, studying mechanical engineering. He was her partner in their matric dance but nigger disappeared, it was understandable. Everyone was drunk - load shedding happened, one thing lead to another. She found herself kissing a total stranger.

"I just miss my rural home town. City life is not for me. But most importantly I miss my mother's cooking." He has his hands lean against the counter.

"Still a mama's boy I see."

He laughs shyly and sees a woman with a baby in her hands.

"Is that my Ndimu? Can I take him home mama will be so delighted to see him."

Onyiye looks at MaThusi who has her hands wrapped tightly around Ndimu.

"Errm,"

"He must be back within an hour." She hands Clive the baby who was smiling from ear to ear. "Make sure that the sun doesn't burn him. His skin is too sensitive." She puts him his hat and gives him an umbrella. "I want him back within an hour."

If only her mother was this over protective towards her it would have been....

"Mfazi ka mfowethu, we will be back. Keep those bottles safe for me." He walks out carrying Ndimu. She has never really asked him why he calls him that.

The day went pretty fast. She didn't even notice that it's knock off time. Lock at her sounding like a professional business woman.

How can she stand long hours with such pain? Hopefully she will become accustomed to standing by doing it every day.

"Nisale kahle mah," she's ready to leave and be home in her sponge reading through those documents.

"See you ngo8:00 am not by 5:00 am please tuuu." MaThusi tells her making Onyiye to laugh a bit.

"I promise to come around 8:00."

MaThusi hands her the money...R250! She was definitely not expecting it one bit.

"Hau mah, God bless you for me." She wants to kneel down and cry. This means so much to her. She knows that she will save this week and buy her baby more diapers and formula.

"Don't even think about it!" MaThusi sternly warns. She is half way through kneeling but was forbidden. "You've helped me alot and my customers loved you. Keep this heart of yours you will go far."

She feels confident and liberated. This feels like the first pay-check, a pay-check that will give her a taste of what's in store for her.

Earning that little money just gave her confidence because then she can be financially independent and does not have to be dependent on others. Not, especially her mother and sister.

It's funny how they live in one yard but they do not acknowledge each other's presence.

Today - she doesn't have to steal food from the house. She will sleep with a full stomach. Ndimu is tacked on her back as usual like every other day.

On her way back home she bought two fatkoeks, fried chips with yababa and a 2 litre coke. She's going back home humming in excitement.

Her mother is outside the yard with her favourite daughter ready for her already. That she knows and her instincts tell her.

"WeSfebe, woza la!" Okay what has she done now. She makes sure not to step on anyone's toes.

"Mah," she takes further steps towards them. She looks down on the ground because she knows that a slap could follow for looking at her. "What the hell is this?" She shoves the papers on her face.

Her heart drops immediately....

"You went through my stuff?" She's broken, hurt.

"Whose house is this? You intend to forget the this is my house and my late boyfriend built it for me. You thinking of going back to school? Who's going to take care of that thing you call a child? Wena! Go take matches endlin. I will teach you a lesson you will never forget!"

She's looking at the papers burning right in front of her eyes. The effort her friend made bringing her these only to be destroyed in this manner.

"Mah!" Her trembling lips and watery eyes.

"I don't give birth to skanks mina."

She's standing there still frozen, hurt.

She feels as if she has fallen into a cactus, and her heart has been punctured a million times over by tiny pins. It stung at first, but now it feels as if they've left her numb—not even slightly painful, just numb.

Looking at the ashes on the grass with tears running one after another.

"Mxm," her sister turns to walk back to the house.

She's sitting on her sponge lost in thoughts. She cannot even celebrate the victory of earning that R250.

She lays on her back with her aching feet facing the ceiling.

She sighs painfully as she burst into tears.

She only wanted to study agriculture and be a better Mom to her son. She only wanted to make her future better. But all of her plans just shattered right in front of her eyes.

Accept what is, let go of what was, and have faith in what will be. A quote she once heard.

She lays flat awake at night aching for rest and relief from her racing mind.

One day running straight into the next, and the next, and the next. An endless horror-film loop. That's how she could describe her life growing up.

She feels lost.

And alone.

It wasn't a new feeling. She had felt that way for years.

She lies awake and wonder why she didn't feel better, wish she could feel like everyone else seemed to—content, confident, happy. Why wasn't that her life?

The harder she fights the way she's feeling, the harder it is to feel that way. The more she lets it be there, the easier it gets to

feel that way. The feeling no longer feels scary, or like something she needs to try to avoid.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

"Sthembiso Maan

if you know what's best for you...."

"Mah, I'm coming!" He hisses getting off the bed cursing under his smelly morning breath.

The sun is burning his skin so painfully - he runs back to the house to wear his t-shirt and his hat. He has a two bedroom outside the main house.

Now his body is itchy - scratching will follow then blisters and redness will pop up.

"Here take. Go to the shops and buy me this." His mother hands him the piece of paper filled with groceries.

"It's hot, can't I go this afternoon?" Maybe he will pull that card on her.

"Now Sthembiso!" She raves. What do they say about Black Parents!

His mouth is forever cursing - "ay, ay, ay," he is stomping his feet like a five year old.

"A 25 years old - what a disgrace." His mother add before turning to leave. She knows her son, he is forever complaining and that doesn't bug her any longer.

He fixes his hat and sighs stepping out of the yard. His father has forbidden him from using his cars.

The old man doesn't understand that he was drunk, damn he even got laid that night. He was invited to a matric dance that turned out to be his personal matric dance.

Driving back home made him loose all of his senses, he found himself crashing someone's car. Whenever he thinks of that night he find himself smiling.

She was way too tight and very sweet.

Her pussy tasted like strawberry sweet aid. He would steal pictures of her without her noticing. His gallery is full of those moments.

His smiling looking at his feet counting his steps. He wishes he could spend just one more night with her. Her very dark soft skin.... He has been eyeing her since he spotted his yes on her

that night. It's a pity because that was the first and last day since he saw her.

Her moans filling his ears under those blasting speakers spitting music.

He could still hear her voice, tiny. He took someone's purity! He needs to be rectified to receive this.

A honk makes him to freeze and stands still. He tilts his head finding himself in the middle of the road. How did he get here?

His heart pounding looking at the cars passing him - some swearing.

"What the fuck man! Watch wear you going you pussy!"

If this man is referring to the pussy his imagining - than by all means he is delighted to be compared with it.

"Her pussy was sweet." He shouts back sticking his middle finger out.

The driver steps out of his car marching towards him. "Ow shit!" Izinduku zesinukha are out of sight.

Imagine a skinny guy running for his life.

Sthembiso is hardly seen in the road. He is forever at home if he is not at work.

Finally he is in town, he doesn't like crowded places. He enjoys being alone and talking to himself.

People always look at him in the most weirdest way and it doesn't bother him any longer. His reddish hair is neatly cut. What is a man without a fade.

"Sthembiso!" He knows that voice. And it annoys him to the core!

He composes himself and turns to look at her. Her stomach is so fucken huge!

"Mazet!"

"Are you still denying this pregnancy?"

"How am unsure that the baby is mine since you slept with my brother Dumisani?"

"We didn't sleep together! We only kissed!" MaZet half shouts attracting eyes. "You know what you are useless. I don't even know what I saw in you because you cannot even perform in bed. Iyafhathuza nje."

"Say's someone who has a hole for the whole Eshowe to share!" Sthembiso spits back.

MaZet gasps in shock as her lips trembled. "You bastard!"

He sees stars after that handful smack on his right cheek. Silly pervert scenes- He saw her Juggling Assets and all during her effort to slap. But that was a short pain and insult.

All eyes on them, great just great. The devil has left leaving him to earn evil eyes. He is standing in the queue waiting impatiently.

Finally his turn comes, he looks at the lady chewing gum and shakes his head.

"I should tell my black ndoni to teach you how to chew."

"Sorry ukhuluma nami?" the till lady asks.

"Nyori, cha I'm talking to the chicken behind you." he mimics her voice. "Your eyebrows - long walk to freedom, long Halloween way DPD truck." He sides eye her. The girl just looks at him and sighs continuing to work. What's the use of arguing with a fool.

"Plastic?" She asks, frustrated, mad.

"Cha, I don't want my plastic being turned into a zombie." He pulls out for a packet behind his pocket and smirks looking at her. He shoves the items inside the plastics and smiles widely.

There's nothing more than he hates like being in a taxi with these bunch of....

"Sibawu 4," ow no she didn't hit him with the money on his cheek.

He turns to look at her, "I'm not a passenger," he turns to face front and focuses on his phone.

"Haibo Buti! Dlulisa imali." Another shouts.

"I don't work here, angisobicabha mina." He hisses still focused on his phone.

The driver stops the taxi, "weButi uthi imali yenzeni?"

Sthembiso tilts his head to look at the scary driver. He swallows hard and chokes on his own saliva. If he was related to a marathonist sure he would have been out of this door, he is even suited next to it!

"Who's talking?" He asks looking at the driver.

"Yey wena botela, dlulisa imali Maan!"

"Read my lips certified driver - I do not work for the taxi association. I'm not your personal assistant."

Sthembiso locks his phone placing it back to his pocket.

"What did you say?"

"So the driver can speak English after all, hahahah how funny!"

The driver steps out and walks around his taxi - he opens the passengers door and pulls Sthembiso out by grabbing him with his shirt. "Repeat your words boy."

"Let go of me!" He tries wiggling himself but he is just way too thin for the buffy taxi driver. He has him pressed against his taxi.

"Uzonya saan" he lets go of him making sure to drop him on purpose. The driver takes his plastic out and throws them on the road with food being scattered on the ground.

Just like that the cruel driver is driving away.

"Thank you, Solidariteit!" He stomps his feet cursing. "What now." He picks everything luckily the plastic is still fine.

Walking back home in this heat feels exhausting. Every part of him is painful - sore and itchy.

A hooter honks from behind. He jumps out of shock and screams in fear a bit.

"Shit!" He stands aside.

"Get in!" Instructs a scary man.

"Weee, sorry. I'd rather die in this heat."

The driver steps out and walks around his car towards him, he stands right in front of his yellow-white face.

"I said get in." A gun!

Sthembiso shoots his eyes wide open.

"Woahh!" He takes steps back. Now he wishes he didn't come home for the weekend. Durban is pretty full and annoying. Lots of cars going up and down making him go crazy. Now this!

The man points the gun right on his face.

Sthembiso quickly tries reach up and take hold of the barrel, trying to aim it away from his body.

The man leaves a manful punch on his face and he staggers back loosing balance.

"Don't try it!" The man hisses. Looking scarier then he is.

"Okay, okay!"

He touches his painful jaw and sighs defeatedly.

"Get in, you are wasting my time!"

"Where are you taking me. Atleast can I leave this at home before my mother kills me."

His tiny arse is in the backseat of this tiny red Tazz.

"Shut the fuck up! You are so annoying!." The man presses harshly on the breaks.

His body tends to keep moving forward almost hitting the windscreen. "Ouch! You almost killed me!"

"I wonder how you became a security guard because you are such a sissy."

"Mxm,"

Still carrying his mother's plastics with a painful jaw. "Why did you bring me here again?" They are somewhere around Eshowe. He has never been this side of town. "Where are we?" He asks with a confused frown on his face.

"Heaven." The man replies. Sthembiso is following the man around like a lost puppy.

They enter a heavenly house - "wow," he exclaims looking up. This side of town really does have beautiful houses.

Inside is definitely worse. "Who lives here?"

The man leads him to where the other men where.

"Finally, you are here." Says a huge an with a huge stomach.

"Is your stomach real?" Sthembiso slaps his mouth into a thin line.

"What did you say?"

"Ow shit!" He curses. Even his voice is deep and scary.

"Take him to the boss."

The driver comes up and pulls him roughly towards another passage. Another grabs the plastics.

"Hei, not my mother's grocery!"

"Relax sdididi."

Sthembiso finally let's go of the plastics reluctantly.

The door fully opens and the step in.

"WTF!" He's shocked. Who owns such credit cards.

"Have a sit."

"Who are you?" Sthembiso. He doesn't want to take chances. He was forcefully pulled here with a gun held at him and now this!

The man finally turns around with a wide smile on his face. This cannot be his boss. "I knew that you will come."

"Khoza." This doesn't make sense. This man is his boss, what the hell is he doing with so many bank cards?

"Yes, waxwaya. I'm your boss isn't?"

"Yes, but....but what's going on?"

"Sit down I'll brief you."

"What! So you trying to tell me that you guys scheme government with your evil deeds?"

"And with that money - that is how you get paid. Look I just need your skills in IT and that's it."

Sthembiso cringes to the sound of that. "And if I don't barge in? This thing is illegal."

The man smiles - you see this" he shows him a video of his mother watering her plants. "and this...." Another video of Onyiye standing besides the road with a huge stomach another picture of her carrying a baby boy that's a replica of him!

His heart pounds in fear, he slowly stands up and take baby steps towards the table.

"Where did you get these?" His voice is barely out. The man chucks puffing his cigarette.

"I've been following you for a while. I kept tabs on you. I now when you are sleeping, bathing or even looking at her pictures.

It's a pity that you only saw her one night in that matric dance." The man's laughs a little. "You see if you do not do what I ask you to do you will loose your family. You will loose your child you even didn't get to meet."

"How do you know that the child is mine?" He tries to sound brave but deep inside fear has creeped in. Not his Ndoni.

"I have every little detail of you. I even know that you a product of an affair."

His blood pressure and heart rate increase. He starts breathing faster. Even his blood flow changes — blood actually flows away his heart and into his limbs, making it easier for him to loose his sight and started throwing sissy punches.

A loud bang thunders at the back of his head. Immediately his sight becomes fuzzy, he feels light headed.

"Knock him out."

The last words he hears before closing his eyes.

3

STHEMBISO JIYANE

Three days later Sthembiso woke up with a thunderous headache. He groans loudly holding the back of his head. The

roof is spinning - everything piles up right up his throat. He gags and everything just comes up.

He lays on his side. There is no eye movement or muscle activity. He is not adjusting immediately and he feels groggy and disoriented.

Several minutes later he opens his eyes fully wide awake as they were opened.

He groans trying to get off the bed.

He misses a step he trips and falls off the bed landing on his awful vanilla.

"Argh," he says getting up. He tries getting back up but falls back down again.

The door cracks open and the Tazz man comes in holding a glass of water.

He sighs placing the glass on to of the counter. "Not as strong as you were three days ago huh." He says.

"Thre, three days ago." He stammers and finally gets the courage to stand. "What do you mean by three days ago?" He lost!

The Tazz man just laughs - "you have been sedated for three days. Go take a bath you stink. Will get a maid to clean your mess."

Bathing has always been linked to his mental health. Whenever he is in a shower that is where he gets to think of all the trauma he went through. The childhood trauma. He still has anxiety of those events.

For him, warm shower reduces depression and anxiety.

"Shit!" He finally remembers something.

He steps out of the shower and wraps himself with a towel not bothering to close the running water.

Dripping wet, his feet leaves foot prints on the floor. He runs around this huge house and finally steps out of it. His mind freezes a bit.

This places didn't look like this yesterday.

He runs back inside and runs out again. Still no changes - he squints his eyes multiple times. "I believe I'm blind." He says to himself. "Mah!" He continues to run around looking for something or someone, he spots the guys.

"Aw you are awake. Tazz give him clothes to wear." His boss Khoza says handing him a drink.

"No thanks I don't drink." His face shrinks.

"Suit yourself."

"My mother's grocery, if I don't go home my mother will kill me to death."

He wants to cry so bad.

"Don't worry, that has been taken care of."

"How?" He asks.

Khoza sighs, "I see, you still have a long way to go ntwana." He takes his phone out giving it to him. Sthembiso grabs the phone and immediately punches his mother's number.

"Mah!" The phone is still ringing. He is impatient she is not answering!

"Halo," phew finally! This woman will be the death of him.

"Mah! Help they kidnapped me!" Khoza looks at him not believing.

Funnily it sounds, his mother laughs on the other side of the line. "Thank you for the groceries and the money that you gave me. I can't wait to flaunt to these stokvel women."

He is confused, "mah I'm kidnapped and you are here....wait what money?"

"Your boss gave me money and said you were assigned to be on duty." Sthembiso turns to look at Khoza. "My pot is burning." The line goes dead.

He sighs not knowing what to do anymore.

"You can go ahead and ask." Khoza.

"How do you know I want to ask?" Sthembiso looks at him briefly.

"Once your lower lip twitches I know you want to know something. Now ask."

"About," he clears his throat. He is so uncomfortable. "About Ndoni, how do you know her?"

"The day you told me that you were invited to a matric dance I decided to follow you. Every movement - I captured. Until I noticed you taking videos and pictures of a certain thing only to find out you are taking a picture of that tiny dark beauty. Ay muhle yena. No wonder you are crazy about her. Anyway I decided to keep tabs on that girl and guess what."

"What?" His voice is barely out.

"She has your child. You left that girl pregnant that night and never even bothered to find her. If you liked or loved her as you claim you would have had the courage to look for her since she

lives around. Or yet ask Clive - but nigger won't tell you shit because she wants her to himself."

"What!"

"That is not the point here. Are you going to help me or not?"

"What's the catch?" Sthembiso asks.

"My offer is to help your girl out from that toxic environment, find her a better place to live in along with your child."

"Toxic place? What do you mean toxic place." He feels stupid for not even making an effort to try looking for her. He feels stupid to even think.... Clive - he considered him as his little brother but he just wanted him to eat where he dips.

"That girl is being abused daily. My sauce told me that it's something that has been happening ever since she growing up. Right now she works in a bottle store just to make ends meet for her son Ndimuphiwe."

"I don't even know what to say. Is that his or her name?"

"His name."

This is definitely too much of take in. He takes a deep breath failing to breathe.

"Can I scream?"

"Erm sure," Khoza is confused. He looks at himself struggling to breathe.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh," he lets out the loudest scream and sighs calmly.

"You good?" Khoza is concerned. Maybe he should have approached this matter in another way.

"It's too much to take in. I don't even know what to say. I feel stupid, useless."

"I know that feeling. So what's it going to be? Are you in or youy family suffers?"

"Can I atleast think about it?" He is not sure.

"I'm giving you an hour. Go get dressed and eat." Khoza suggest. He has even forgotten that he is not dressed.

"Is my mother safe?"

"She is."

Sthembiso looks at Khoza briefly before heading back to the house. He stops on his track...."where are we?"

"Jozi." Khoza stands up gulping the whiskey down his throat. He leaves Sthembiso with his mouth half opened.

"Jozi!"

"I think Khoza have this boy alot of Propofol." The rest of the guys laugh. Sthembiso looks at them and clicks his tounge turning to walk away.

He doesn't want to make decisions based on fear and the possibility of what might happen. His family comes first and now he has a baby he didn't know about with a woman he always dreams of.

His mother once said to him growing up- trust your instincts, and make judgements on what your heart tells you. The heart will not betray you.

Is he about to make a r....

The door cracks open disturbing his thoughts.

"I've given you enough time to think. Khoza says stepping inside of the room and sits to a chair that was opposite him.

"I'm scared" indeed he is. Sthembiso is is on the bed with his hands on his chin. He sits ups straight and face Khoza.

"What of?"

"Everything, me having a child out there which I did not know about. Me having hear that he lives under an environment the is very much toxic. I'm sadden and my heart bleeds. I feel like,

like.... stupid like they will always say." He sighs pulling his mucus from deep his nostril.

"Gandhi once said

Advertisement

you must be the change you wish to see in the world. Live for what's worth dying for, and leverage technology to create the world you wish to see."

He doesn't want to be agonize over decisions. He has been sitting on this bed for hours looking at her pictures. Her smile, that skin.

She is the most beautiful girl in the world. The most sweetest you could find. He logs out of his gallery locking his phone and shoving it in his pocket. He stands up stretching himself yawning.

He finally steps out of the room and follows the noise.

"I was about to tell Tazz to go call you."

"No need I'm hear." He says. His tired, he feels it in his bones that what he is about to do or make will have him locked up for years.

"Take a seat and the guys will brief you." Khoza offers him a sit and Sthembiso sits looking at the multiple laptops in front of his eyes.

Sthembiso is now sitting behind the garden with a lot of thoughts buried deep inside him. Is he indeed a child of an affair? But he looks exactly like his father. He looks at Khoza making his way towards him.

"Were you serious?" He asks.

"About?" Khoza settles down on a camp chair that was beside him.

"That I'm a product of an affair?" Saying it with his mouth sounds bitter.

Khoza chuckles shaking his head. "I wanted to get your attention. That's a blunt lie. Here take." He tosses a roll of money to Sthembiso who tried catching but it slips. He picks it from the ground and looks at it.

"What's this for? So much money."

"Your first payment for the first job you did. If continue this way imagine how much you will make every week. Doing your job is just R10K but if you want to be part of the crew it's going to be more than that."

"But I don't want to be part of the team. I'm fine as a security guard."

"Will it be enough to take care of your family and baby mama? You do not think for yourself only. Now that you know that you have a child out there - work for him even if it means killing."

He squints his eyes in fear.

"Kil...." He clears his throat. The word is too big for him.

"Yes killing."

Sthembiso takes a deep breath looking at the money in his hands. He has never made so much before. Maybe giving it to his baby mama.

"I want to give it to Ndoni."

He faintly smiles. "But I don't know how."

"You a technician, figure it out." Khoza taps on his shoulder and turns to leave.

He has had it all figured out. He is smiling ear to ear, maybe searching for he - heck he doesn't even know her name.

He decides to call Clive....

"What is that dark beauties name?" He asks praying he answers him.

"Which dark beauty?"

"The one that was your partner in your matric dance."

He feels like cursing but he needs help.

"Why are you asking about her?"

"I just saw someone who looks like her and she said her name is Phindile but she doesn't know you. I swear it was her but she is denying ever being your partner."

Clive laughs over the phone, "that is definitely not her, her name is Onyiye."

"Oho, ay people look alike yoh! Anyway will see you around."

Now that he has her name, he thought for a second. What is her last name?

He wouldn't have asked him, he would have been suspicious right?

He opens the laptop top he was provided. First, he will search for her on Facebook.

Too many of them but he managed to spot her. Looks like she has never been active. She created an account but only posted on picture two years ago.

It would have been better if there was her last name. But he will not give up until he finds her last name.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"I took you from the gutters and made you what you are today and you have the guts to steal from me Nontombi. R700 wonke Pho!"

"Mah I didn't still your money I swear." She's kneeling down with her hands rubbing against each other.

"Stand up pack your things and get the hell out of my compound! I was trying to make you a better person. I was trying to prove to people that you are not what they say you are, you have just proved to me that you are really what they say you are. Your mother warned me about you and I didn't listen and now I regret never taking up on her advice."

She knew there's nothing more that she could say. She stands up and fixes her baby on her back.

"Usalele kahle mah," she turns to leave the tavern without glaring back.

Just when she thought she has her life coming together and right along.

Problems seem to be rising one after another, leaving her feeling like the world is against her. She is trying so hard to stay on top of things but feels like the harder she tries, the worse things go, and the problems just keep on piling up.

After a dreadful day she just wants to put herself into sleep and think things through. Everything was fine with MaThusi's. Her kids decided to come back and everything begins to vanish.

She's not only dealing with a pile of problems but also exhaustion from sleep deprivation. She has been having a hard time to sleep lately and this job was the only thing that only kept her sane.

She puts her baby to sleep and goes to where she keeps her money.

Maybe she is not seeing right.

"No, no, no!" She begins to ramble everything upside down.

She cannot just loose R1,200 just like that. She opens the tin again and there's is nothing.

Tears blinding her vision - she wants to scream and cry out-loud.

She marches out of her rondovel going to the main house finding her mother and sister having the good time of their lives. New clothes scattered all of the place.

"Did anyone enter my rondovel?" She asks calmly with tears already streaming down.

"Ow yes I did. You cannot leave here for free. I think it's high time you now pay rent. I cannot feed two fatherless kids worst you don't even know what you want in life."

"Mah! Do you have any idea how much it took for me to save that money!"

"Who are you shouting at?" Her mother stands up giving her one hell of a backslap. "Get the hell out of my house and from now onwards know that you must pay rent."

"What about her?" She points out at her sister.

"She's my daughter. I gave birth to her. Sometimes I wonder why I did not kill you when I still had a chance."

Onyiye gasps holding her chest clinging onto it.

"Mah," she's shocked beyond measures.

"I'm not your mother! Get that through your thick skull. Get the hell out of my house. And I want that rent month end. I'll make it cheaper for you. R500 will do."

She stood there looking at them talking and eating junk that was bought with her hard earned sweat.

"Okay,"

She's looking at the rope that is right in front of her eyes. She thought about committing suicide too many times. But whenever it's time for her to do it she chickens out. But today - today was the last straw for her. What her mother just did can't be undone.

She looks at her pillow. Maybe suffocating her son in his sleep then kill herself will make them happy.

She places the pillow on her babes face and begins to press with tears wailing put.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"Nyi!" A hard knock on the door. She gets startled and throws the pillow aside.

The person let's themselves in and find Onyiye sited innocently on the sponge with her swollen eyes.

"Nyi, what's wrong." As very dark as she is Lindiwe can see right through her.

She knows her friend more than anyone.

"Sthuphethu, didn't you say you were leaving this morning?" Onyiye changes the topic.

"I am but I couldn't leave without seeing my best friend." Lindiwe settles down next to her. "Did you fill the forms? I need to take them with me."

Onyiye burst into tears and Lindiwe wondered what seems to be the problem.

"Hey, talk to me. What's wrong."

"As you knew, I got a job at the bottle store - tavern whatever you call it. I got fired today because they said apparently I stole money. Not only that, that has been eating me up...." she stops

talking and takes a deep breath. "When I got back home days ago, the forms you brought for me to fill out were burnt to ashes right in front of my eyes. I'm hurt friend - I really am."

"Why is your mother so evil? Why not look for your father?"

"She refused to tell me who my father is. Judging by the name I have and the colour of my skin. I think he resides in Nigeria, Kenya, Zambia - you know those countries."

"I understand," Lindiwe side hugs her. She pulls out her old phone giving it to her. "I know it's not much but I would like us to communicate when I'm gone, tell me all the juicy stuffs."

"This is your phone nje."

"Was, Tata bought me a new one. So I don't mind giving it to you."

"What will I ever be without you?" Onyiye sniffs taking the phone out of her hands.

"Sthuphethu esilahla kwi matric dance." They look at each other and burst into laughter.

"Mxm," Onyiye says still laughing. "You crazy."

"I know and you love me that way. Let me show you something that I need you to do for me when I'm gone cause I don't have enough time." She takes the phone and scrolls through. "I'm sure this will bring back the smile on your face."

Onyiye gasps grabbing the phone out of her hands. "ow my God!" She stands up and begins to jump up and down. "I promise not to let you down, I promise on my grandmother's grave." The excitement is too much.

"I'll see you when I get back and please don't replace me cause if you do I'll kill the bitch. You are mine and mine alone."

"You sound like a psychopath right now."

"Aysuka, buy my baby his favourite. I know how much he loves Danone."

"You spoil this child too much. I'm beginning to think you gave birth to him." Onyiye.

"I pushed him out of my Virgina."

"Pleas don't remind me of that day. I don't see myself going back there."

"I will remind you these words one day. I'm not going to answer you now but there will be a day I will remind you on. Let me get going my love."

That love she shares with her friend is beyond magnificent.

She regrets ever thinking that death is the solution to her problems.

She was facing overwhelming sadness and despair, such that facing daily tasks that is it just making her life go in circles.

Having Lindiwe really bought that positivity that life goes on even when you down and nothing.

Her friendship helps her feel vibrant and energized. She feels the courage to pursue the things that make her deliriously happy. Self-judgment falls away.

A friend she has is one who overlooks her broken fence and admires the flowers in her garden. Her good friend is like a four-leaf clover: hard to find and lucky to have. There is nothing she would not do for her and she is willing to keep her promise to her true friend.

She's standing under a tree near the road waiting for a taxi.

She just want to spoil herself and forget about everything she has been through the whole of yesterday. Today is another day, she woke up feeling better.

"My sister, I'm done. It has been submitted. Just wait for them to reply." She's at the internet cafe....

"Ow wow thank you." She's beyond happy.

"Good luck."

"Thank you," she needs it.

She steps out of the internet cafe, fixes her son's hat.

"Mama will but that pap and gravy she promised you, angithi babazi." She's keeping her promise to her friend, spoiling her favourite niece. R300 is what she gave her.... She kisses his cheek and smiles looking at her sons teeth. She notices a man looking at them, more like taking pictures. He stops when he noticing Onyiye looking back at him - he got into a red Tazz and drove off.

Surely he was taking pictures of her son.

She's standing in a queue waiting for her turn.

Last month she didn't use the grant money because she was covered. Today she needs it and she's running out of food herself.

Finally her turn - she checks for the balance first blinks multiple times. Maybe she read the figures wrong.

She looks back and everyone is looking at her impatiently.

She cancels the withdrawal - maybe she will try with another bank.

Same story, how did R10K land in her card. Grant money for kids is not that much, it's just a couple of rands or so.

She decides to withdraw R1500, not forgetting the rent hoping it will bring peace. This money she withdrew will last her the whole month.

Still shocked as to where the money is coming from.

Done with the little shopping, how will she manage all of these plastics.

"Sistera, do you need help?" Asks a phara that was walking past.

"No thanks."

"I won't do anything to. I just want R5 for bread."

"I've never seen bread that costs R5." She chucks. "It's fine you can help me."

He indeed helped her and left her at the rank. Out of the good gesture she gave him R50.

"Inkosi ikubusise sistera. She looks at the phara as he walked away. Hope he will make something useful with that money.

A lady walks past her carrying a new born baby. Onyiye is sitting on the pavement breastfeeding, she covered her breast with a receiver – baby blanket....

"Sisi," greets the unknown girl.

Onyiye looks up and finds her looking down on her.

"Hei."

"Please

I need your help. I just need to use the toilet Manje I can't go in with my baby." She says.

"How can you trust me with your new born baby?"

"Cause you are also a mother."

Onyiye sighs.

"Please Sisi. I really need to change my pad and the stitches are not doing any justice on me."

"Okay fine. I'm giving you five minutes. I was just sitting down here so that I could breastfeed." Onyiye peeps through the receiver – baby blanket and notices that Ndimu is fast asleep.

"Let me put him on my back and I will hold your baby." She stands up putting Ndimu on her back. He still has his hat on and his face is covered being protected from the sun.

"Okay you can bring him."

She's been checking the time and it has been almost an hour with the lady gone. Ndimu is now wide awake crying on her back.

"Shhh." She pats on his but with another hand holding the baby. Surely Ndimu is now thirsty. He drinks water very often.

"Ow God," she wants to cry so bad. The woman is not coming back as promised.

"What do I do?" She asks herself. She's holding a baby she hasn't even bother checking. She peeps through the blanket and staggers back almost dropping the baby.

"Jesus!" She hurt her foot a bit that is not the important case right now.

She looks again and she cannot believe her eyes. Could this be.... Maybe they are related.

Maybe the woman left her cell-phone in her bag - she will definitely find something in it.

She bends down unzipping the baby's bag and comes across a neatly folded letter. She opens it - maybe it has a address or something.

"Dear mntanami,

I want to apologize to you from the depths of my soul for how my actions became so totally out of control, resulting in tremendous hurt to you in the process.

I know I sound selfish right now but...."

She shakes her head not believing her eyes. This cannot be happening to her. Not when her life is this messy.

She doesn't want to read anything further, she digs in the bag again and everything is in there. Baby clothes – formula.....

"No, no, no, God why do you have to forsake me." She burst into tears.

"My sister is everything alright?" Ask a man who was walking past.

Onyiye burst into tears all over again not knowing what to say.

"A lady asked me to hold her baby - she left a letter in the bag and she is gone. She has been gone for hours and...."

"Let me see the baby."

Onyiye uncovers the baby and shows him. Ndimu's hat fall on the ground and the man gasps in shock.

"Hau Sisi, waze khohlakala. You want to throw away your kids!"

"No, no. The one on my back is mine and the one I'm carrying is not mine."

"You are such a liar, infact a disgrace to womanhood. How can you be this evil?"

"I swear on my grandmother's grave, this one is not mine." She shakes her head with tears streaming down her face.

"It's okay buti, I'll take it from here you may leave now." Tazz man says. The unknown man chucks not believing.

"This is what you get for opening legs at you age, sies maan." He spits on the ground and continues with his journey.

Tazz looks at both babies in confusion.

"I swear he is not mine. That was my reaction when I saw him as well. Please believe me, this child is not mine."

"I believe you. But right now you should save your energy because no one will believe you. Are these your bags?" She nods her head with mucus mixed with tears.

"Go get in the car, I'll take you home."

"My mother will kill me. Why not take him to the police station?" She asks out of fear.

"The cops won't buy your story and you know why."

She nods her head understanding. "How do you know that I'm not lying?" Out of curiosity she asks.

"I was seated there having a meal." He points out a caravan that is across the road. "I saw everything."

She's not looking forward to be home. Looking at her son and looking at this unknown child makes her shrink in fear. Why has God turned his back on her? Did she really have to go through what she is going through now at this age. Everyone seems to be spitting on her face.

Arriving home she finds he clothes outside. She places the baby on the backseat and makes Ndimu sits comfortably fixing his hat. His skin is very much red meaning he won't sleep at night. He will be crying because of the itchiness.

"Mah," she's limping towards her rondovel.

"Angithi Wena you decide to steal what feeds you! I'm tired of you Onions! I'm tired that every member of this community has to complain about you. If you do not steal you sell your body!"

She pulls her by hair making her to lay on the ground.

"Kahle ngolaka Sisi. I just came I tell you why I fired her."

"Yazi Wena uzonhazi namuhla!"

The belt is already in her hands.

For the latter, it makes her body burn and sting and each stroke intensifies the feeling until it ends up like there's a fire burning all over her body.

It gives long lasting pain.....

"I'm sorry," no more tears left in her.

"Bloody useless prostitute. Get your bags inside the house before I kill you like your useless father."

She slowly gets up from the ground and kneels in front of her mother.

"Mah, whatever wrong I did to you please forgive. If I'm dying for my father's sins, please look into it and you will notice that is was not my fault.

Sorry for not understanding your intentions and hurting you. I'm sorry for not being the best child. From the depth of your heart, please forgive me."

Her mother looks at her briefly - she sighs throwing the belt on the ground and walks back to the house with a long face.

Onyiye finally found the courage to stand up. MaThusi is still standing tongue tied.

"Onyiye," she calls out for her but Onyiye made her way to her rondovel to place everything back as it was.

She's looking at the black marks on her back and sighs sadly. It was just her and Ndimu. She sits down on the sponge and continues to cry her lungs out.

There's was once a white candle that she bought saying she will use it for praying.

She takes her R1 coin putting it in a visible glass - filled the glass with water then placed the glass next to the candle.

She lifts the candle and kneels down pouring her heart out.....

"Loving God, I pray that you will comfort me in my suffering, lend skill to the hands of my healers, and bless the means used

for my cure. Give me such confidence in the power of your grace, that even when I am afraid, I may put my whole trust in you; by your patience in suffering you hallowed earthly pain and gave us the example of obedience to your Father's will. Be near me in my time of weakness and pain; sustain me by your grace, that my strength and courage may not fail; heal me according to your will; and help me always to believe that what happens to me here is of little account if you hold me in eternal life, my Lord and my God. Amen."

She blows off the candle, she feels a bit lighter. A spirit of calmness assures her that all will be well. She prayed until she felt it.

She gulps down the water with the R1 still inside. She drinks half and leaves half to sprinkle around the house. Maybe the bad omen will fly away. She is tired of leaving like this!

All she wants at the moment is to sleep and forget about everything. Thanks so to the Tazz guy who helped her with cleaning.

Now she doesn't leave and breath for only Ndimu. She has another soul to think about.

She looks at the baby as tears blind her vision.

"Ngiphiwe is your name. You were given to me and I believe you are a week old judging from your birth certificate. I don't know whether to inform the police or keep you all to myself. Only God knows about us."

She switches the side lamp that she found on the dumping site and made it shine bright in her room.

Hope sleep does not deprive her today. She needs it now more than ever to heal the scars on her body.

5

LINDIWE NGOBESE

First day at school and already she's not loving her first day at all.

Busy streets of Durban - maybe going back home will do.

Everything here is just different, confusing, noisy, too many roads and cars!

Thankfully she lives in the school premises.

She looks around the school yard hoping that maybe, just maybe she will spot her forever smiling friend even she's going through the most.

She sighs sadly noticing that Onyi is not with her but back at home in that abusive environment.

But she is hoping for something positive about and in her.

First lesson in Boston City Campus wasn't that bad. She is actually looking forward in her study for Media.

BJMC (Bachelor of Journalism & Mass Communication) has always been her favourite ever since growing up. And now that she is in this industry she will make the most of it.

"You've been looking at those books ever since you came back from class. You still have a lot of those in the next upcoming 3 years. No shoot that, you may have the chance to add a sandwich year and spend 12 months in industry, meaning that your degree will last four years."

Lindiwe sighs closing her book. This girl looks nothing like her Nyi.

"Hai," not too sure how to respond to her statement.

"Hai, I'm Thabisile and I live around here in Durban but prefer staying in campus. Where you from?" Thabisile asks as she took off her clothes throwing them on the floor.

"Eshowe," she responds politely.

"Umkhaya," she laughs out loud. "Is it true that when you are from the rural's you are outdated - undated. What do you call yourselves? Amaqaba right?" She continues to laugh.

Too many red flags she has noticed on this Thabisile girl already.

Books is what she came her for....

"There is a club down town farm Julia, would you like to tag along? Maybe meet ama boys nyanya who don't smell of smoke but expensive perfumes."

"No thanks. Clubs are not for me." Lindiwe.

"Because you guys do not have one, right?"

"Making fun of my hometown and where I come from....you know what I'm way to matured for this."

"And I'm not? 2 minutes nyana you in Durban already you now the biggest word mature. Hehehe wonders shall never end."
She laughs heading to the bathroom butt naked.

Looks like she will have to look for another room. She can't stand to be disrespected.

She takes her phone and dials her mother but thinks twice and drops the phone before she could even pick up.

If she tells that woman she will come here with the first available taxi and cause havoc in the campus and she doesn't want any of that.

She dials Onyi before it could even ring for the second time she picks up.

"Sthuphethu,"

"Friend." Lindiwe is delighted to her only true friends voice.

"Miss me already?" She asks giggling over the phone. This is what Lindiwe meant. Onyiye smiles and laughs though the pains she's feeling.

"In an actual fact I do. Everything this side is just not for me. I just wish you were here with me, you know."

"Me too but hay it is what is it. Why are you not sleeping?"

"Onyiye it's only 4pm,"

"Ow thought that maybe the times are different you know."

Lindiwe burst into laughter. "Onyi! Girl." She continues to laugh.

"Stop laughing now. I get the point."

She says giggling. A knock on the door.

"Someone is at the door, I will call you back."

She opens the door and freeze for a moment.

"Sure," the guy let's himself in. "Is Thabi around?" He asks settling down on the couch.

"Thabi?"

"Thabisile,"

She feels stupid. "Ow," she walks back but he stops her.

"Mpilwenhle Myeza is the name."

She turns to look at him confused.

"Huh,"

""Mpilwenhle Myeza is my name." He repeats calmly.

"Ow okay," she hurries back to her room and shuts the door holding her chest doing breathing exercises.

Do Durban have such handsome mean?

Those neatly made dreadlocks, that Tattoo on his arm. By looking at him he just screams -D-A-N-G-E-R-O-U-S!

Her phone rings on her hand and gets startled. She looks at the caller ID and her heart drums in fear.

"Samanga," she swallows a hard rock that is stuck up on her throat.

"Is that how you greet you man?"

"Babe unjani?" She asks as guilt strike. She just complimented another man just minutes ago.

"I'm good babe, I just miss you." She blushes looking on the ground drawing circles with her toes.

"Nami I miss you muntu wami. How is Durban treating you?"
Did he really have to ask such a question?

"Busy, boring. It's just way too much for me. Can't wait for the holidays and be home and to see you." She says smiling.

"Can we do a video chat?"

Lindiwe drops the phone, logged in on her WhatsApp....

"There you are," he looks cute when sleeping.

"Already sleeping? Isn't early?" She asks with a slight frown on her face.

"I'm tired. Was racking the yard and went to fetch water."

Lindiwe laughs. "Yoh! Ay baby. Are you for real? I long said this wivila muntu wami."

"Don't start with me please. I couldn't concentrate because of you Kuku."

"Smanga!" She hides her face smiling.

"Yini, I love that Kuku. And it hurts that I've only tasted it twice."

"You sick!"

"You make me sick. It's the love potion you gave me."

"I should add more. Was trying to do an assignment and I'm so lost." She moves her camera to her books showing him.

"Weee, baby crack you mind lapho. Mina I'm still waiting the government to reply on that tender."

"Hope they fund you babe."

"I love you do not ever doubt that." He tells her.

"I love you hlanyo." Their video call end. She smiles remembering him already. She tilts her head finding 'that' guy looking at her.

"Erm Thabi is in the bathroom." She points out. He just stands there looking at her without saying a word.

Still focused on her he takes further steps coming towards her bed. He squats right in front of her and caresses on her right cheek.

"You look beautiful," his voice is so damn fine.

She sways her head to the left side and shivers. He pulls her face back to face him. Her chubby cheeks. Light brown eyes compliments the caramel skin.

"What do you say when I tell you that your beautiful?"

"Th.... thank you." She's holding her breath.

Do men smell this nice? His breath smells like minty sweet. He comes closer and pulls her lower lip by sucking it.

His lips are way too soft and slippery. With her sloppy kiss everything came back to her senses. She pulls back licking her lips.

WTF is wrong with her?

"Please, I don't want any trouble." She says in shaky voice.

Mpilo stands up and smirks looking at her. He leaves the room and she sighs in relief. The bathroom door opens and Thabi comes out fully dressed. She sniffs the air....

"Was someone in here?"

"Erm yes

there is a guy looking for you." She's focused on her books not looking at her.

"I know my boyfriend pretty well. Don't wait up for me." She takes her overnight bag leaving the room.

She hates herself right now. She wasn't raised like this, she wasn't raised to be this cheap. This man just too advantage of her lips.

She just cheated! No amount of whatever she could justify anything!

She decided to take her mind off things and cook for herself. If this is what she will be subjected to then she doesn't want this life. She doesn't want to be men's play ground. She sniffs in guilt, maybe telling Smanga will take whatever she is feeling off her chest.

Her mother's name pops on the screen. She now regrets ever showing her how to do a WhatsApp video call.

"What are you cooking?"

Lindiwe shows her the chicken stew in the pot and her mother smiles. "Don't cook for the whole campus. I know you..."

"Trust me I've grown."

"Where you crying?"

How does she tell her mother that she cheated? She doesn't even know that she has a boyfriend!

"Onions, I'm never using onions from Durban ever again!"

He mother laughs so loud and ended up calling her father.

"Hau Nana, uthi the onions did what?"

They all laugh. "Hai mama!"

"I did not see this coming. Please don't let Durban change you. I don't want you coming home with a fatherless child like that Onyi girl. You know she's very useless Maan and I don't even know what you saw in her."

"Mah I have to go. I have a test tomorrow morning so I need I eat and study." She lies. She just wants to close this chapter of the conversation.

"Okay mntanami, do me proud and make sure that you stay away from boys."

She's done with cooking her stew. That knock again! Seems like this girl has alot of friends. She switches the stove off, wipes her hand with a cloth and went to go open.

"Smells nice in here, but that's not what I'm here for."

He pushes her against the wall closing the door with another foot. Lindiwe tries pushing him off but every lips suck just makes her body weak.

"Just came to say goodbye." Just like that he walks out.

"Ow God!" She stands still leaning against the wall with her heart pounding in fear.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

He doesn't like Joburg one bit. He has heard too many gangster fictional stories about this town. Stories that doesn't make sense, stories that will make your blood run. He is standing in the balcony looking at the busy streets full of people. Some late for work, some prostituting – every town has its own dilemma. Who is he fooling Durban the busiest you could find. If you haven't seen Point in Durban at night, you are missing out. Which road is this again? His inner self asks.

He drinks the cola that was in the glass and walks back inside. He finds Tazz sited on the couch thinking deep. The minute his eyes landed on Sthembiso he shook his head.

"How many babies do you have out there?" He asks. There is nothing more that he needs other than sleep. He is been up all night.

"What do you mean?"

" Sthembiso asks settling on the couch opposite facing him.

"Yaz Onyiye is going through the most and you are here not trying anything. There was a baby that was dumped in her hands by an unknown woman and guess what - that baby is the young you." Tazz takes out his phone and shows him the pictures.

"Who is the mother?"

"All you care is asking who is the mother? How about the girl that you are letting suffer because of your sins? Tell me something, what is your plan with that girl?"

"The....b....wish."

"Exactly eish. Money alone is not enough. I don't know how you go about dishing money when the environment she's in is very toxic. You annoy me maan!"

Tazz half shouts. "Grow up and be a responsible man, don't only think with you dick!"

He decide to take a walk around town in Joburg. His heart is heavy - if he were to something what could he possibly do. He has a plan, a plan of having guys of approaching Ndoni, and sending her to his mother, until he is able to find her a house.

Surely his mother will sue his balls until....

"Watch where you going!" Says a woman walking past.

"Nye, nye, Nye my foot. This is not your fathers compound bitch."

Sthembiso and his runny mouth.

"Wenja, masende kayihlo!"

Sthembiso gasps, "it's you, you tikilin, the girl that my father once cheated with!"

"What!"

"Don't what me la. Futhi nje you are the waste of my breath move out of my way." He pushes her aside.

"Zombie!" The girl screams.

"Manqina ezinza!"

He accompanies his tounge with a click loud enough for the girl to hear.

Now his mode has gone sour all thanks to that Barbie stupid doll. Atleast he is leaving today, going back home to save his Black Queen.

A group of men came out of no where and surround him.

"Yes Wena snyayi. Zisharph ngawe?"

"Are you talking to me?"

"Sizosebenza la," they begin to empty his pockets.

"Help! Help!" He tries wiggling himself from these three men. Everyone is just walking past them minding their own business. They know too well not to interfere.

Sthembiso tries being a man punching one of them. The man staggers back losing balance. He frees himself from another and pushes him aside forcefully. He takes two steps trying to run away from the scene but he is being pulled back by his t-shirt.

"Shit!" He falls on the ground on his back.

His DH jeans being forcefully pulled by another.

Sthembiso finally manages the strength to stand up and continues to fight for his life.

"Asimashe ayinalitho lentwana." The one with the pants disappears into the crowd. Sthembiso is left with his shorts.

Out of nowhere, there's an intense tingle, like a severe electric shock. That's his nervous system realizing that thousands upon thousands of circuits have just been broken.

Then he feels the heat slowing down. It's a heat like nothing he has ever imagined.

Knife going in due to Adrenalin....

Once the other two guys started running and he calmed down, he starts feeling this very warm liquid just running down his chest and each time he breathes the more just shot out.

Then the pain starts to kinda sink in. About that time he started getting this feeling like being poked a thousand times with needles on his legs. He start losing a ton of breath and breathing becomes a chore in of itself. Each breath just gets shorter and shorter and he can't even do anything about it. When he tries to take a deep breath his body just doesn't let it in and he keeps on getting a really painful hurt with each heavy inhale mind him, himself is not even taking in that air. He is beginning to lose all of his energy and his legs are just giving up completely. They have just became straight up noodles. His hands held on tight against his ribs - still standing tall not wanting to back down and fall. But he is getting weaker by the second.

His eyes are open but his vision is starting to get dark, it's like a back circle just closing in and he could just see like that small light in the middle everything starts getting blurry.

Got stabbed 3 times twice on his ribs and on his left side and one nasty stab 1mm by his heart which punctured his lung.

He continues to lay there on the ground as Onyie's face flashed right in front of his eyes. That smile....

Voice kept of fading slowly....

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

How will she leave this house with a new born baby. Sending him to the clinic for his first check up just to make sure that he is fine and....

Atleast the mother did right by putting everything in his bag.

Her body is still aching from the events of yesterday - the more she thinks about it the more she wants to cry.

She's a tough girl, maybe God brought her into this world for a purpose but not to suffer.

"Boyiza lamama," she brushes Ndimu's red hair and sighs thoughtfully. Maybe putting colour on his hair will make people not to be sacred of him or question his nationality.

No she will never hurt her son like that.

She looks at Ngimuphiwe's little red curly hair. Could this be that they are of the same father or family?

It would have been better if she saw the man that day. But regrets of doing it are not there. If given an opportunity she will do it again!

Kids bathe and feed. Now she's wondering how will she take care of two identical babies in public. No one will ever believe her that this child is not from her womb.

Maybe she will pass by the police station after the clinic.

Ndimu is on her back Ngimu is gently tucked on her soft hands. He is not a troublesome child. He slept throughout the night.

She steps out of her rondovel....

"Yewena sdwedswe, umithe nini?" Her sister shouts. "Mama! Mama! Come see."

Her mother comes out running out with soap all over her place.

"Yini?" She's also panting. Old people with none energy. How can she pant this bad running from the bathroom just to be outside?

"Look," she's pointing out at Onyiye who was limping towards the gate.

"You got to be kidding me!"

Her mother strides towards her grabbing the baby forcefully from her arms.

"Who's baby is this?" She unwraps the baby and gasp almost dropping the baby but Onyiye managed to catch him before he could even land on the ground.

"I said it! What is she good at? Spreading her legs for men. I was my hands off you." She spits on her face with the morning saliva.

No word coming out of her mouth she continues with her journey. Her throat is blocked due to the massive pain she's feeling.

She tries to block the pain but she cannot take it any longer. Crying has been her routine these days. She doesn't cry out of joy but she cries out of pain.

She takes a wiper out of the baby's bag and sighs wiping her face.

She's walking with mind filled with thoughts. Something comes in mind as she looked around. She takes a short left that is leading her to the bushes. She cannot suffer like this for a child that is not hers.

She limps deep into the bushes and sighs placing the baby on the ground and his bag next to him.

"I'm sorry - I have no choice but to do this." She turns to leave as the tiny cries filled the bushes.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

For the whole month of Sthembiso not waking up has had a lot of people loose hope.

His mother has been on a fasting mode ever since she heard the news of her son being stabbed, almost to death. Receiving that phone call – she took the available flight to Johannesburg.

Still in Joburg and not too sure how to tackle the issue. She may be very hard on her son but in all honesty she loves her son to death.

The machines beeping hoping that he wakes up. She misses his runny mouth, stupid attitude and mostly his weird ways.

"He will be fine mah," Dumisani came back home from Pietermaritzburg after hearing the stab of his brother.

"It's been a whole month Dumisani! How can you say he will be fine when he is not waking up?"

Dumisani sighs sadly looking at his annoying little brother.

Dumisani has a normal skin colour, has the exact same features as Sthembiso but Dumisani prefers to change colour on his hair. Black is what he prefers.

"I know mah, I'm sorry."

"I shouldn't have said that and I'm sorry. Can we pray at least, at least I will feel lighter." Dumisani nods letting his mother hold his hand.

"I trust in Your power and grace that sustain and restore my son. Loving Father, touch him now with Your healing hands, for I believe that Your will is for him to be well in mind, body, soul and spirit. Cover him with the Most Precious Blood of Your Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, from the top of his head to the soles of his feet.

Heal my son father...."

"Hmmm," his mother stops praying and shoots her eyes open.

"Sthembiso mntanami," she rushes towards his bed. He tries removing the mobilizer off his face but his weak hand thunders back down on the bed. He just wants to let it all out. It's blocking his airways.

His mother removes the mask off his face and tries to help him sit.

"Dumisani, go call the doctor!"

Who would have thought that one day her son will wake up?

"O....Ndoni." The first name that comes out of his mouth.

He tilts his head on the side throwing up on the floor. The room began to spin around making him to close his eyes with the events flashing.

"Uthini?"

Sthembiso tries getting off the bed with everything coming flashbacks like a hurricane.

"I need to see Ndoni,"

The doctor walks in. "I see my ghost has woken up." He smiles.

"I'm even surprised that you are awake. You almost saw death."

"Take me to Onyiye." He removes everything that is attached to him.

"That name again." The doctor chucks.

"Do you know this Nyoko person?" His mother's asks confused.

"No, but this is the name that he has been singing ever since he got admitted. If it's not Onyiye it's Ndoni."

"Dumisani do you know Nyoko."

Dumisani laughs a bit shaking his head. "I've never heard of that name before."

"Sthembiso, awukahle uzozilimaza!"

Too late he is already standing ready to leave.

"My baby," he pants catching his breathe. "I want my family."
He holds his chest due to massive aching pains.

"I need to sedate him. Maybe he is still in shock."

Sthembiso takes steps backwards shaking his head no, "you don't understand, I need Ndoni and my ba...."

Not given an opportunity to further talk the doctor injects him on his back and Sthembiso falls back onto the bed.

With Dumisani looking at all the scene that's been happening. He decided to go where Khoza is. He needs answers, maybe he might find one.

"What brings you here?" No one enters his office except Sthembiso. Khoza asks sitting down with the glass on his hands filled whiskey.

"It's regarding my brother. Who is.... Ona, Oni..., something along those lines?"

Khoza leans back with his one leg on top of the other.

"Onyiye is his baby mama."

Duminsani's eyes shoot open.

"What!"

"Their son is 7 months old if not mistaken. He only found out last month."

"Wow,"

"But we have a problem,"

"What problem." Dumisani asks.

"We can't seem to find the girl. We were so caught up on Sthembiso's healing forgetting that we had to keep an eye on her."

"Where does she live Kanti?"

"At her home but her mother chased her out."

"This is.... I don't know huge."

"Don't tell him as yet till we find her. When he ask just say she is still at home. We don't want his healing to take steps back. He has a family out there."

Learning that his baby brother has babies sound so surreal.

Sthembiso doesn't strike as a guy that does the deed. Judging his character he is....

His mother sits does next to him. They have been here in Joburg for about a month now waiting for a miracle to happen.

"You seem far away in thoughts." They are sited outside the garden area looking at the beautiful flowers.

"I'm thinking of my brother's children and baby mama."

"Nawe futhi you are on that. I'm beginning to think that my child has lost his senses. He wakes up from the dead as asks for babies that doesn't exist."

"I have confirmed everything mah." Dumisani hands his mother a picture of a little baby boy. She looks at the picture with her eyes all out not believing. She's looking at the young Sthembiso.

"Where is the baby? Take me to the baby." She's already on her feet ready to be taken.

Dumisani narrating on what he has been told makes his mother dizzy. She throws herself back on the chair in confusion.

"Sthembiso, has kids and I knew nothing about." She feels betrayed, robbed a chance of being a grandmother.

"He also didn't know mah. We do not even know how to go about finding them because they are missing. We do not know exactly as to what happened to them."

"This is too much for me all in one day."

Dumisani looking at all three pictures taken in different days – occasions.

"I have a plan," Khoza says looking at Tazz.

"We are listening."

"I want you to get close to that stupid sister of hers. Make her sing like she's singing a national anthem. I'm sure her and her mother know where she is."

Tazz nods his head agreeing to the set up.

"I'm in."

"I keep sent money to her grant what, what cause I managed to track Sthembiso's last transactions. But I doubt she uses because the last transaction was made two days ago."

"You guys give her money?" Dumisani is shocked.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

she's looking at the two lines with a heavy heart. Her mother's words ringing non-stop buzzing in her ear.

She burst into tears failing to control her fear of loosing her family. It was the moment of weakness and she assures herself that she will never go down that road again.

"As you can see....

"I want to have an abortion."

"Are you sure?" The doctor asks with a slight frown on her face.

"Yes, yes I'm sure." She blinks away in tears. This is not how she envisioned her life

herself.

Walking out of the doctors made her heart thud in fear. Going back to res felt like everyone knows what she did or what he is about to do.

The could shoulder that she's been given Smanga out of a Durban dick.

Thabi is not around and surely she is with the man who cheats on her like there's no tomorrow.

She looks at the pills - she drank two and another two has been inserted in her virgina.

She lays there on the bed hoping that the pain starts kicking soon.

Who was she fooling? Nothing is happening!

She takes her phone and phones Smanga.

"Halo,"

"Hei babe," she swallows hard.

"Sure."

That was cold, she thought.

"I miss you."

"What do you want Lindiwe?"

Ouch guess she deserves that she agrees she has hurt him beyond reasonable doubt.

"I miss my man." She says sniffing. "I'm not coping. Everything is not going to what I expected. School is hard and stressing. I wish I could die Smanga."

She lies.

"Uthini kimi Lindiwe?"

"I need you. Can you come to Durban. We will book a hotel and spend the weekend together. Maybe I will forget about everything."

"When do you want me?"

"Month end will be fine. I'm sure we would have saved alot for the trip and sleepover." She sniffs and Smanga smiles on the other line.

"Why didn't you tell me? Here I am thinking that maybe you have found someone better."

Lindiwe swallows painfully.

"No, never. I only have eyes for you my love."

Little pain struck on her lower abdomen.

"I'm glad to hear that. I love you Lindiwe. Don't let school make you forget about me. I have big plans for you."

Tears well up in her eyes. She has made the biggest regret - decision in her life.

"I promise. I need to lay down I'm not feeling good." She says.

"Don't over work yourself mamazi. You know what I'm coming in two weeks time month end is too far."

Hope by then she would have healed.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Feelings of emptiness— a lack of meaning or purpose.

It's not like her to lose touch with herself. A lack of insight into herself is leading her to that lingering emptiness feeling.

Some people call this "living without a purpose." she doesn't have clarity on the type of person she has become or wants to become.

His groans filling her ears as Onyi laid there helplessly. She has become used to it. For that whole month she has been subjected to this.

Letting a man having his way with you the way he wants and feels.

She blinks away in tears as he grunts shooting his loads in the condom.

Sometimes she feels melancholy and that might have to do with a long grieving process that she hasn't explored yet. An unresolved painful experience in her childhood. A sense of abandonment from a family member.

He pulls out of her with his cum filled in a condom. As usual, she stands up - gets dressed and walks out of the room without saying a word.

feelings of helplessness, shame, defectiveness...

There's a stigma attached. It makes her feel dirty and weak. She's also be afraid of how others will react. Will they judge her? Look at her differently? It seems easier to downplay what happened or keeping it a secret. But when she stays silent, she denies herself help and reinforce victimhood.

Siting in the bathroom tiles thinking of how her mother have hated her all her life.”

Her mother came to her the day she almost threw the baby away. Coming back from the clinic she was told that she is going to be a maid in someone else's house. She agreed happily thinking that this might be her escape, her freedom into being the Onyiye she knows when she's around her friend.

The day she almost left Ngimu in the bushes was the day her life took a drastic turn for the worst.

She couldn't bring herself into doing it - throwing an innocent child away. She's facing a lot of challenges yes but what she is going through now is beyond hurtful.

She scrubs her body trying to take off his smelly old full scent off her body.

She hates it how her body will just give in and react to every encounter even though it's painful.

She cooks and cleans for them but these old people are never appreciative of her. Her cards were taken away from her by this woman and she once said she doesn't need them because she's being nurtured in this house and she's a child. She's forbidden being outside nor talking to people.

She doesn't care about that money. All she cares about is running away from this hell whole.

A car parking outside makes her heart drum in fear. This woman is forever complaining and shouting.

She steps into the house and the mood immediately changes.

"Have you cooked?" Her disgusted face is something she cannot pin point.

"Yes," she looks down.

"Yes who? Am I your mate?" A slap lands on her face. She holds her face in disbelief with tears blinding her vision.

She's been in traumatic experience more than this. She refuses to bow down to this woman!

"Aunt Sandi," she sighs painfully. Sandi is her mother's best friend. A friend that she shares secrets with.

"Good, don't talk to me like I'm your age mate. Mina, in you age I was in varsity chasing my dreams and not giving babies to the whole nation. Babies who have ikhwashu. Wisidwedwe maan." She grabs the glass of water from her hands and pours it on her face. She leaves the kitchen with her wedge shoes making a muffing wet sound.

It's round about 20:30pm and the couple's in bed.

She's standing by the door debating with herself whether to go in or not.

She's hears a conversation, a conversation that she has been longing to have with her mother.

"I once heard Brenda saying her father is from Nigeria. I'm not too sure nami but that's the story."

"Since they are abusing her, why not take her back?" Onyiye chucks in disbelief not believing her ears. This man is unbelievable. Midday he grunts on top of her all day and when he is with his wife he pretends to talk like this? As if he cares.

"I don't know and quite frankly I don't care. All I'm happy about is that I have a dog to do all my work in the house."

She gasps in shock covering her mouth.

"What was her father's name?" The man asks.

"Obinna Okojie.... something like that. Why are you asking me about this thing?"

"Just making conversation."

She slowly takes baby steps and leaves heading to the shack she lives in outside.

Leaving at her home was far more better than this. Singer father is Obinna Okojie from Nigeria? She will keep this information for personal use.

She looks around and her babies are asleep. They surely don't know what's happening but someday she will tell a story.

Even though she's too much broken on the inside and a walking zombie.

Life is beautiful but not always easy. It has problems too, and the challenge lies in facing them with courage, letting the beauty of life act like a painkiller, making the pain bearable during trying times by providing hope.

Happiness and sorrow, victory and defeat, day and night are just two sides of the coin. Similarly, life is full of moments of joy, pleasure, success, and comfort punctuated by misery, defeat, failures, and problems. There is no human being on Earth that is strong, powerful, wise, or rich who has not experienced struggle, suffering, or failure.

She's a failure now but in few years to come she assurey herself that she will be definitely someone that she's been longing for. Someone who will look in and at her past and laugh because of the pain she has endured.

She pulls out for a book that was hidden somewhere safe making sure that no one can trace it. She begins looking over the chapters and sighs smiling with tears streaming down her face. This is definitely what she is destined for. And for that she will cherish it one day.

7

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

For the first time in the while month she gets to have peace and silence. Gates locked and she doesn't have access to any keys. They have been gone for one day but already she feels her inner peace.

She's absorbing the peace that comes from stillness. It's temporary but she's enjoying every bit of it.

Inner peace is possible if she believes, and she does not need to meditate on a mountain top or break the bank for a wellness treat in order to find it.

Focusing her attention on those things she can control....

She's done washing, cleaning as usual - now she needs to focus on her kids, but first she wants to have access to her grant card. Their bedroom door is locked and she doesn't know where they keep the spare keys. She has search every corner of the house but still nothing.

Disappointed as she is she walks out to double check if the gate is closed – locked. As usual it is, sighs!

Something in her told her to withdraw every cent and she did. She sometimes wonder if did government make a mistake.... alot of money put through and it doesn't make sense.

The money is hidden somewhere, in a place no one could ever think of.

"Idla babe," feeding Ndimu is a struggle because he just spits it out, he now crawls around and worstly he now stands by holding on to things. "Babe, come on."

She giggles wiping his mouth. Likely he managed to finish the butternut.

She decided to put him out of the breastmilk and give him formula. Ngimu is now being breast-feed.

Kids asleep, she now she has time to herself.

She looks at herself in the mirror and notices dark patches around her eyes. When was the last time she looked at herself in the mirror.

She's tired and done with crying. She has been crying ever since she was presented to this world.

Sighs! That is what she has been doing a lot lately.

She looks at her saggy tiny boobs - wrinkled stomach, her tiny hips moving downwards. Her body is no longer attached to her - it's like it's being peeled off and now everything is just disgusting.

She wears her long dress, big Jersey and a doek. That's how she hides herself from underneath. It's the shame that comes with it.

She sits on the hard old bed with springs popping out. She scrolls through her contact list and looks at her mother's number.

Despite the fact that she grew up from an abusive home and environment - she prays and wishes that someday her and her mother will have a daughter and mother relationship. She

wants her sister to be over protective like every other big sister who does for their siblings.

She decides to call her friend.

"Nyi," she's down and that is so unlike her.

"Are you okay?"

Lindiwe sniffs over the line. "I'm not good. I made the horrible mistake ever. I can't believe how stupid I am."

"Sthuphethu, what did you do? Do not tell me that you slept with someone!"

Lindiwe burst into tears not knowing how to respond. "It was a mistake!"

"Does Smanga know?"

"How do I tell him? Where do I even begin?"

"Start by telling your inner self this is what you want to do. What really happened? Can you start by the beginning."

Lindiwe takes a deep breath, "The girl I'm sharing the room with is dating this guy. She was in the bathroom and I was talking to Smanga over the phone showing him my books. I concluded the call with Smanga and this guy introduced himself as Mpilwenhle Myeza. The next thing he is kissing me and I got

tempted. To cut the story short we have been this for a while and there was a baby in the process and I ended up having an abortion."

Onyiye gasps in shock. "No! Do you want me to slap you?"

Onyiye sighs, "you did what you did out of inkanuko. But I won't judge you. I want you to focus on your books and forget about everything. After everything I still love you and that won't change. You did a decision that you thought was the best and I support you. Just, please make me proud."

"Thank you. I feel a bit lighter talking to you. Now I have to tell Smanga because the guilt is eating me up." She says. "I didn't buy you this airtime to call me. I bought for you to by data slmina mdini!"

Onyiye giggles, "yoh I'm sorry."

"It's okay I'll just but you data next time not airtime. How are my babies?"

Onyiye told Lindiwe how she found Ngimu and how she almost threw him away.

"These kids sleep like there's no tomorrow. Once you feed them they fall into sleep."

"You should come up with a plan of leaving that house before it's too late. What that grandpa is doing to you is totally sick!"

"I try to stay strong for my kids Lee, each day comes with its own and I'm leaving with that pain. The fact I love my kids through all obstacles I'm good."

"I have to prepare for the test tomorrow."

"Let me not keep you, I'm going crazy myself."

She looks through the pages doing the last final touches. She closes her books smiling.

She always feels better whenever she has a deep conversation with her friend.

She submits every document online, closes her data locking her phone and places it aside smiling.

She lays on top of the bed looking at the ceiling counting years. It's 3 years from now.... That's alot of those but it will be worth it in the end.

IN TOWN

Aunt Sandi is in town with her husband.

She tries withdrawing the money but there is nothing.

She checks for the balance and there is only R50.

"How is it possible that there is no money in this card?"

"Maybe she withdrew." The husband responds.

"Maybe she gave me the wrong pin."

"How? Weren't you able to check for the balance?" He asks.

"Yea you are right." She sighs stepping back from the ATM.

"Maybe the money is not in yet. Let's go."

"I want to go home, you do what you need to do with your family and I will be home." He says.

"Okay, take me home first then you go home. Keep an eye on that girl I don't trust her."

The husband kept his word. He left his wife and drove straight back home in a rush.

Out of no where his car runs out of petrol. It immediately breaks down in the middle of the road.

"Come on!" He hisses stepping out of the car. This cannot be happening. A black car parks in front of his Mercedes.

"Need help?" Two men step out with guns on there hands.

"No, yes." He swallows taking steps backwards ready to run.

"Give us the car and we will let you leave." One says.

"I....I...."

"Shhh, madala. Do you still remember me? Remember when I told you that one day we shall meet again and once we meet I will not let you live." The old man looks at the unfamiliar face.

"But I don't know you."

"Luthando, 16 year old girl that you raped repeatedly until she took her own life. Does that name ring a bell to you?"

The old man swallows hard running out of breath.

"And I'm sure there are more kids out there who are a victim because of you."

"It... It wasn't me."

The man chucks taking further steps in much annoyance. "You know what my sister said as I watched her grasped for air unable to breath? She said you forcefully made her abort. She begged for you to stop but you never did. Today, today is the day I will let you beg, I want the whole world to know what kind of a man you are. I want your kids to feel the pain you made every child go through. And guess what, you will be there watching every hole in their bodies being fucked."

"Okay, okay, can we talk about this. I can give you money if that's what you want."

"Africa take him...."

STHEMBISO JIYANE

The doctor sighs taking off his gloves running out of words.

"But you are not fully healed." He explains.

"I've been here for about a month now. I need to find someone before it's too late. I promise not to over work myself."

"I don't have a choice do I?"

"For this one Doc no you don't have a choice. I really need to be out as in yesterday."

"Fine

Advertisement

I will sign the discharge papers and I will give you medication for pain. Please, if you feel something wrong or unusual please come back so we could do check ups on you. Try keeping your heart at ease. And don't stress too much that might be a set back for your healing."

Sthembiso is waiting for Khoza tapping his foot down impatiently. Finally! He stands up leaving his bag on the bench.

"And your bag?" Khoza asks.

"Do you really expect me to carry such a heavy bag. You claim you care about me. If you care you w...."

"Okay I get your point!" Khoza hisses stepping out of the car. He roughly grabs his bag and pushes it in the boot.

The drive was filled silence and that it's unusual when it comes to Sthembiso.

"You good?" Khoza.

"I feel like you guys are hiding something from me. The awkwardness that you give me makes me so uncomfortable. If there's something going on can you tell me." Sthembiso takes a deep breath.

Khoza sighs pulling at the side of the road. He adjust his seat making it lean backwards. "Okay, you're right there is something going on. We were so caught on you and we forgot everything. The state the guys found you in - we were, I mean we just thought that we were losing you. And Mina on the other hand I was losing money. Days later Tazz tried to keep

tabs on her but he lost her, she no longer lives home and we are sure that, somehow her mother knows where she is."

Sthembiso keeps quite. Not when he just found after so many months of him not knowing how to take her off his hear and mind.

"Hade ntwana,"

"Drive." Sthembiso. He is not mad, he is just disappointed.

Arriving at Khoza's house he finds the gents sited watching a movie.

"When and where was her last withdrawal?" Sthembiso asks before he could even greet them.

"Today, Empangeni. But there's no money on the card. She did the last transaction last month. And we believe the person who tried to withdraw is not her. She wouldn't cause she knows that there is no money."

"Which bank?" Sthembiso asks.

"Nedbank,"

"Pictures?"

They all look at him confused.

"What pictures?"

"Every ATM has a camera. I'm sure with the location and time we can be able to spot that person using their picture."

Makes senses, they all look at him dumbfounded.

"When did you become this wise?" Dumisani is astonished by his brothers behaviour.

"I've always been like this."

He opens the computer waiting for the files to open.

"Are you guys? You know...."

"Cha Dumisani we are just human beings going after life. Robbing government is our job. We have families to take care of. I asked you to join the game and you refused. Imagine what difference it could make. You can even start up you own business." Khoza.

"What if you guys get caught?"

"It's not permanent thing. Trying to save as much as we could so we could start our own business."

"I see."

LINDIWE NGOBESE

Who ever said life outside high school is amazing clearly lied. There's nothing amazing about what she is going through now.

"Is it possible if I changed rooms?" She's at the secretary's office. Seeing him everyday brings back all those shameful memories.

"It's only the beginning of the year. We can only be able I change rooms by June."

"Is there anything that you could because I really need to leave that room."

"Tell me something," the secretary closes her laptop and sits up straight looking at her. "Why are you also eager to move out? Did something happen?"

"Yes, no. I'm just not comfortable. My room mate has too many friends and it's making me uncomfortable." She lies.

"I see, as I have told you. We cannot do anything at this moment but we can make changes in June once there are vacant rooms. Most students prefer renting in flats. Maybe you should consider doing it."

She sighs giving up. Maybe renting a room will do but how much is the room? She doesn't have that money and her

parents do not have that amount of money since they are paying for expense.

She's going to class and notices all eyes and every eye on her.

"Is this her?" One of the girls asks as they slaughtered in laughter.

"I think so."

"Damn, I wonder how it feels like be fucked by Mpilo."

Her hearts beats abnormally failing to control her breathings. She runs to the toilet and finds a group of girls laughing sharing a phone. They all turn to look at her as she stood there with her weak legs.

"Wow girl, how was it?" One asks.

"How was what?" Lindiwe's voice barely came out.

"This," the girl shows her the video of her and Mpilo changing positions in bed.

She hands the girl her phone back and runs back to res.

Laughter, laughter!

She locks herself in her bedroom and cries her lungs out. If her mother finds this than it will be the end of her.

Her phone rings and it's Smanga.

"Babe,"

"Lindiwe," he keeps quite for a while. "Is it true?" How did he find out? She closes her eyes imagining his hurt, betrayed face.

"Y....yes. I swear I wanted to tell you but I was afraid." She burst into tears.

"How could you Lindiwe. After everything we promised and shared with each other this is how you repay me by grating my heart into pieces. Wasn't I enough for you? Didn't I satisfy you enough? Is it because I'm broke?"

Smanga is beyond hurt.

"No, no, no babe. I know I made a mistake a biggest one for that matter. I promise not to disappoint you again my love."

"Wow, that's all I can say. Bye Lindiwe, hope he treats you better than me."

"Smanga! Hello, hello." The line goes dead. "No, no, no babe please I need you."

She's sitting on her bed rocking herself back and forth. Her mother has been calling non stop.

She's just waiting for the pills to kick in and then die peacefully.

She sent her friend a long ass message telling her how much she loves and cares for her. After sending a text to Onyiye she sent another to Smanga but he only blue ticked her.

She's feeling drowsy and confused. She lays on her side and waits for God to accept her soul....

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"Smanga please. If nginawo Amandla I would have gone to Durban myself but my hands are tied. You are the only one who can save her."

"Maybe she's pulling one of her stunts. I'm done with your friend honestly, she has beaten more of...."

"Can you stop being selfish just for once! I know Lindiwe more than anyone. I know when she's faking and being serious. Right know she's serious. Please Smanga do something. I know...."

The line goes dead. Her airtime is finished.

She looks at her mother's friends number debating with her thoughts.

She grows guts and sends her multiple call backs one after the other until they ran out. She's pacing up and down not knowing what to do.

She sits down with tears rolling down her cheeks. She failed her....

Her phone rings....

"Mah, Maka Lindiwe. This is Onyiye."

"Weee what do you want?" She hisses and cursing.

"Please I need your help. I think my friend did something stupid."

"Something stupid like what? What do you know when you good at opening your legs to men and bring fatherless kids."

"Today you can insult me all you want but just so you know. Lindiwe needs you, please try contacting the school and confirm if she's okay, I beg you in the name of Jesus Christ." She sniffs. Her mother sighs.

"I've been trying to get hold of her this whole afternoon she's not picking up. I believe she's in class."

"She is not! Can you listen to me just for once! Nawe you selfish Maan! Just forget it. I will dial 112 to help my friend without your help." She drops he line and begins to call the police. Thankfully it's a toll free number hope she will be saved in time.

8

ONYIYE THAT GIRL

CHAPTER 8

"We believe she swallowed a poisonous material, too much alcohol or a large amount of medication. The doctors are still busy with her." The nurse explains to the Lindiwe's parents.

"What really happened?" Her mother asks.

They drove all night after the conversation she had with Onyiye. Despite that fact that she made a mistake by having babies in a young age, but an actual fact she knows that she would definitely wish her friend upon bad. She took her word and to her surprise her daughter was found by the police laying unconsciously.

"We do not know what really happened. She is the one who can tell us when the doctors are done with her."

IN THE WARD

The doctor prepares a gastric suction procedure, they begin by numbing her throat to decrease irritation and gagging. Then, the doctor inserts a lubricated tube into the nose and thread it through her oesophagus and into the stomach.

The doctor then sprays saline down the tube. Finally, they apply suction through the tube to remove toxic contents from the stomach.

Fours hours of the process and finally they are done.

The doctor steps out of the surgery room....

"Mr and Mrs Ngobese, I heard that you are here and you drove all the night."

He smiles shaking hands with them.

"You have no idea. How is she?" Her mother is very much impatient. She hates it when doctors make useless conversations instead of them going straight to the point!

"We managed to clean her..." He keeps quite for a while and doesn't know whether to continue or not.

"But?"

"That's all. She will be fine. You can go in and see her."

The doctor decides to keep this to himself.

"Kodwa Lindiwe, what happened mntanami?"

Lindiwe is awake but very much in pain. She wants to talk but her voice won't come out.

"W....who told you?" Her voice is squeaky and struggling to come out.

"Gift told me. She sent me tons of call backs last night. I didn't believe her at first. I thought that maybe she speaks out of jealousy but umntana bantu was talking the truth. I don't know if I didn't believe her. She's the one that called for help by calling the police."

Lindiwe's vision blurry in tears. Her drowsiness it taking control by the second.

"I think my patient needs to rest."

Her parents decided to book themselves into a hotel.

"I can't believe Lindiwe tried committing suicide. After everything we do for her she goes and does this!"

Her mother is totally hurt.

"I'm sure her friend knows what happened that is why she informed you." The husband replies wiping himself with a

towel. "That is the only one person who could get through Lindiwe. Leave your hateness aside, every child makes there own mistakes and they learn form it. I'm sure if you talk to Onyiye from mother to daughter like you use to do previously."

"So, do I really have to call her?" She asks. The sound of her calling Onyiye doesn't sit right with her. She cringes in disgust and her husband looks at her and shakes his head.

"Yes, be her mother an not her enemy. If Lindiwe makes a mistake one day you will hate her like this?"

"No," she replies shamefully.

"Than what is so hard for you to look beyond those mistakes and nature her like a mother would do. Why throw a towel for a child that never experienced the mother's love. I want my old wife back and not this witch you are turning to. Honestly, I don't know you anymore. I feel like I'm married to another version of you and it's tiring. There will be a point where I'll just give up and move on with my life and leave you hating on a God damn child!."

She gasps not believing her ears. "It's sickening to even think that you will side with a woman who feed her own daughter poison at the age of 5. It shows that at some point you will also want to kill me because of making a wrong decision. Think

about your past, and compare yourself to Gift's situation. Atleast she got to keep her babies not kill them!"

He pulls his pants up wearing them. Sprays his fragrance and takes the car keys from the pedestal.

"Uyaphi baba?" She asks with a shaky voice.

"Somewhere peaceful." He walks out of the hotel room banging the door.

She sits on the bed thoughtfully. She grabs her phone that was under the pillow, searches through the messages and remembers that she deleted the call backs. She called her yesterday....

"Helo," she sounds asleep.

"Gift."

"Mah!" She's now wide awake. "Please tell me you found her."

"Yes we did but we were told that the ambulance has already taken her to the hospital."

"Thank God," the relief in her voice couldn't be missed.

"I'm sorry that I didn't believe you. What lead to her trying to take her own life?"

"I believe it will be at if you hear from her. It's not my place to share such sensitive information with you since I'm not in your good books."

"I understand, take care." She drops the call and saves her number as Gift. It's very much easier calling her Gift.

She takes time to herself to think about what her husband just told her. Maybe she was doing too much of it. Maybe she needs to take steps back and be the woman who she was before.

She lays down on the bed covering herself with a duvet trying to get some sleep. She hardly sleep midday but now she really needs it. She has been up all night.

Unable to fall asleep with her husband's words ringing in her head. She's tossing and turning with heavy eyes. She spots a bottle of wine, - great maybe this is what she needs.

Gulping it down glass after glass, finally made her tipsy and drowsy. She covers herself again trying to catch some sleep.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Waking up to the news of her friend being assisted - help came right in time and that eases her heart a bit. Now she needs to focus on getting out of here. But first she needs those cards - or maybe she could just disappear without them than later go to Sassa and say she lost them and they get blocked?

She's making herself food when she hears a car parking outside. She sighs placing everything back. Here goes her mood.

The hills making thee most ridiculous sound ever.

"Where is my husband?" She asks placing her Chinese handbag on top of the kitchen counter.

"Husband?"

"I seem to forget, you clueless about life. Only good at giving birth." Chucks mockingly. "Make me a cup of coffee strong and black."

"Okay," Onyiye turns the kettle on rolling her eyes. Her mind is up to something....

"Didn't my husband come home last night?" She takes her shoes off and begins massaging her feet.

"Cha, he didn't come back."

"Hau, he said he was coming back."

She takes her phone out of her breast and dials his numbers but it takes her straight to voicemail.

"That's strange - unless if he is starting to do those doggy things." She clicks her tongue.

Maybe 3 drops will do infact she will make it 5. She stirs the coffee smiling.

"Thank you."

That is so unlike her to be this humble. She sides smile looking at her and begins to sing softly a song making herself breakfast and lunch.

She looks at her as she yawns stretching herself. "I'm tired, I'm going to lie down."

First she checked if the gate was opened.

She puts her bags outside the gate making sure to leave not races behind. Now that she managed to get her grant card which was in her hand-bag she's all sorted. Money neatly tied around her waist making sure that she doesn't leave it behind after digging it from the garden where she buried when she first came here.

Bags all packed ready to leave. She places Ndimu on her back and carries Ngimu on her hands. Not turning back she walks up straight to gate with her head looking forward not wanting to turn back.

She's been standing here outside the gate for the past 15 minutes with no taxi, no van walking past.

She's shivering in fear not knowing what to do. Her eyes fill up with tears not too sure where to go from here. She's never been outside Eshowe.

Finally! She spots a taxi from a distance. She waves her hand in the air stopping it.

"Need help?" One of the passengers ask.

"Yes please." Onyiye warmly smiles.

The girl gets off the taxi and helps her with the bags first. "Give me the baby while you untie the one on you back."

She offers, Onyiye looks at her sceptically. "You can trust me

Advertisement

I'm a police officer."

She sighs in relief and gives her the baby while she untied the baby on her back.

Risk comes from not knowing what you're doing.

Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time for her to understand more, so that she may fear less.

Not knowing where she will live as yet but she is willing to go where life takes her. Maybe Durban will be a place that will be a good start for her. She knows no one but she's willing to be out of the box.

Life isn't about finding yourself. Life is about creating yourself. And that is what she is about to do. She does not want to dwell in the past, she does not want to dream of the future, she just wants to concentrate the mind on the present moment.

She's looking at the mountains with her head leaning against the window. Tears begin to stream down her face and sighs trying to hold her cries. She's failing - she bites her lower lips muffling her cries.

"I don't know what you are going through but I pray that God pulls you through. I can see that you are going through the most but just keep hanging in there and don't forget to pray." The lady cop says squeezing her hand lightly.

"Thanks, I guess I need that." She smiles wiping her tears.

"Where are you going?" The lady asks.

"Honestly, I don't know. I don't know anyone in Durban."

"Ha Sisi uyarisker. I don't even know what to say."

"I'll see where life takes me."

"Both these kids are yours?" She asks out of curiosity.

Onyiye smiles. "Yeap they both mine." Ngimu's cries gets her attention. "I'm sure his thirsty. These kids drinks water like it's no bodies business."

They swap babies - she breastfeeds Ngimu but he refuses. Onyiye takes out a bottle with glucose inside the bag and feeds him.

"Your kids are weird." Cop.

Onyiye laughs a bit. "I get alot of those and it doesn't bug me any longer."

The cop laughs a bit. "What's your name and the kids names?"

"I'm Onyiye. The one I'm carrying is Ngimuphiwe and the one on your lap is Ndimuphiwe."

"Wow, very unusual names. Even your name is weird. Guess you are a weird family."

They both laugh.

Arriving in Durban makes her to regret the decision instantly.
Tall buildings, busy road, too many stops.

"Are you sure you will be okay?"

They standing outside the taxi. They have just gotten off.

"No," she promised herself not to cry but this, fear.....

"I have a backroom at home which is vacant. The rent is R1,500.
I'm not sure of you will manage. I'm sorry if I sound rude."

"I'll take it, ow my God thank you so much! You don't know
how much this means to me."

It's better to hang out with people better than you. Pick out
associates whose behaviour is better than yours and you'll drift
in that direction. Her inner self screams.

"Welcome to my humble home. This is your room."

Onyiye looks around feeling pleased. One open room with a
bathroom inside, burglar guards. It's safe for her kids....

She smiles looking at the lady.

"I'll take it. I love it."

"The furniture is missing. But I can borrow you a sponge and blankets until you get something of your own."

This is it - her new beginning without her toxic mother and sister.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

"Are you sure this is the correct address?" Duminsani asks Khoza who was driving.

"Yeap. Let's go in." He parks the car outside the gate. They all step out of the car. The gate is wide open....

"Looks like someone is home." Dumisani.

Sthembiso is all quite. All he wants is his Ndoni and his kids.

"Sthembiso, uyaph?" Duminsani follows him. He goes behind the house and spots an outstanding room. He mistakenly steps on a toy and it makes a squeaky sound. He picks it up looking at it. It's a yellow duck.... He looks at it confused.

He looks at the backroom shack with thoughts debating in his head. He turns to walk back to the guys pressing on the toy.

"Looks like no one is here." Khoza.

Sthembiso passes them and walks to the house. No traces of his Ndoni. But his guts are never wrong.

"She was here," he say.

"How do you know when there is know there is no one? Entlek you only saw this person once." Duminsani.

"I know her. I might have spent one night with her but I know how she smells. Check the rooms."

All three of them go into separate rooms. Dumisani finds a woman sited on her bed, looks like she has just woken up.

"Sure," the woman gets startled and starts screaming. Khoza and Sthembiso come in rushing....

Sthembiso pulls out for her picture that was at the back of his pocket.

"Do you know her?" The woman looks at the picture and looks at the man.

"Y....yes. She's my...my." She clears her throat.

"She is what to you dammit! Can you talk!" Sthembiso. The more he gets angry the more his face becomes pale.

"Maid,"

"Okay - where is she now?"

"In...in the back room." She whispers.

Sthembiso dashes out of the room leaving Dumisani and Khoza behind.

He forcefully opens the door panting. He groans holding his chest.

"No, no, no. Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!" He calms down. The room is empty no sight of her but her smell is freshly here. No sign of abduction - atleast that counts for something, right?

"Where did she go?" Sthembiso asks.

"She made me tea before I went to sleep. If she's not in the backroom I don't know where she is."

"Meaning she waited for you to be asleep and left?" Khoza.

"Nah she didn't, she drugged her and left."

Sandi gets the hock of her life. "Which means she wasn't happy here. Tell me something why did you try to withdraw her money?"

She widens her eyes in shock. "Ho....how did you know?" She stammers.

"That doesn't matter. Just pray that I find my family alive, safe and sound cause if not. Nci, nci, nci God knows that I will be

coming for you and your family. I will start with everything that you own. Your kids will not have a mother. I will bury you alive where no one will find you."

Sandi shivers to the sound of the threats. The clothes she's wearing become instantly wet, wetting the bed!

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"Yaz I didn't get your name the last time."

Onyiye tells the cop who had Ngimu neatly wrapped with a beautiful powder blue baby blanket.

"Sbahle," she smiles as they crossed the street looking for a store that has affordable furniture.

"It suits you. You sure are beautiful."

"Okudlula Wena. No matter how dark you are you still beautiful underneath that darkness."

Onyiye laughs a little.

"Thank you," That was awkward especially coming from a girl. She finds it some how weird.

"I told you to leave the kids with my mother. Look now we look like...like. I don't even have the right word for us."

"You are just dramatic."

"Manje mfethu awusho imali engaka wethathaphi?"

"I always saved. I used to be a hustler back at home. I would go door to door wash people's clothes, work in bottle stores to save alot."

"I admire your strength. R3,500, are you sure you will be able to pay that kind of money?"

"I'm sure and I have to buy groceries also." Sbahle nods her head confused.

She looks at Onyiye with her eyebrows ached, she doesn't buy her story one bit.

On the other hand Onyiye doesn't easily trust. She's a cop yes but that doesn't that she should now trust her easily.

The only person she trusts in this world is her best friend Lindiwe.

She has unpacked everything after that awful shopping with the help of Sbahle.

"Knock, knock," Sbahle's mother knocks on the door and left's herself in. "Kwakuhle kwakho," she smiles looking around.

"You bought all the furniture!" She's shocked.

"Hau mah, its only the single couch, two plate stove and groceries. I've been saving ever since I found out that I was pregnant."

"I like this one Sbahle - keep her as a friend." Sbahle laughs a bit.

"Do you understand the age difference mah?" Sbahle.

"Age is just a number my daughter. What is more important is this." She points out for the mind.

"Let me tell you something you do not know;-"

"Mah don't start, you will be now telling us of the verses of the Bible." Sbahle is annoyed. She knows her mother that once she starts preaching about bible she never stops.

"Atleast you know, you see my child in this world you choose a friend who gets your quirks, oddities, and weird sense of humour.

Proverbs 12:26 - The righteous choose their friends carefully, but the way of the wicked leads them astray. Two people are better off than one, for they can help each other succeed.

Proverbs 18:24

One who has unreliable friends soon comes to ruin, but there is a friend who sticks closer than a brother."

"Wow," she exclaims with her vision blurred.

"Usufike ekhaya lana. I want you to be a child. And just so you know if you run for boys I will whip your arse." They all laugh.

"What did I tell you about my mother again?" Sbahle.

"Gossip all you want." Her mother stands up to leave. But she stops halfway, "ehe another thing. If you want to go party - I want you to make sure that you open the party in this back room. Buy all the alcohol you like but know that you will never leave this yard drunk. Everyone goes to church in this compound."

"I like your mother." Onyiye says smiling imagining what it would have been like if her mother was this talkative and open.

"Weh don't even think about it because you will regret it. Let me go prepare for my night shift."

She walks leaving Onyiye sitting on the sponge.

Why isn't her mother this open again? Will she be that type of girl that really prefers people that they are not related to?

She wants to be a better parent to her kids. She has grown to love Ngimu and every second that passes. He looks like Ndimu.

One would swear they are of the same father - well that's not the case at the moment because she cannot tell who her own baby daddy is.

She needs to call her friend and check-up on her.

"Babe's" Lindiwe's voice is tired but becomes lively when she hears her best friends voice.

"Manje you wanted to die and leave me alone in this cruel world?" Onyiye asks giggling.

"You forever giggling. I always wonder if we're you born that way."

"You know moss. We've been friends since childhood. I'm sure you know me more than myself like I know you more of yourself. Let me tell you something, life is a vicious cycle. What goes come around. I believe there is no end of anything, Even the cosmos is infinity. There is no end to it even though human dies. Thus, until and unless we are surviving, it is pretty sure we must have to endure certain challenges, dilemmas, confusions, drama and much more. Life has had never been easy for us. Neither the life nor time spares us. The pattern of the Universe is chalked in such a way that there is no person on this universe who is satisfied and content with himself or with others."

Lindiwe sighs emotionally not believing the wise words. "All I'm not satisfied with the decision you took, vuka uzithathe. I want you back with that degree cause if you don't trust me I will kill you myself even your mother won't save you."

"I love you. The doctor is here will call you later. Say hi to my kids."

She didn't get the chance to tell her that she is in Durban. Knowing Lindiwe she will definitely want to be here right this minute.

The small cries of Ngimu waking up....

"You kids are forever asleep." She smiles touching his small red curly hair.

She's just grateful that they are kids that don't cry for no reason. She changes his diaper and gives him the glucose and he doses off again after sucking on the bottle for dear life.

Her eyes are strained she has been at it for far too long and she needs to rest.

She just wants a home cooked meal but she's tired to cook. She neatly folds her papers closing the book placing it underneath the sponge. Ndimu can be a destroyer when he likes and she cannot risk it.

"I wonder if will I get the money this upcoming month end." She sighs thinking to herself. Dwelling on to it will make her stress - her spirit is high. No violation, no abuse from her mother and the community. It's just her and her babies.

No cooking today - eating takeaways. Something, this feels like an achievement she cannot explain. She has decided to approach unpleasantness in a more positive and productive way. She thinking of the best that is going to happen, not the worst. Positive thinking often starts with self-talk. Self-talk is the endless stream of unspoken thoughts that run through your head.

She talks alot to herself lately and it's funny as to how she has accepted everything like that

Advertisement

accepted that she will leave with it and leave what happened behind.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

"Was that Gift?"

Her mother steps besides the bed with a long face. She never knew that Onyiye is such an influencer.

"Yes," she sighs siting up straight.

"That was a mouth full from her. I never knew she could give such advise."

Lindiwe smiles. "I don't see myself with any other friend other than her."

"Hmmmm. Awusho what happened?" She settles down on the chair that was beside the bed.

"With what?"

"You being here. Tell me what did you decide to take you life?"
Calm....maybe she can open up.

"I cheated on a guy I love mistakenly with a guy from school. Got pregnant in the process and had an abortion."

Her mother inhales sharply. "Why Lindiwe?"

"I didn't want to disappoint you." She burst into tears out of shame.

"I don't know what to say. Who else knows about this?"

"Only Onyiye. But....but.."

"But what? Her mother asks.

"There's a video of me circulating around the school. A video of me having....siganga nalomfana."

"Jesu!" Her mother sinks down on a chair running out of words. This definitely cannot be happening to her. "Lindiwe!"

She's out of words.

"I'm sorry,"

"Do the teacher's know?"

Lindiwe nods her head repeatedly.

The more she thinks about this the more she thinks about her well-being as a woman.

AT SCHOOL

"All I want to know is how will the school, this boy go about fixing my daughter's image?"

"We will take her to counselling. The boy will be suspended for a month...."

"A month while my daughter walks in eggshells? Mr Deputy what, what....do you know that she tried taking her life and wena you are here talking about one month's suspension and therapy for my child? I think it will be better if we hand the matter to the police because clearly in this school, you do not care about your pupils well being!"

"Mrs Ngobese, I assure you us as a school we will look into the matter. No need to involve the police.." The deputy tells Mrs Ngobese who chucked unbelievably.

"Wow!"

This is not what she hoped for she wanted that boy to pay for his sins by being expelled!

In the school premises a group of girls sending a video to each other....

"Is your phone working? My network seems to have a problem."

"My one just crashed! And I really needed that video!"

"Looks like all of our phones have this same problem."

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She slowly opens her eyes - there is a shadow next to her. Her puffy eyes fully open and looks at the figure right in front of her eyes.

He is wearing a hoody with a cap underneath.

"What are you doing here?" She is ready to cry.

"I came to check up on you?"

"After the damage you've caused, you still come here to ruin my life!"

He sits down holding her hand firmly.

"I'm not here to fight. I'm here to apologize for a crime I didn't commit. Yes I enjoyed every minute and second with you. Given an opportunity I would have made it last for longer. I didn't take that video of us but it was your roommate."

"You have nothing to do with the video?" She asks in a shaky voice.

"No, I don't. I don't have the guts to humiliate a woman in that manner. I'm happy with you so why ruin it." He says.

"I have a boyfriend."

"Pity him cause you are mine now. I want you to call him and dump him." He hands her phone. She looks at him not believing!

"I'm going through alot right now and you cannot add salt to the wound I'm feeling. I'm hurting and you do not understand that!" She takes deep breath. "Please leave, I don't want to ever see you again."

"Okay fine! I will leave. But, jut so you know - you can't dump me just when I found you. Don't worry about the video my uncle has taken care of it." He stands up and kisses her dry lips and walks out of the ward.

Smanga's call came through....

"Halo."

"Hai, I'm outside the hospital. Which ward are you on."

Her heart beats abnormally against her chest. She takes breathing exercises trying to calm herself down.

"Okay, I'll tell a nurse to bring you up." She closes her eyes in fear.

Just when she thought she has had it all figured out this happens?. Why did he come back? She just wants to focus on herself and Smanga!

She sees Smanga making his way in looking all cute. He did a hair cut! Her heart jumps in joy.

"You look cute." She says biting her tongue.

"Thanks," that awkward silence that she wasn't expecting. Usually, when they see each other after a very long time.... they hug, kiss and stay in each other's arms.

"You came," she's trying to be strong not leaving the cold eyes.

"I was actually in Durban for a few things. Decided to pass by and say hi and goodbye." Samanga says still standing with his hands buried deep in his pocket.

"You going home already?"

"No, I'm going to live in Swaziland." Shocker!

"What! Tell me you joking?" She searches for the answers in his eyes but nothing.

"I'm sorry."

They fall into a comfortable yet awkward silence.

"When did you know that you are leaving?"

He clears his throat not wanting to look at her.

"Months ago."

"Wow, and you never bothered to tell me but I shared every little detail with you." She feels betrayed.

"Look, it was fun while it lasted, but this summer romance had to end sometime. I didn't imagine spending the rest of my life in that career, but it was fun while it lasted. I...."

"You know what, please leave. I've heard enough." He stands up, looks at her briefly before leaving.

"Just so you know," she stops him. He turns to look at her with a confused look. - "Parting ways is harrowing but it also gives me a ray of hope to be together soon. If you do not really claim to love me as you just said. I don't mind you moving on and I shall do the same." it hurts that she might not be seeing him ever again. She loved him with all of her heart only to find out he wasn't into her. Maybe this is bad luck.

She takes time to recollect what she have just heard. Smanga out of all people cannot do her like this! What's the use of trying to fix a broken relationship when there wasn't one. The fact that she wanted to fight and rekindle their love....she feels stupid! Now she doesn't regret cheating.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

His drunk to a point that he doesn't even remember his name.

"He is taking all of this the wrong way." Khoza says looking at the drunk Sthembiso.

"I didn't know that, that NyiNyi girl has such effect on my brother. To be honest she too beautiful for him." Dumisani.

"What do you mean?" Khoza is shocked of the statement coming out from his brothers mouth!

Dumisani realises what he just said without thinking. "Ow no, I didn't mean it like that. Please don't get me wrong. What I was trying to say is, his mad, and I never thought that my brother will go for such beauty. In an actual fact I'm proud of him."

Khoza gulps down his bitter whiskey and side eyes him as he swallowed avoiding eye contacting.

"Whatever game you have in that head of yours take it out of your head. I will not let you hurt intwana Yami kanjalo.

Ngimukhonzile uSthembiso. Do not, I mean NOT do what you are thinking."

Khoza stands up, and picks Sthembiso up from the couch to go lay him down on his bed.

Dumisani sat there debating with his thoughts. "No I need this stop this." He shakes his head getting up from the couch and heads to the bedroom. He throws himself on the bed, pulls out for a picture underneath the pillow and stares at it until sleep overpowered his eyes.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

"How long does the hangover last?" Sthembisi asks groaning holding his pounding head. He feels sluggishness, tired and drained.

"Here, drink this you will be fine."

Khoza gives him two packets of grandpa. "Drink those, I'll make you food so long."

Sthembiso gulps down the grandpa gurgling it in his throat and swallows.

"I'll go take a cold bath." He gets off the kitchen stool stumbling, almost falling. "Shit!" He balances against the wall and continues with his journey. He passes by Dumisani's room finding him fast asleep. The picture of Onyiye gets his attention. What could he be doing with Onyiye's picture? He shakes his head not believing. He walks out of the room feeling NOT better again!

Standing in the cold shower thinking of the possibilities of his brother wanting to go after Onyiye makes his blood boil. He

remembers all the events, the heartaches he went through because of his brother.

When he learnt that him and Lerato- his ex girlfriend once kissed, with his elder brother. He was furious but forgave her and they moved forward. The ended up breaking up back in April of last year, unrelated to this, because they just weren't in love with each other anymore. He had been struggling with the idea of seeing his brother (who didn't know he knew) for a while, but he decided that he needed to let him know why he has suddenly gone quiet on him. He asked his ex for details on what happened because he knew he'd try and deny it, but as it turns out, she admitted they slept together and it wasn't just a kiss, just a one off thing. He confronted his brother about it and told him he "knew what happened" so he couldn't try and worm his way out of it. Their relationship with Lerato didn't even last two months and by that time he has already moved on with MaZet.

With MaZet they were on it for a couple of months and same story happened. But they did not sleep together that he knows and sure of.

He takes a deep breath thinking of the baby Onyiye has.

If Tazz describes that unknown woman in that manner, he is definitely sure that it is MaZet.

The knock on the door makes him close the tap, wrapping himself with a towel and sighs tiredly stepping out of the cold shower. He opens the door finding the house help with a tray. He steps aside letting her in and mistakenly the towel drops. The help girl turns around and finds him standing there unbotheredly.

"Tell me when you done looking." He folds his arms with water dripping down his body.

His white skin, red hair, orange lips. You can tell he is not an albino but close. Even if he was still he would have looked so damn good! Maybe he is – albinos are cute.

She clears her throat after drooling. "Can I touch it." She takes further steps. It looks so soft, sensitive very clean.

"No, this belongs to my baby mama. Get out."

She hurries out shamefully. How will she face this man after trying to do what she just did?

He sits on the bed but naked. He just feels like lazing around and that is why he prefers his own personal space. He has locked the door....

"MaZet, I'm going to ask you his one question. And think twice before answering me. Where is my baby?"

"I had a miscarriage."

"Think twice of your response. Where is my baby?"

"Sthembiso are you dumb or something? Didn't you just hear me what I just said? Sthembiso I'm busy with my life."

"Okay I understand that you are busy with your life. But who was that woman you gave my child to in town?"

"What! How did you know?"

He can feel her heart beating abnormally. He briefly smiles.

"You have just confirmed. Bye MaZet."

"Sthembiso wait! I...."

He drops the call and lays on his back placing his phone on his chest.

He tries eating and surprisingly food is eatable. Only boiled healthy food not fried breakfast.

He wares his clothes and steps out of the room bumping to the house girl.

"Where are the gents?"

He asks looking at her.

"Outside,"

He walks past her going outside. He finds everyone here.

"Your awake?" Dumisani.

"Cha, I'm died." He sits down under the shade preventing his skin to be burnt by the sun.

Khoza chucks shaking his head. "I see the hangover has you bad."

"Ay lutho mfana kaKhoza. I just.... just woke up feeling funny."

"How so?" Khoza asks puffing his cigarette.

"You know betrayal is among the most devastating losses a person can experience. We live in a culture that is blind to betrayal and intolerant of emotional pain. Loss happens in many experiences and circumstances, and it can affect us deeply. The one who has been betrayed is grieving."

"What are you talking about." Khoza wants to hear and know more.

"It is easier to forgive an enemy than to forgive a friend. When you care about someone, you can't turn that off because you learn they have betrayed you. It makes for a difficult internal conflict. Whether the aftermath is expressed through apologies

or being ignored, betrayal hurts like hell. We can heal, but it will have to be in our own time and on our own terms."

They all fall into an awkward silence.

"I'm going out for a walk. Ow and Tazz don't go for that girl. Leave her we will find another way of doing this." He stands up leaving them astonished.

It's towards month end. Maybe he will find something that will link him to Onyiye. He never knew that this girl has such hold over him. He smiles kicking the stones imaging that night. What will he do when he sees her? Fuck her? Embrace her? Talk? Apologize?

It's always enjoyable seeing someone after a lone time.

Sure when he meets her - he will realise how stressful it was not seeing her.

"Buti, can you walk fast some of us are in a hurry." The woman pushes him aside.

"Your not even cute." She walks past him in a hurry.

"Zombies eat brains so you safe."

"Nerd!" She pulls out for a middle finger.

"Hey, there's worse. I could be you. Change of mind within policy munu two wrong don't make a right. Take your parents

for example." He shouts. He whistles walking like he didn't say anything. He left the girl standing there with her eyes and mouth wide open.

He passes by there eatery and buys himself meat.

His mind flashes back to what he found in the room that Dumisani uses. Could it be that he wants to re-roast his heart again? So he prefers to see him vulnerable and lonely. He takes a deep breath suddenly feeling full.

He calls out for a waiter and asks for her to pack his food. He has lost his appetite.

"Thank you." He takes the takeaway and tips her with R300.

"Hawe, ngyabonga." She smiles not believing.

"Keep the great service." He stands up and leaves the eatery going back to the house. If only he knew if his Onyiye has eaten wherever she is. Are the kids eating? Do they have all what they require? The fact that it's in the middle of the month haunts him. He wants to track her location. If she doesn't withdraw then everything stops.

He doesn't want to put her in the spot light by using her picture. What he is sure of is that she ran away from that house.

"You back?" Dumisani nervously asks.

"What? You don't want me to be here?" Sthembiso asks settling on the couch.

Dumisani sighs not know how to respond. The actual fact, he doesn't know his brother that we'll is getting to him.

"What's wrong? Like what's eating you?"

Sthembiso chucks leaning back. "I want to start a gym. I'm tired of being skinny, buy those diary products from herbal ntoni, ntoni."

"Why?" He asks.

"People take advantage of me, the situation I'm in and personally of how I am. It's time I take a different route and change for the worst. Maybe being a monster no one recognises. Don't try talking me into it because my mind has been made up."

Dumisani looks at him with his heart pounding in fear. Maybe he saw the picture

Advertisement

because when he woke up the picture wasn't on his chest. - he thought to himself.

He looks down shamefully and thoughtfully, he thought about how he has been a pain to his brother for the past years.

"I'll support you." His mistakenly bites his tongue and shuts his eyes closed.

"Thank you." Sthembiso stares at him with his heart racing but contains himself. He needs to be strong for Onyiye and his sons.

Maybe drinking again will numb the pain. He has two beers can down already.

After a few drinks, he becomes more sociable, less stressed, and happier. Probably reach for another drink before too long.

Drinking does really numb the pain—not just emotional distress, but actual physical pain. What does he achieves by this? By dampening down the pain signals that sensory neurons send to the brain.

He burps and smiles getting off the chair. "Life is so unfair." He sniffs. He was all smiles seconds ago.... getting Khoza confused. Something is definitely is wrong with.

"Sthembiso." Khoza calls out for him.

"I'm surrounded by betrayers. They claim to care for me Kanti izinja zingidla izithende! Why me! Why me! You guys can take everything of mine. If it's about the money take it, also I do not want it! But not my Onyiye."

"Sthembiso," Khoza tries holding him but Sthembiso just fights him back.

"Leave me alone!" He burst into tears. "Had you brother taken a woman you love? Not only once but twice! Here he is wanting my Ndoni mother of my kids!" He burbs stumbling On the floor.

"I'll take him to sleep." Tazz offers. Like a sack of potatoes he is being carried out of the dinning room area.

"Do you see the damage you have caused?" Khoza asks Dumisani who was looking down shamefully. "I'm sure you are happy seeing him this hurt. The pain you have caused him he has held it inside for far too long and you are still continuing to hurt him. I've worked with Sthembiso for many years - I've seen him hurt, angry and broken. But today, today I witnessed another Sthembiso I do not know...." He stops talk and takes a deep breath. " I think it's better if you leave because clearly you are destroying him more."

Without disputing Dumisani nods his head understanding. Maybe leaving will be the best. Going back home to think things through since he resigned from his previous job.

He has been locked in this room for hours just staring at her pictures. How can a dark woman be this beautiful. He always heard that dark people are the most ugliest but this girl is something else.

In an actual fact dark beauties are the beasts - the fantasy he now lives in makes him think overboard of life.

"Ubani!"

He just want to be left alone. Who ever is knocking surely disturbing his peace.

"I just came to check on you?" Great, just great! It's the house help. He inhales sharply getting off the bed and opens the door finding her standing.

"What do you want?" He asks calmly.

"I just came to see if is there anything you need?" She says flapping her long eye lashes.

"Are you my baby mama?" He raises one eyebrows up and awaits for the response.

"Erm no," she's confused.

"Exactly! The only person who has the right to ask me that is my Ndoni." He shuts the door on her face feeling annoyed.
Bitch have guts!

He needs to move out of this house and rent somewhere if this is how he will be violated every second!

Later that evening - "is it coming along?" Khoza asks Sthembiso who was focused on his laptop.

"It's searching for a location." He responds leaning back running out of options.

"Shit!" Khoza bangs the table in frustration.

"My question is this our last scam or what?"

"5 million was deposited in the generals personal account yesterday by the tender government shit. If we take all of that we will split 1 million each, lay low for a little while and start up business on the side." Khoza.

"Sounds like a plan." Biggy.

"Encrypt again and see what options it gives you."

Sthembiso tries again - reads through the numerous codes.

"Opened." They all sigh in relief.

"Offshore account, is not traceable." Biggy.

"Says who?" Khoza asks.

"I know a thing or two." He responds.

"Just say you love money big time and stop talking nonsense." Sthembiso thinks deep for a second. If he puts all this amount of money or half of it in Ndoni's Sassa grant card....it will be definitely traceable. He should come up with another plan. Looking for her using her last name will do.

"And we are in!" Sthembiso announces.

"Meaning we are a million rich each?"

"Withdraw."

They all looked at the money being withdrawn and being transferred into different non-existing accounts.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She's not looking forward into seeing her room mate. Maybe considering moving out won't be a bad idea.

She comes in looking angry , bangs the door and walks straight to the bathroom.

She hears her singing from the bathroom the next thing she opens her Bluetooth speaker. This is not what she sighed up for....

How will she study when this is happening. Maybe going to the library will do.

She neatly packs her books standing up and loading them in her backpack. She grabs her phone from the charger and walks out of the room. She was discharged this morning and she hasn't been out.

How will she face the world? The humiliation is too much.

Having gone through severe humiliation must be feeling as if she is the centre of everyone's mocking now.

All eyes on her!

Facing humiliation public emotion involves a belief that others will view her as diminished, and will likely mock and pass remarks.

She's holding on tight onto her backpack looking down.

Everyone points out at her with their heads and laughs. Tears blind her vision -Have you been knocked down many times in

life, and have you endured many painful and cutting blows that leave you filled with despair, fury and degradation? Have some of the cuts and blows been delivered as others were watching? Has it left you feeling humiliated? That is the amount of pain her heart feels.

Laughter, laughter - one after another. Now she feels she didn't leave that room.

She stops on her tracks when a car parks next to her. "Get in."

He instructs. She looks at him briefly before continuing with her journey.

"If I make you forcefully enter this car you will see heaven I'm telling you. Now get in before you make me mad." He leans over opening the door of her.

She shakes her head no with tears blinding her vision. She clutches onto her bag pack against her chest with tears falling.

He sighs stepping out of the car walking around it and finally gets hold of the Lindiwe statue.

"Come here mnono." He pulls her to his chest. She sniffs and eventually burst into tears.

"Shhhh, askies mama."

"It hurts. It's not you who goes through the humiliation, the stares and everything but me! I....I...."

"It's okay. I'm here now am I. I'm never leaving you." He lets go of her and lifts her head with his index finger and smiles. He always has that thing for chubby woman, infact it's the generation curse within the family. He perks on her lips but she slides her head before he could even kiss her.

"If your man kisses you respond. Now kiss your man."

"You not my man." She steps back and wipes the tears off her face taking a deep breath. "I need to go study, I've already missed out on alot."

"Okay, where?" He asks.

"Library."

"Okay, get into the car I will take you." She frowns looking at him.

"Aibo! The library is right behind you. I just need to cross the road and..."

"Oho, suyobona amadoda? Yazin, get in." He hisses pulling her by her arm.

"Where are you taking me?" She asks fighting to be free off his arms but he was just too strong for her. He shoves her in the car closing the door. He walks on the other side.

He parks outside the flat and they sit in comfort silence.

"Let's go in." He steps out and she remains behind. He turns noticing that she is still seated in the car. He shakes his head turning back to go open the door.

"Phuma," she takes her one leg out and the other follows. He grabs her hand and makes her follow behind.

"You walking too fast." She complains already tired.

"She will be here the whole weekend." No visitors are allowed for sleepovers. He pays the guard and the guard takes it with the cameras noticing. "Remove the footage also." They walk in hand in hand with her looking around. She's being kidnapped and ambushed!

"You like it?" He asks looking her astonished face.

"Looks nice like I've just entered heaven. I've never a beautiful flat like this."

"It belongs to my father's."

She looks at him shocked.

"Kanti, how many father's do you have?" She only has her father, ow well and her father's brother.

"Alot, I even lost count of these Myeza men."

"Wow,"

Even the rooms are spacious.

"You live alone?"

"Yeap, I like sharing. I'm hungry, can you make me something to eat." He goes to the bathroom.

She thought she's here to study now she has to make food for a grown ass man!

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She's looking at the fresh soil smiling. If only she could make good use of it. Who knows maybe it will turn it up to something she wants.

"You been looking at my backyard ever since you came here."

Philisiwe says placing her hands on her waist. "Is there something wrong with my backyard?" She sounds offended.

"What! No not one bit ma. I'm just thinking of how the spinach, cabbages will look in here."

"We tried and failed." She dramatically roles her eyes making Onyiye to laugh.

"Maybe it's the way of how you did it."

"I grew up in the rural areas, I thought I still had it in me Kanti cha I was fooling myself."

Onyiye places Ndimu on the ground. It's very clean and she does not mind him walking around playing with dirt.

The way he makes noise now and all the gibberish he has been saying. He never said that back home. He was always quite and forever asleep.

She squats and feels the soil. "You see here, it could harvest and blossom. I think you should try again. I will like to plant those some day or yet own a farm."

"You way too young to be dreaming this big – but I'm happy. I can bet on my ancestors....it will not grow. I will give you the seeds - I have for onions, tomatoes and spinach."

"Bring it in girl. I'm also betting on my unknown ancestors it will harvest and blossom."

Philisiwe - Sbahle's mother huffs going to the house and comes back with a big black plastic giving it Onyiye. "Good luck magician. This I want to see. Should I lend you my size 5 garden boots, plow (igeja), watering can? I have I all ntombo."

Onyiye laughs shaking her head.

"You can bring it mah, I will be delighted. For the onions I will first plant the onion seeds indoors for about 8–10 weeks before transplanting them outside just before the average last frost date in the area. Seeds should be sown ¼ inch deep. Onions require an open and sunny site, fertile soil, and good drainage. That's why I was admiring it." Mam Philisiwe looks at her lost.

Philisiwe is watching over the kids, sitting under the shade eating ice cream. Onyiye stops for a second and looks at her kids giggling.

They never felt their grannies love - her mind goes back when she almost threw Ngimu away in the bushes. She wipes her sweaty forehead and smile. Philisiwe notices and smiles waving at her. "Sebenza girl." Onyiye laughs continuing to work.

She's loosening your soil by digging down deep.

She then applies the fertiliser making sure to use one handful for every square metre of soil - mixing the soil and the fertiliser with the garden foil.

Putting seedlings into the ground, working according to the instructions on the seed packet. Now she is done she feels satisfied.

"All done. I say from 6 weeks we will be singing another different story." Onyiye says taking off the gloves that Mam Philisiwe have her.

"I will wait with you till Jesus come back." She laughs.

"Can I go have a quick bath. I feel sandy."

"Ow, go my child and take your time. I will take these fellers inside to go watch ZimZim." She picks them both up.

She looks at the kids - they are surely gaining weight. Which makes her very much happy. And that reminds her she didn't

tell her friend that she is in this side of town. She goes to her outside room that she is renting, stripping all of her clothes.

She just finished cooking for Ndimu. He loves chicken soup with soft pap.

Their skin is flawless even....

"Knock, knock." She knocks and lets herself in. That's how she was told. She knocks and bounces in.

She finds Ndimu standing in front of the TV. She rushes towards him removing her clothes but he cries.

"Leave him." Mam Philisiwe says. "We need to talk."

Onyiye's heart hurts in fear. Did she do something wrong? She now suddenly feels not well at all. She now feels hot and suffocated.

"Have you noticed his right eye twitching?"

Onyiye nods.

"I did, the nurses said I have nothing to worry about." She responds and looks at her son who was focused on the television.

"I have been examining him for a couple of days now, his sight is not that good. He is struggling to see something from a distance. If he tries looking closely his right eye twitches, the

more it twitches the more he gets frustrated and emotional. That where his face turns radically red."

She feels bad that she didn't take time in noticing all the symptoms.

"I'm a bad mother." She says placing the bowl on top of the coffee table.

"No, no, no you are not. Not for once doubt your parenting skills. You are very, and very much young to be taking of these babies alone. Let me tell you something you do not know....

Parenting itself is a difficult job. Looking after your child and ensuring their proper upbringing is something all parents strive for. On top of it, if we talk about being a single parent, it is even more challenging. Parenting gets far more complicated when only one parent is involved. Single parenting is considered one of the most challenging responsibilities. But at the same time, it is gratifying as well. Being a good single parent is something that you do not learn overnight but instead learn over a long period of time while facing many hurdles and barriers until you get to know your way around it. You are still young and you still yet to make huge decisions thinking that you are right but you will learn from them. Now that you know about Ndimu's state, he needs to see a professional doctor. I will ask Sbahle to add them under her medical aid so he could see a professionals before it's too late."

"I don't know what to say mah. I thank God for bringing me here. If I didn't get to know a woman like you I seriously do not know where I would be now with my children."

"And another thing, it's not only your children. It's ours. Learn that you are now not alone but you are surrounded by people not monsters. I will talk to Sbahle when she gets back from work."

She smiles leaning her head against Mam Philisiwe's shoulder.

She's done with her tasks after biting her pen for a couple of hours due to stress. Now she knows how hard it is NOT be in a desk....

a knock on her door, who could this be? It's way past 21:00 pm and everyone is asleep. She packs her papers hiding them underneath the sponge - fixes herself and open.

"Sbahle,"

"Can I come in?"

How rude of her to make someone stand outside so late at night.

"Yes, sure come in. I'm sorry it's just - I have alot in my mind."
She responds.

"Mum told me. I came here to ask for the kids birth certificate so that I could add them on the medical aid."

"Are you sure? Won't it cost you alot?" She asks concerned. How can one just offer services just that easily. "Doesn't it cost?". She's clueless.

Sbahle frowns looking at her and quickly remembers. "Lutho mntase, kids are very cheap yazi."

"Okay, lets me know how much and I will atleast pay every month end." She offers. She's not used for things being done for her.

"Don't be silly." Sbahle chucks.

"No I insist." Sbahle sighs out of defeat.

"Okay how about of you pay half and the government pays half?" Fair enough she will agree to the set up.

She hands her both of the birth certificates.

It's her prayer time and right now she feels she could connect to her God. She knows she has one guardian angel out there - the light is being shown to her bit by bit.

The one rand that she has been using for her prayer session. She takes it out of her handbag that she does not use and puts the one rand in the glass filled with water.

"Thank you

Lord, for the blessings you have bestowed on my life. You have provided me with more than I could ever have imagined. You have surrounded me with people who always look out for me. You have given me family and a friend who bless me every day with kind words and actions. Teach me to offer you a heart of thanksgiving and praise in all my daily experiences of life. I long to bring pleasure to Your heart daily. Break the power of the enemy in my life. Defeat him through my sacrifice of praise. I trust in you ow Lord, I place my life in your hands. I pray that one day you how me the father of my kids. Watch over my mother, I pray that you would restore my mother to full health. Her mental, emotional, and spiritual health have been in decline as of late, Lord - Amen."

She opens her eyes and gulps the water that's in the glass. Pours some in the kids bottle when they wake up they will surely want some water.

She snuggles herself next to her kids kissing them.

Morning came after a peaceful sleep. Today is Sunday - after a very long time she will be in church and she is looking forward to it.

Sbahle's honks her car outside - Mam Philisiwe helps her with bags while she carried both babies.

Sbahle is driving a white Avanza.

"Let me help you put these gents in their chairs."

"I'll put them on my lap it's fine." Onyiye suggest.

"You mean, you made me sweat for these all for nothing! Come on girl." Sbahle steps out of the car, she starts with Ndimu buckling him up in his baby car seat.

"Where and when did you buy these?" Her mother asks admiring them. "They look so expensive."

"I'm a cop remember." Sbahle wiggles her eyebrows looking at her mother.

"Jesus!" She closes her mouth in shock.

"Where did you buy them?" Onyiye asks - she's not used to people doing things for her. The only person who does something for her is Lindiwe.

"Onyiye, are you that slow dude!" Sbahle laughs looking at her confused face.

"I stole them."

Onyiye gasps in shock. "Sbahle!"

"What," she laughs joining the road.

"Honestly you should resign and be a thief straight. Why be a cop when steal?" Her mother asks. This is not the first time Sbahle comes back home with something she did not buy.

"You will understand one day mah, it's part of our services." Already they have arrived in church. They all step out of the car.

"Looks like we late!" Mam Philisiwe hurries inside.

Onyiye steps inside the church and immediately she feels her spirit up. She inhales the fresh air filled with new people. She follows Sbahle who had Ngimu on her hands. Sbahle seems to be find of these kinds day by day. They sit down right after the signing ended. The pastor looks at Onyiye briefly without her noticing.

"Matthew verse 6:15. Can someone read that verse out-loud for me." The pastor's says standing at the podium.

A girl from the crowd stands up with her bible opened. She reads out-loud through the mic. "But if you do not forgive others their sins, your Father will not forgive your sins." She sits down after reading. The pastor smiles shaking his head.

"When we embrace what the bible says about forgiveness, that's when we can begin to experience true healing.

It may not always be easy to forget the past, but look toward the future and what is ahead. God is gracious and merciful, and will not fail you in your time of frustration and anger towards someone, but provide peace and clarity to forgive. He will not leave you in your sadness for wronging another, but give you strength to confess your wrong and ask to be forgiven.

May these Bible verses about forgiveness cause you to pause in prayer and speak with God for a moment, to seek His forgiveness, and to give forgiveness. Love one another as God has loved you, let go of the past, and look ahead towards the light of Messiah. Bless You Abundantly!."

"Amen."

"Alishe iculo! Come forward and hand your life to Christ! Come forward if you want God to give you a message!"

The same girl that was reading the verse stands up.

"Siya Kudumisa Thixo!

Almighty God we praise You!

Siya kuvuma ukuba unguYehova.

We confess you to be our Lord Jehovah.

Umhlaba wonke ubedesha Wena

The whole Earth worships you eternal Father.

UYise ongunaphakade.

Everlasting Father God eternal.

Zonke iingelosi zimemeza kuwe

To thee all angels sing aloud in heaven

Kwa nezulu nawo onke amandla akulo.

All the heavenly powers bow down to you O Lord...."

The pastor begins to pray while with his hands in the air. Onyiye gets emotional like the pastor somewhat talking to her. She awkwardly stands up with tears dropping down her face. Mam Philisiwe nods with a huge smile on her face and brushed her back assuring her that she is here.

She walks down to where the pastor was praying for people. She kneels down and wait for her turn. She feels heavy hands on her shoulders and closes her eyes.

"Think, O' God, of your child who is ill emotionally and physically, whom we now commend to your compassionate regard. That no healing is too hard if it be your will. We therefore pray that You bless your child with Your loving care, renew her strength, and heal what ails her in your loving name, Amen." She stands up with now a light heart.

"Let your heart guide you - if you continue holding this heavy grudge against you will never succeed in life. Continue to pray and God shall lead you to the answer you have. God bless you. One day you will find your father if you believe."

She's left with so many questions and unfortunately she doesn't know who will fill in the gap for it. She looks at him confused - she wants to ask for more questions but this is

definitely the wrong place and the wrong time. She smiles and turn to walk back to where she was.

"I'm so proud of you." Mam Philisiwe says proudly making Sbahle to roll her eyes smiling. Her mother can be exaggerating at times.

Finally the services is over and they are now driving back home.

"Yaz somehow I believe that the pastor was talking to me." She says.

"We all have those days my daughter."

"It's very wired." She says replaying those words in her head.

"Do what the pastor told you to do and focus on moving forward."

Mam Philisiwe advices but that is just the hardest decision. Just forgetting of the trouble she went through growing up.

Being abused by her own mother! Being told that she's a thief when she knew that she never stole anything.

Being molested by that old man! And now she's here trying to figure herself out.

"I know it's hard but it's for the best."

Later that evening Sbahle prepared for herself to go to work. Working night shift has never been her favourite but she has no choice now does she?

She packs her lunch walking out of the room bidding farewell to her mother and the kids.

AT THE POLICE STATION

Sbahle parks her car at her normal parking spot and steps out of her car humming. She looks at the pieces of the chips at the backseat and stops humming. "Ahh Ndimu!" She says to herself. One reason why she prefers traveling in a taxi because she just hates washing the car!

"Constable Magaye." One of the police officers greet.

"Zulu," she walks past him but he grabs her by arm and whispers in her ear.

"You see that want to be crook of that boyfriend of yours - can't wait to squash him like a cockroach that he is."

Sbahle yanks her hand off him and sigh putting on her brave face. "You have been singing that song for the past 3-4 years now. Don't you get tired?" She asks smiling looking at him.

"I'm watching you."

"You can watch till Jesus come back I don't care honestly. I'm tired of you bickering like a toothless dog. Do something meaningful with your life and make yourself useful around the police station." She clicks her tongue and enters the station leaving Zulu like a statue.

"Magaye, we need your opinion la."

She looks at the police men surrounding the table. She walks up to them -,

"What's up?"

"We need another strategy to get these men."

Sbahle looks at the three photos on top of the counter and swallows hard.

"What's the plan?" She asks with her heart drumming against her chest.

"That's the problem we do not have a plan. We do not have any information about these men."

"So how did you find out about them?" She asks sounding brave.

"Another rat pimped them out but we are holding him in custody. The information he told us exactly matches the what

the government has been going through for the past couple of months. Days back money was withdrawn from one of the....."

Excuse me I need to take this call. "The Sargent handling the case steps out of talking to his phone.

Sbahle stood there looking at the pictures running out of words.

"I'll be back once the Sargent is back. Let me go put these in the office." She walks out as fast as she could. She pulls out for her phone out of he pocket dialling her boyfriend.

"How can you be so careless? You told me that the job that you did weeks ago was the last! Did you let anyone in the circle?"

"No baby why?"

"I swear if you get caught you will go down alone and not with me!" She hisses disconnecting the call.

CHAPTER 12

AT THE STATION

Sbahle sitting quietly running out of options. Khoza will definitely be the death of her. This man does not for once listen! Everyone is up and down - 'preparing for war' they say. Bullet-proofs being grabbed, guns being loaded.

"Awu, Zulu....are you going to war or a shooting spree?" She asks out of curiosity. She just wants to check the process.

Zulu chucks fastening his waist belt tighter. "I told you that some day and stupid day I will catch you and that want to be crook of yours. I'm the boss here!" He smirks.

"If you are referring to Mazisi Khoza my man then...." She shrug her shoulders. "Then yes he is definitely a want to be crook. By all means please go have him arrested. You see me and that man, we have been at it for ages and I'm beginning to loose count - I'm telling you information that might be useful. Look for serious cases instead of sticking your noise in cold cases. Just because he shot a man years back without a licensed

gun you'll hold that against him? Yoh! I feel sorry for your wife. Yazin unamagqubu ndoda. Heal ntwana Maan." She smiles.

"Mxm,"

"By the way, the man that you a looking for is in Joburg. Should I provide you with an address?" She asks looking at the dumbfounded Zulu.

He looks at her confound. "Joburg?"

"Are you asking me cause you want tt confirm or you asking me because you are shocked? I told you before you became why too obsess about my man ukuthi good luck. Anyways," she laughs looking at Zulu's face. "Didn't your source provide you with efficient information? Awu Zulu askies bra wami." She continues to laugh with Zulu walking out angrily. She takes out her phone and sends a quick text. "RUN!!" She deletes and innocently puts her phone back into her pocket and continued working.

IN SWAZILAND

"You look tense babe - are you okay?" Ask his heavily pregnant girlfriend. Smanga sighs caressing on her stomach feeling the baby's kicks.

"I'm just afraid - afraid that I'm going to be a dad soon and I do not know nothing about babies. It would have been better if my mother was around." He throws his head back in frustration.

"And you know very well that your mother doesn't like me one bit and I don't even know what wrong I did to her or what crime I committed." She says fixing the pillows making herself to sit comfortably.

"That's not true my love and you know it. My mother is just angry because she thinks you are then one who is taking me away from home." Smanga responds looking at her big eyes.

Nokwazi is nothing compared to Lindiwe.

Lindiwe is out and about and always a chatterbox. With Nokwazi they sometimes run out of topics which is very much draining for him.

"I see, but she must learn to live without you. You won't to stick around with her forever." He doesn't like where this conversation is heading.

"When is she coming?" He decides to change the topic before it could even get out of hand.

"Smanga! You ask me this question almost everyday." She laughs.

"I want to be prepared moss." He smiles.

"And it seems like you are overdoing it and it's very funny in a way." They both laugh. He snuggles himself next to her.

"I just can't wait to hold him or her for the very first time, in my arms." He responds getting on top of her.

"You are squashing us Smanga." She giggles covering her face.

"I won't take long." He is already hard as a rock.

The picture of Lindiwe flashes in his eyes. Those big breasts, little stretch marks around her hip area, that meaty pussy. How her walls hug his dick so perfectly. Her has Nokwazi's legs hanging over his shoulders. He moan dripping sweat on his forehead. "Shit!" He squeezes her thighs, he has his eyes closed.

Normally Lindiwe would caress on his chest letting out those sweat moans.

He lets go of her thighs, grabs her hands and place them on his chest. He is disappointed - he wanted her to caress on his chest! He is totally turned off his soft dick pops out.

"Your done?" She is shocked. That didn't even last two minutes!

"I'm sorry I just have a lot on my mind." He responds getting off the bed. He never expected it to happen and now that it happened he feels guilty.

How can he think of another woman while he has the mother of his child right in front of his eyes. He doesn't feel nothing for this Lindiwe for crying out loud!

"Which is?" She struggles getting out of bed but eventually does.

He sits on the bed covering his face with his hands shamefully. "Can we not talk about this? I am not in the right state of mind."

"Okay," she gets dressed and leaves him seated on the bed. Smanga scrolls through his contact list and remembers that he deleted her numbers. After the day he went to see her in hospital. He logs in on Facebook - scroll through her page and notices that she has deleted all of their pictures together. That hurts in a way. He sighs logging off - maybe he was starting to be attached to her without him noticing. Maybe he was beginning to fall in love with her!

Hearing that he cheated didn't bother him much but now - it's making him have a lot of questions. Those last words he told her aches his heart till today. It was a slip of tongue unintentionally. He takes a deep breath - is he now confused?

He was so adequate and looking forward to be with Nokwazi but now he is no longer interested.

He finally gets off the bed and has the strength to wear his clothes - steps out of the room finding Nokwazi making cheese toasted sandwich.

"Can you also make some for me?" He hugs her from behind. She keeps quiet and continues to be busy. He turns her around to face him.

"Okay, I'm just under a lot of stress babe that my babe will come sooner than expected and worstly I haven't started working. Next week Monday seems a bit far and...."

She kisses his lips. Nokwazi is an average height with Smanga. He kisses her back.

"I told you to stop bickering yourself with thoughts and focus on the future. We are totally covered for this month, so you have nothing to worry about. And about your first pay on that tender you will be earning pretty much more."

He stares at her taking a smile - the coldness in the stare.

"You beautiful." He says randomly making her to smile.

"Thank you." She blushes but something is just off.

Maybe they are going through a rough patch and their relationship feels rocky, or perhaps they are transitioning out of the honeymoon phase.

He feels bad already for imaging her as someone else how worse could it get!

He pulls her into a tight hug and again he is disappointed - she doesn't lean on his chest but leans on his shoulder.

"We will be fine." He assures her.

"Yes we will." She simply has no clue of what's going on.

"Now make your man that sandwich." She smiles.....

IN JOBURG

"So Khoza, you mean to tell me that Dumisani, my brother went and ranted on the cops about our hustle just because he is after my baby mama?"

Sthembiso is pacing up and down in frustration. "I swear that bitch will...."

"Listen Sthembiso, your brother is not worth it. You should be worried that he is in Durban as we speak in a holding cell singing like a canoe that he is." Khoza packs up the last bits of his equipment.

"I am going to Durban." He pulls his bag pack from the bed. "I swear I'm going to kill him before Jesus does."

Khoza sighs looking at him. Talking to him now will not calm him down. Looks like he is adding more to it.

"Put these in a van." Khoza hands Biggy the laptops. He looks at him as he walked out and turn to face Sthembiso. "I want you to look me in the eyes and confirm that you are a man not a coward. Mark my words - It's me, you and Tazz."

Sthembiso looks at him confused and later his mind registers. "What!" Khoza zips his mouth by putting his hands on his mouth.

"Yes, we have to do it!"

"I am beginning to have questions about you. How am I sure that I will not follow? How will I trust you that it's not me that you want to terminate?"

"Because I trust. I know more than you know yourself."

They are packed ready to leave. They hand John his house keys.

"Remember, we don't know each other and we never met. We will meet again." Khoza and Sthembiso step out of the house heading to the car. "We will make it look like an accident." Khoza tells Sthembiso who looked at him and felt his arse shivering from ice.

LINDIWE** **NGOBESE

He won't ever miss an opportunity to prove he is right and makes you feel inferior. He will go beyond boundaries just to prove his point, even if doesn't add up to any value in the relationship, he still makes sure to prove in front of you.

She's stirring the pot looking at Mpilo who was focused on her phone. Is he a psychopath, perhaps? She has a lot of concerns. She doesn't recall being asked out on a date - the first day he kissed her he claimed her just like that. She was claimed like a bet!

Tears blind her vision....she sniffs closing the pot. Mpilo tilts his head looking at her with a slight frown on his face.

"Stufuza, uright?" He puts her phone down and sighs standing up. She's afraid of him and he can tell.

He doesn't blame her though, he had her locked up all weekend....

"I want to go home." She misses her home more than anything.

"Why?" He stands right in front of her. His perfume smells so divine!

"I miss my mum." It's the truth. She has never been away from her mother his long.

"Okay I'll ask my uncle I drive you home since I'm not allowed to drive long distances." He says caressing on her chubby weat cheeks from tears. Are woman always this emotional? His inner self asks.

"I will catch taxis don't worry." She responds looking away from him.

"Are you going to see that useless boyfriend of yours? I'll kill him then hand myself in to the cops."

She looks at him astonished. She has confirmed her suspicions, this man is a psychopath.

She takes steps back - looking afraid.

"I don't hurt women, but if you think twice of cheating on me I won't hesitate to fuck every hole in your body." He roughly pulls her towards him. "You should get this into your head. You are my woman and I'm your man." He smiles revealing those perfect teeth. She shivers a bit....

He is sitting on the couch with his feet on the table.

"Come sit next to me." He pats on the seat next to him. She moves closer to him slowly until she was next to him. "When do

you want to go home?" She smiles a bit - the sound of that makes her heart jump in joy.

"Next week Friday," she plays with the tip of her fingers. He looks at her smiling ear to ear. He smiles back and damn he wishes that they could stay like this till Jesus come back.

"You will go, I promise."

Her phone chimes and the name 'my babe' pops up. He clenches his jaws facing the other way not wanting to reveal his anger. Deep down his blood was boiling.

"My love

" she's bubbly - he is seeing another side he has never seen before.

"Guess what?" Says Onyiye on the other line.

"What ?" She looks confused.

"I'm in Durban." She says making Lindiwe to laugh out-loud.

"What, I'm serious."

"Don't joke like that. How are my baby boys doing?" Lindiwe asks making Mpilo to swallow hard.

"They fine. I live in a place called Chesterville." Lindiwe removes her head from Mpilo's chest sitting up straight.

"Babe please don't lie to me," those bloody tears. Mpilo stands up not taking the conversation not too well. He heads to the kitchen to dish out for himself....

He hears her screaming, jumping up and down in excitement. Clearly this person brings out the best in her! He needs to take him out once and for all so he could have a peace of mind. He cannot suffer like this!

"I need a favour." Mpilo tilts his head and looks at her with no emotions making it hard for Lindiwe to talk. He sits comfortably and awaits for her to talk.

"Sure,"

"Can you take me to this location." She hands him the phone. He looks at the location. Maybe if he takes her he will definitely know who she is meeting up with.

"Yea sure why not. Let me go fetch my t-shirt." He heads to the bedroom. Her eyes follow his back and that tattoo on his back. A fucken woman's face covering his whole back! That is not Thabi - and from what she heard they were just fuck buddies, unfortunately for Thabi she started catching feelings.

Her heart sank a bit - it hearts no lies.

He is following the GPRS until they have reached their destination.

"I will be back." She gets off wearing the biggest smile on her face. She forgets her phone on the car front seat. Mpilo glances at it for a while. He gets hold of it, unlocks it.

Ndimuphiwe is the password of her phone. He shakes his head in disbelief again. Two kids as a screensaver? He thought maybe he saw wrong. Sure those are hers. At first he didn't pay no mind to it but now it makes all senses. He looks at her as she disappeared into the house.

"Hello my sweetest friend, I want you to know that I'm blessed to have a great friend like you. Your friendship is invaluable to place a price tag on, and it's more precious than the finest gold and silver in the entire universe. You've touched my heart in so many ways that I could never have thought of your care and love and I will always treasure our friendship with every breath in me. I love you, my beautiful friend." Lindiwe expresses herself making Onyiye to laugh.

"Last time I checked I was straight, like totally straight."

"And she had to ruin the moment." They pull out of the embrace.

They both laugh unbelievably - they miss each other everyday. They are irreplaceable, the kind of friendship they share is incomparable.,...

"Come, let me show you inside." Onyiye pulls Lindiwe by hand leading her to where there babies where. The expression on her face was priceless.

"What!" She picks Ndimu up and he giggles looking at her. "He recognises me." She feels emotional.

"How can her forget you?" Onyiye asks changing Ngimu's diaper.

"Haibo mngani! Duplicate?" She's shocked. She never seen Ngimu face to face but he has pictures of them.

They sit down and talk for hours forgetting that she left someone at the gate.

"I forgot, I left someone at the gate." She's already on her feet ready to run outside. "Who?" Onyiye asks in confusion.

"The guy I was telling you about. I want you to meet that psychopath oe."

Onyiye laughs picking Ndimu who was playing with his toys but Lindiwe grabs him out of her hands, Ngimu was fast asleep.

They both step out of the house and walk towards the gate. Lindiwe knocks on the window startling Mpilo.

"Mngani, this man doesn't strike as a psychopath." Onyiye with her slippery mouth. Lindiwe secretly pinches her thigh signalling her to zip her mouth. Mpilo raises his eyebrows looking at them confused. His eyes are red and looks tired.

"This is my best friend, sister Onyiye but you can call her Gift. My love this is Mpilo."

"Hei, you look too serious buti. Are you okay."

"Ngisharp Sisi." He smiles a bit. Lindiwe smiles looking at Onyiye - knowing her friend she is about to give him a long ass speech!

"If you hurt my friend I will make your death look like an accident. You see this woman, I love her with everything in me. She's all that I have, my mother, my sister and a daughter. We are of same age yes but we look out for each other. If you make her cry - just even a tiny dot.....you won't see heaven. I will bite your balls so hard that you will forget who's your mother."

Mpilo cringes to the sound of that. He can take everything else but not the mother part. "I don't know you but I'm giving you a chance. The last punk told her that she wasn't worth it but she's still standing tall here with me.

She's the most stubborn, beautiful, funny, insane, goofy person I know. Don't change her. She has a big heart.

Also, she's pretty set in her ways. She likes a lot of the old school traditions on dating. Chivalry is key. When she loves she

loves deep and when she decides to discard you she will do it without having doubts. When she cries, wipe away her tears. Bring her the biggest chocolate milkshake you can find. If she's crying because of you, I have screenshots she sent me for whatever you do. I will hold them against you. Now that I have said my part....is there anything that you will like I know about me?"

Mpilo looks at her dumbfounded. Never in a million years has he ever been threghtened by a woman before.

He chucks shaking his head not believing. He decides to step out of the car, and stand next to them.

"I hear you miss," he leans against the car crossing his legs with his arms crossed across his chest. "Kati relax, she is in safe hands. She's still shy around me but when the time is right I know the crazy Lindiwe will pop out. You can trust your friend with me."

"Very well then, for now - I will take your word for it."

Onyiye smiles caressing on Lindiwe's chubby cheeks. "I'm straight - just in case you forget." They both laugh making Mpilo to shake his head not believing. It's not what he thought it was!

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She's getting in the hand of town and she enjoys being around with the help of Sbahle of course.

Sbahle took her to the library this morning and she will fetch her later on. She needs much research as she could get. She does the final touches and feels satisfied. Doing this makes her remember the days she had in high school and what she promised herself. She's here doing what she loves most. It's now time to go back home to her kids. She just wanted time away so she could rewind and feed her mind. She closes her books and shoves them in her bag pack. She stands up smiling within herself. She never imagined herself this focused.

She steps out of the library and awaits for Sbahle but luckily she spots her across the road. She waits patiently to cross over to the other side but the streets are a busy bee. Onyiye notices Sbahle kissing a man and Onyiye giggles. The man steps into a brand new car and drives off in full speed. Finally she crosses the road and she cannot wait to talk about it all.

"Who was that?" Nosy as much.

"Someone, I thought I'll come fetch you from the inside."
Sbahle changes the subject.

"You think I would get lost?" She's not offended. Durban is too big for a girl like her.

"Yes," they laugh getting in the car.

"Whatever. I'm waiting - who was that mister?" She asks buckling up.

"No one, you love news Wena ngane."

"I'll tell mum." Onyiye folds her hands dramatically. Sbahle looks at her and her heart sinks a bit. She lost a sister who was very much noisy - that girl loved news like no bodies business. No wonder she is so drawn to her. She reminds her of the late sister who drowned. She was only 15 years.

She hides the tears threatening to come out.

She chucks shaking her head. "You crazy." She starts the car and drives off taking Onyiye home.

After being dropped off by Sbahle she decided to cook. Just couple pf days or weeks before month end and she just wants to change her wardrobe. Without Onyiye noticing Ndimu sits on Ngimu's tiny face. His tiny cries gets Onyiye's attention.

"Jesus!" She drops the knife on the floor and hurries removing the laughing Ndimu. "Ndimuphiwe!" She shouts removing him.

He grins and crawls so fast to get hold of the knife on the floor. He grabs the knife - sits down and begins to bang it against the cardboard. Onyiye picks up the crying Ngimu trying to calm him down.

"Kodwa Nkosi. What the hell is wrong with you!" She hisses marching towards Ngimu who was laughing his lungs out. She grabs the knife out of his hands and sighs feeling exhausted. She places it on top of the table and looks at him playing with the vegetables scattered all over the floor. She sinks down on the floor with Ngimu against her chest and burst into tears.

If only her mother was here she would have told her what to do.

"What's with all the noise?" Mam Philisiwe says stepping inside the room. She finds Onyiye on the floor crying her lungs out.

"Yini Sisi?" She asks.

"It's hard being a mother."

"Parenting is hard my child. It changes to mental health." She looks at her for a second. "It's okay - I will take the kids with me. I know it's hard and you are still hang up on the past but you need to let go. You need to go water your garden."

Mentioning the word garden makes her smile through those tears. She stands up smiling a bit. She wipes the tears falling from her face and sighs collecting herself. "I'm sorry for being a burden."

"What, a burden? No dear you are not. I take you like my own daughter. You look so much like her." The pain in Mam Philisiwe's eyes is very much visible.

"Who? Sbahle?"

"No, she's late." She responds with a heavy heart.

"What happened?" Onyiye asks. She makes her sit in a chair with her sitting on the sponge.

"I remember it like it was yesterday. As a family, we decided to go out to the beach and have some fun, since their father was around. He agreed to it and then the following day on a Saturday we went to the beach. It was me Sbahle, my husband and my late daughter.

She loved nature that it annoyed me at times but I understand that she takes it from her father. She played in the sand planting flowers - only God knows where she got them from.

I remember clearly when she asked me to go swim in the pool and I agreed because I know it's no danger and I can see them. I don't know what happened but we started hearing noise. My heart knew and told me that my daughter is in danger. I saw a crowd gathered by the sea and I ran into the water and started shouting my child's name, but heard no reply. I just closed my eyes and said a silent prayer. I said 'Lord, if it's your will, then I

understand, just release my child's body to me'. I then felt a sense of calmness over my body, and I just knew she's gone.

When I opened my eyes, I heard people shouting, "... there she is", as a man came carrying her lifeless body to shore.

Despite their best efforts, rescuers could not save my daughter.

A heartbeat was restored by paramedics and my child was transported to hospital in a critical condition where hospital staff, doctors and nurses continued resuscitation efforts." She takes a deep breath preventing the tears from falling.

"Wow, I don't know what to say."

"Yea, it's life babe girl. And we have to move on from it. Bring these two to me. They make me forget."

She's cleaning the mess Ndimu made. This child is way too active and she cannot pick up.

She sits down on her sponge in an empty house and it kind of feels weird - no kids, no noise, no one to shout to.

Maybe taking a nap will do.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She's in res bored to death. She steps out of the shower wrapping herself with a towel. She's alone with no Thabi throwing shades around.

The door harshly closes making her to flinch a bit.

Three girls walk in and lock the door turning to face her.

"Yes wena," Lindiwe step backwards with fear. She leans against the wall with her heart pumping in agony filled with fear.

"Th....Thabi is n....not here." She stutters afraidly.

"We came to see you." One smirks taking steps towards her.

"A boyfriend snatcher." Another responds grabbing her braids forcefully making her to flinch.

"You hurting me!" She says holding back the tears awaiting to drop out of her eyes. One of the girls grab the towel that was wrapped around her thick body leaving her naked.

She tries hiding her breasts and honey pot for protection but fails. Being pulled by your braids is extremely painful - it's an unbearable pain that one cannot take.

A harsh slap lands on her face closing her left eye instantly. She screams out of pain and tries holding her face but her hands quickly fly back to the head.

"Let me go!" She screams and tries wiggling herself out of the tight grip.

"I need to take a video of this!" One of the girls beam in excitement already recording the events.

"Hold her from behind." They instruct each other.

One kick - the pain becomes more generalised when it reaches the abdomen. The feeling of pressure is intensified by cramping. She groans painfully with thick saliva dripping out of her mouth. Another punch on the face and she's being thrown on the floors.

"Hold her legs apart." She tries curling herself into a ball but she's being pulled by all directions.

Her legs are being forcefully open exposing her honey pot. Her hands are being held against her head. No movement - hurt, the shame....

"Awemahhh!" She cries out loud making the three girls to laugh.

"This is I want to show to every school mate. Infact, I want the whole world to see this. I'm posting it on Facebook and tagging everyone!" She lowers her phone taking a closer view of her neatly shaved nuna.

Her depression hit its lowest point when she didn't feel anything anymore. She cried, but she was numb. She didn't care about anything or anyone.

They have left and she is left alone with a throbbing headache. Her eyesight is blurry - she's bleeding from the noise and her swollen mouth.

She drags her body from the floor trying to hold of her phone.

Typing that password felt like a punishment she cannot explain. Her fingers hurt. They stomped on it multiple times until they were numb from pain.

After three failed attempts her phone finally unlocks.

Last number that called her she presses through her blurry vision.

"He....he....help." Her hand gets heavier by the second. She removes her hand slowly as it dropped on the floor with the call still running. She can feel her heart beat stopping second by second.

Hearing voices from afar....

She feels like she's sleeping on a block of concrete. She feels disoriented, confused, grouchy

Advertisement

scared, embarrassed. Pain medication can make you feel irritable. Loss of strength, joint function and mobility. That's how she feels, a feeling that is unexplainable.

She feels scared and embarrassed. Her vision is still blurry on the left side eye. A tall masculine figure standing right in front of her eyes.

"Mnono," that's a male's voice. Her body shivers from the sight of him. "Babe - it's me."

Her lips tremble....

"Shhh, I'm here now don't cry." The bed deepens accommodating the heavy weight. "I'm here babe."

The events are flashing right before her eyes. Maybe she is losing it.

"My patient is awake." The doctor says stepping inside. "Your lip has been stitched finely - it will heal in no time. Luckily you do not have any brain damages and no nerve was damaged."

He scans her eyes again. "Once the swelling goes down your eyesight will be back to normal. Just need a lot of rest and take it easy."

Mpilo is quietly sited on the hospital chair watching the video over and over again. He can feel his blood boiling....

"I need fresh air. I will be back." He says kissing the sleeping Lindiwe on her busted lip. He steps out collecting himself taking a deep breath.

He takes out his neatly wrapped joint....he needs to think a bit. Two, three pulls will calm his nerves down.

After those pulls he feels more calmer and satisfied.

So Thabi decided to go the hard way. He let that case previously slide - her taking a video of Lindiwe and him making out and now she sends out her bunch of friends to attack what's his? Clearly she's doesn't know who she is dealing with. It's time to make her life miserable!

He walks back and finds her half awake.

"You're awake." He it's on top of the bed and touching her messy braids.

"I was trying to sleep and then I'd hear people's footsteps and it bugged me."

She says in her sleepy voice.

"So I'm people not your man?" He chuckles shaking his head. "tell me, what happened?" He wants her side of the story. You know when they say there's two sides of the story.

"I was in the bathroom when I heard the door being harshly shut and locked.

I was called names - called a man snatcher. The next thing I knew I was being beaten senselessly...." Her jaws pain.

"It's okay, don't talk. Go back to sleep." She slowly closes her eye's and dozed off immediately.

It's in the middle of the night she's feeling cold, teeth clutched, knocking against each other. She finds herself trying to get off the bed and gets startled by a huge giant next to her. Mpilo slowly opens his eyes....

"What's wrong?" He asks in that sleepy tired voice.

"I'm cold."

He takes off his jacket and carefully helps her to wear it. He touches her feet and they are cold as ice.

He takes his socks off and put them on to her.

"Feeling better?"

"Not yet. Thanks." She shamefully looks on the side. "You should go home." She suggests.

"Not without you. Waiting for the doctor for the to discharge you in the morning then take you with."

"I don't want to go back there. They will kill me." She afraid and that breaks his heart.

"I promise, I'm not taking you back there." He takes her red hand kissing her swollen knuckles.

"Where am I going to go? I don't have money to rent."

"My place until you get better. Once better then we can live in different rooms but same building." He suggests. She sighs with tears streaming down at the corner of her eyes.

"Hei, it's okay I'm here."

She looks at him wondering.

The world is crazy, whirling and spinning around them!

Turbulence, chaos, uncertainty abound! Where does she turn in the midst of these times to find peace, joy, truth, and steadfastness? Is he her safe place? "Do you trust me? Other than the psychopath you labelled me as?"

Does she trust him?

As in any picture, there are many nuances, each reflecting a different facet of the overall picture, but each nuance or facet is vital to grasp in order to see the intended expression.

"I trust you." She tries to smile but her whole face aches. The smile dissolves quickly. "They took a video of me, again."

"It will die down babe don't stress yourself. I'm here for you."

AT THE RES

"You guys did a great job. Now let's see how will Mpilo look at her face." Thabi says sipping her wine. They're rejoicing and very much happy.

"We should get going, it's getting late." Her friends say. It's in the middle of the night having a few glasses of wine.

After they have left Thabi takes her time snooping around Lindiwe's personal stuff.

She comes across a hospital card - "I wonder what disease you have." She says sitting on the bed going through it. "Ow wow, missy is not so miss goody too shoes after all.

She snaps a few pictures of it and begins posting them on Facebook.

"Miss Goody too shoes is not so miss innocent after all. Farm Julia had an abortion for my man that she stole from me. If only Mpilo was with me we would have had beautiful kids together but he chose to betray me with this murder."

She posts after right that paragraph. Messages begin to ping again and again. She reads through the comments and begin to laugh.

"She's a murder. Ow my God!"

"I have no words. Not so innocent after all!"

"Your boyfriend needs to see this. Akanasimilo lamntana sies!"

"I see a bitter woman who is not over her fuck body. Phela we all knew that Mpilo never loved you, it was all about sex...." She sighs logging out of Facebook and places her phone aside. She throws herself on the bed and begins to drift to sleep.

She wakes up in the morning and stretches herself finding Mpilo reading through the file that he found on top of the bed. Her heart skips a bit....

"Babe," she gets off the bed yawning sitting on his lap. He roughly pushes her off making her to land painfully on the floor.

"Mpilo!" She winches getting up.

"Are you enjoying everything that you are doing?" He asks pulling her up by her throat. She gasps trying to remove his hand off her neck. She has never seen Mpilo that mad before.

He lets go of her - he promised himself to never hit a woman. "Your day is coming." He pushes her aside and begins to pack everything that belongs to Lindiwe.

One of the reasons why he hates school with passion!

"Mpilo, I was angry that you never cared about me any longer. I loved you and I still do but you never took time to notice me!"

"I don't fall in love with loose cannons. You were my sperm release and that's it! Look at yourself and looks at the woman I'm with. Two different people with different personalities. You are not close to what I want. This should be the first and the last time declaring your stupid love to me."

He grabs Lindiwe's bag that has books in it and a huge luggage. He will be back later into to take the rest of the stuff.

"I will show you who I am!" She hisses.

"Go ahead Sisi." He walks out leaving her flinching to the sound of Sisi. She sits on top of the bed lost for words.

Mpilo comes back, he knows her belongings.

Now that he has everything he doesn't see any reason of her being here.

"Mpilo please." He walks out of the door handful without glaring at her. She now believes that her actions cost her but she has another plan.

She takes a quick shower and dresses up. He will come back to her crawling. She steps out of her room and every one is looking at her - she's going to the police station and no one is going to stop her from doing what he wants and going after what she wants.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She's been Facebook active lately. She doesn't post but read more of the news feeds. Celebrity lives....

Her phone has been pinging non stop to her much annoyance. She groans finally waking up. She unlocks her phone and gets the shock of her life. She tries calling her phone and it's taking her straight to voicemail. She has that boys number - Lindiwe once sent it to her when was claimed by Mpilo. That day she wrote a long arse paragraph telling her how scared she is of this man.

She scrolls through her contact list looking for psychopath.

It rings non stop till it reaches voicemail. She clicks her tongue and tries again same story.

Maybe he is asleep and besides it still early in the morning. It's almost 6:00 am. She tries again and still no luck. How will she even begin looking for her? She wakes up from the sponge and runs to the bathroom to brush her teeth but forgets something. The kids are not here! Her heart panics in fear but quickly remembers. She dozed off when she tried taking a nap. She must have been really tired, she didn't even wake up at night.

She's looking for Sbahle, maybe she might help.

"Yini kwenzenjabi." Onyiye is a crying mess. She can feel it that her friend is not okay where ever she is. Last time she tried committing suicide.

Onyiye hands Mam Philisiwe the phone and her facial expressions - she's shocked.

"Who is she to you?" She asks handing her back the phone.

"My best friend. Mah I believe wherever she is she is hurt. Last time when she was humiliated she tried committing suicide."

"Kodwa Jehova, you kids are going to bury us young." She's panicking. Onyiye's phone chimes without waste she retrieves to answer.

"Psycho, where is my friend? Is she okay? I will be ready." She drops the call and looks at Mam Philisiwe.

"Go and check up on her. Be safe and call me if you need anything."

"Ngyabonga mah," she throws herself in her arms feeling the motherly love. She steps back and runs back to her backroom to go bath.

Seeing her friend tore her heart into pieces.

"Where is she?" Onyiye ask he friend who was livid.

"Leave her alone Sthu, she is not worth it." Lindiwe responds. She has been discharged from the hospital and she is back in Mpilo's flat.

"Are you sure?" She asks. No one can hurt her friend like that and gets away with it like nothing happened. She will find a way.

"Yes," she's tired.

"I will see you tomorrow. I'm sure Ndimu has been giving mam Philisiwe a hard time. That boy is becoming a troublesome."

Spending her time with her friend....knowing that she is fine. She is injured yes but she will heal. She is a strong girl.

Spending time with her reminded her of her home. Maybe she should go and check up on her mother. Maybe she is missing her or something - maybe she still hates her for no apparent reason. But she doesn't want to dwell on it.

"Take me to that girl." Onyiye instructs Mpilo who was taking her back home.

"But Lindiwe said...."

"Lindiwe is not here, right. She will not know unless if you tell her." She's looking at him sharply. He makes a U-TURN and drives to res. They both step out of the car and all eyes are on them. They both walk to where Lindiwe shared a room with. She let's herself in and finds the two girls sitting on chairs drinking wine. Mpilo's stands by the door leaning against it with his hands and legs folded.

"Babe," that's Thabi standing up making her way to him. Onyiye looks at her carefully and sighs in anger.

She roughly pushes her aside and pulls her by hair. The two girls stand up trying to intervene but Onyiye went all crazy throwing every object towards them. They both ran out of the door for their lives....

"I want you to do exactly what you did to my sister!" She's mad, angry. Maybe taking all the anger that she is bottling up will make her heal.

She bites her cheek bone sinking her teeth deep leaving a forever mark. Thabi screams in agony kicking.

"Help me!" She looks at Mpilo's for rescue but he is just standing there looking without care.

Punch after punch - Onyiye is sitting on her stomach.

"That's enough," Mpilo's pulls her off Thabi who was rolling herself on the floor. Onyiye spits the blood that was in her mouth breathing heavily.

"Try that stunt again and believe me when I say I will kill you and make up your family watch you while I bury you." She clicks her tongue and walks out.

She's back home - maybe she went too far without thinking. What if she gets arrested for it? She's not ready to go to jail. Her kids are still way too young.

"Talk, you called me." Sbahle says sitting down looking at Onyiye who looked troubled.

"I hit someone." She says in fear.

"Did you fight or did you hit someone, like putting a hand on them?"

"I bit her cheek and punched her." Sbahle looks at the innocent panicking Onyiye.

"You did what!" Sbahle begins to laugh out loud to a point that she almost choked on her own saliva. "Uthini Wena Kimi mntase?"

"It's not funny. I might go I jail for assault!" She tells her.

"Shit, how bad it is?"

"Very bad." She wants to cry so bad. "Maybe we should tell mother."

"What! No she will definitely kill you."

"Who will kill who?" Mam Philisiwe is standing behind them with her hands on her hips.

"I don't know what to say. You are exactly like my late daughter Adeze. - Jesus?" She puts her hands on her head. "Your character scares me honestly."

"I thought I was going mad or something. I've noticed the signs to but I didn't want to jump into conclusion because of how she left us. Maybe I'll be opening old wounds if I told you." Sbahle leans back taking a deep breath.

"One fucked up shit!" She adds leaving Onyiye lost.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

Being with people who make you feel confident and good about yourself can really boost your mental health. Having a

laugh really helped her to feel happier. Onyiye was here talking all crazy stories

You might not feel like being around people, but sometimes not thinking about how you're feeling and them taking your mind off things can be really helpful. And right now her confidence has boosted up.

Mpilo has been looking at her some other way she cannot explain.

"What is it?" She asks.

"Is there something you not telling me?" He asks waiting for a response.

She frowns a bit looking at him confused, "was there something I was...." Her phone has been ringing non stop.

She picks it up and reads a text from an ex.

"I didn't know that Durban will make you do abortions."

She reads the text over and over again with her heart drumming against her chest. This is definitely impossible.

Screenshot popping up cause her to tremble in fear. Her heart drops to the stomach causing her shortness of breath.

She looks at Mpilo's who was looking at her ready to murder.

"Mpilo," she calls out for him with tears blinding her vision.

"Do you still have nothing to say to me?" He ask.

"It was way before we could even date!" Defence mode on.

"But it doesn't change the fact that you killed my baby!"

She flinches to the sound of killing.

"I was only a month pregnant Mpilo. It wasn't even a child at that time."

"Are you hearing yourself woman? You killed my child and you assume it is not a big issue? How shameful of you. You now what I think it's better if you rent else where and we go our separate ways." He says standing up from the bed.

"Where am I going to go this late?" She's hurt. Second rejection in on year!

"Figure something out. Angithi you are a murderer."

She gasps looking at him. She's not going to beg him she knows her worth and she is definitely not a begging type.

"Okay Mpilo's, I will go." She slowly stands up pulling her crushes. She limps to the leaving room leaving him behind. She takes out her phone and calls her only friend for help.

Mpilo is gone to only God knows where. She was instructed to leave the keys with the security guard. A beautiful unknown girl came along with a very dark handsome man.

"Lindiwe right?" She nods her head and lets them in. "What are packing? My apologies I'm Sbahle and this is my boyfriend Khoza."

"I'm Lindiwe. Nice to miss I mean meet you. This will be all. I don't have much."

They take her stuff loading it in the truck Khoza came with.

Looking at his flat - will she miss it? Yes, it was fun while it lasted. She steps out locking it and hands the keys to the security guard.

"I'm sorry," Onyiye hugs the crying Lindiwe. Her belongings were dropped outside the gate by Khoza and drove off leaving Sbahle.... minutes later Onyiye came out of the house and she saw the back of the car taking a corner disappearing in front of her eyes.

"It's okay, guess we have to learn the hard way. I was waiting for this day to come but I didn't expect to this sooner." Onyiye helps her sit down.

"That shows him he is a coward. How can he leave you when you need him the most? It's difficult to rescue yourself from a bad relationship when you sort of feel like you belong there. But I'm glad you thought of your inner self and didn't beg him." Onyiye.

"I'm not a beggar mina babe girl." They laugh.

"I'm happy to see you laughing even though you trending."

"I thank them for making me famous and I don't care yazi. Yes it hurts but hey it's like life. I cannot hide forever." Lindiwe responds.

"How do you feel though in an actual fact?"

"I don't know, numb. Dumb." She chucks taking a sharp breath.
"There is just so much hurt

Advertisement

disappointment, and oppression one can take... The line between reason and madness grows thinner. I'm still going to be judged, laughed at. We all do, whether we like it or not, even if we know or don't know we're being judged. There is an old saying that if you throw a party and run out of food, everyone will always remember you threw a bad party. If your party has more food than people can consume, after a short period of time everyone will forget. Sadly we live in a society

where people tend to judge you based on the mistakes you've made more than the successes you've accomplished."

"And you are right. You are still yet to be hurt by facing all of those but I want you to be strong no matter how bad the situation is. I know that being hurt is a terrible feeling to have. It comes with emotions like sadness, feelings of abandonment, betrayal, and heartbreak. Being injured is unpleasant but unavoidable. We heal, move on and push through the pain. Truth is everybody is going to hurt you: you just got to find the ones worth suffering for." Onyiye says holding her hand lightly. They look at each other warmly....

"Like you?"

"Like me. I love you Lindiwe."

"I love you too but I'm straight." They both laugh. "Can I sleep - I'm dead tired."

STHEMBISO JIYANE

He has been staring at the calendar like a useless lazy cow. Every hour, second, minute he will count the hours impatiently.

He cannot wait to stroke her hair away from her dimpled cheek. He cannot wait to put her tiny hand on his chest near his heart. That's what he did the last time and it felt so good and right.

"Still looking at the calendar?" Khoza ask - he always has a glass on his hand.

"Yes - I added another R10K in her account and I just pray she withdraws it all. I just want whats mine."

Sthembiso steps away from the calendar and sits on the couch facing Khoza. He is tired...."Maybe she will hate me of what she went through. NoDumisani naye is stressing me out."

"We might never know until we find out. Awusho, there are so many girls out there why specifically her? What's that she has that other women don't have?"

Sthembiso smiles widely with his eyes lighting up. "Lamntwana Khoza has a smile for days. As pretty dark as she is she has a heart of gold. Those tiny hands....her voice ntwana make my knees go weak. Seeing her adorable smile makes my heart melt, hearing her voice made me happy, and being around her made the sun shine brighter under those stars and load shedding. I don't understand why I am so lucky to have someone like her to carry my seed but I will forever worship every step she takes, but I thank the stars for making it happen

every day. I would follow her around like a lost puppy just to hear her giggles."

"Wow, so how did you get her pregnant?" Interesting love story for Khoza. He doesn't believe in love at first sight but this he wants to hear. He leans back crossing his legs and listens attentively.

"The time we experienced load shedding that is where I got the opportunity to grab her. Surprisingly, she followed me under the dark. I don't know where we were but damn I will forever cherish that moment."

"Okay, that's...."

"True love baba," Sthembiso stands up and straightens his pants. "I'm going out for a walk."

"So late at night? You don't know anyone this side of Durban. Will you be okay?"

"I just want to unwind a bit." Khoza nods understanding. He watches him until he disappears out of sight.

He is going around in circles not knowing where he is going luckily he knows Durban cause he has been working this side of town for a couple of months. That reminds him. He has a huge chunk of money and he doesn't know how to even begin starting up his own job. He needs ideas from Khoza, maybe he will help him somewhere.

He is in the park trying to tick his to-do list. Finally it registers on what he wants to do. Yes, he started this journey in a illegal path but now he wants to take it the legal way.

He steps down on the brick wall that he was sitting on. He needs a stable home - house before he finds his family. He won't be crowding Khoza.

He goes back to the house and finds Khoza still steady.

"You good?" He is concerned. He doesn't like this quite Sthembiso. The sthembiso knows is always ranting and never runs out of conversations.

"Yeah I'm calm now. I've been thinking. I want to buy a house for my family. Something that she will admire."

"Okay do you have any idea where?"

"I'm still clueless but I want a quite place kodwa iphinde ibe nevibe."

"That is your imaginary place. Look for something small for the time being until those cops are off our tails."

"I hear you. Guess will look for a four room house somewhere in eloxion." He adds. He definitely has a point.

15

LINDIWE NGOBESE

Does she call it a break up? Certainly not or certainly a big fat yes that's fine pathetic. He hasn't called nor texted for the past two weeks. She was starting to soften up to him, God knows that she was beginning to fall for him. She sighs wiping her tears.

First thing first - is to delete every message, pictures of him on her phone.

Block his contact and delete everything on her phone that's associated with him.

She's not here to kink shame, but she shouldn't tease herself with access to them....

Now that's she's done with this process that took time for her to heal, hopefully she won't be looking back.

She's on the phone with her mother - thankfully she didn't judge her.

"I'm just disappointed my daughter. I sent you there to study and not to gallivant with men. I didn't tell your father but I'm sure he will hear it from someone."

"I'm sorry - from now onwards I'm looking forward to sticking my eyes onto my books and not boys. I will not disappoint you." She says sounding convincing.

"You better not my child. Already neighbours are jealous of us that you are in Durban and you are studying towards your dream. Focus on being a journalist ukhohlwe amadoda. Amadoda awapheli mntanami. There are many tons of those my child. Do me proud."

"Yoh mama, I have heard. How is everyone at home?" Lindiwe asks her mother.

"Everyone? Who? Last time I checked you left me and your father in this house." They laugh.

"Ukhonze ubaba. I will be seeing you this weekend."

Something in her has been lifted off. With Onyiye besides her she's all good to go. She's looking at her packing everything like a big sister but in an actual fact they are of the same age.

"All set. Are you sure that you are ready to live alone?" Concerned mother Onyiye.

"Yes mother. I will be fine. Your room is too small I cannot take your personal space friend." Honestly speaking she doesn't want to crowd her. She has done alot already with this family. And she has her own demons to deals with.

"I hear you. But you do know where to find me once umhlaba ukushaya."

"Wisilima wena kambe." They both laugh. Sbahle knocks on the door and let's herself in.

"You ready?" She asks Lindiwe who was leaning against the wall.

"Yes Madam S, I'm ready. Have you guys ever noticed that you two have some resemblance?"

"Who? Me and this crazy child? Get out of here." Sbahle laughs picking up Lindiwe's bag.

"I'm serious, apart from you guys having that different complexion - you definitely look the same." Lindiwe.

"You are being silly. I now think that those girls did a number one on you." They all laugh at Onyiye's statement.

"Let's go before I kill you right this minute."

They are helping her unpack....

"Time has run out and unfortunately I have to dash home. I hate night shift." Sbahle whines.

"Didn't you say you are going home to your father?" Onyiye.

"That's today? Ow shoot I totally forgot! I'm sure my mother is already waiting for me ready to skin me alive. Bye guys." She's already at the door.

"I still stand. You guys look the same and it's scary."

"Here we go again. Lindiwe do you perhaps want to sleep?"

"Mxm, help me unpack."

STHEMBISO JIYANE

He did say he wants a new house for his family and he is here to look for one. Look at him looking for a house for people he doesn't even know where the hell they are.

He liked Chesterville and he thinks he will reside....

"This is an eight room house. Recently renovated and the cardboards in the kitchen are fully fitted."

"How much is it?" He asks.

"R120K but you can pay monthly instalments."

He loves it. Nothing that will draw attraction to the police. Something simple that will fit his perfect family for the time being. Will he live with them? Hell yes! He does not want this woman to be out of his sight ever again! He has learnt his lesson, God must forgive.

"I'll take this one. I didn't love the other two. They are just way too small for me. I love the paint and how spacious it is. I'm sure my Ndoni will love it." He is impressed!

"Welcome to your new home then sir." Says the realtor handing him the keys.

"Can I have a look at her the bedrooms for the last time?" Five bedrooms, kitchen - dinning room all in one and very spacious plus the dinning room area. This right her is all he wants at the moment.

He looks at his phone with a notification that he has been longing for a very long time.

"No way!" He screams jumping up and down.

The back of his hair stand and he just knows that something is not right. He looks at his surroundings and notices two men from a distance looking towards his direction. He hurries off still looking at his phone trying to track her. Something is not good and he senses it!

His phone chimes again. Location!!!!!! His heart screams....But she didn't withdraw, it's just a notification of where her abouts.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Finally, it's month end. For the two weeks of sharing the space with her friend, she is sadden that she is moving out and will be renting a room near by.

"I'm tired, atleast your room is clean and everything is set."

She has been helping her to settle in....

"I wouldn't have done it without you. Thanks mnge."

"Yea right. Look I have to dash to town. You know how the queue is."

"You should have left around 4 in the morning."

"Yoh! See you when I get back. No social media until you are completely healed." Onyiye tells her friend as she dashes out of the room that she is now renting.

She now regrets coming to town, every shop if full, every bank is full but she will be patiently waiting.

The line seems to be going in a snail pace. She hates standing in a queue. - Just imagining herself crammed between two people is enough to inspire annoyance in her.

Finally! After an hour of waiting it's her turn.

She's hoping and praying that the government made mistake also today by providing... "Jesus!" She puts her hand on her mouth. She's sweating, shivering out of shock. This cannot be happening. R20 and some change. Can she withdraw every cent?

Without hesitating she withdrew all the money - checks if someone from behind is looking at her but people are minding their own business. She rolls the money into a ball and shoves it in her breasts and leaves without looking back. She will just go straight home. She doesn't even know what to do with herself right now.

Arriving home she locks herself in the room and recounts the money - this time slowly and repeatedly.

How is it possible that she gets this huge amount of money? She should definitely go to the police station. She doesn't want to find herself in a cell but first she will talk to her friend.

"Onyiye," that is Mam Philisiwe knocking at her door countless times. "Open this door before I break it down!"

She gets startled and hides the money under the mattress.

"Coming," she's breathing heavily out of fear.

She finally opens the door and Mam Philisiwe looks at her without saying a word. "You should learn how to hide money. Ndimu will deal with it." Onyiye's eyes pop out swallowing her dry saliva. She looks at the note on the floor and she sighs in relief.

"I thought I stashed it in my bag. Must have fell out." Thankfully it's only a R100 note only.

"Listen we are leaving. We will be back on Sunday. Do the kids have everything they need?"

She has never been far away from her kids. This right here - she's doesn't know how to feel about it.

"I don't know whether to feel excited or sad. I've never been far away from my - the kids."

"You have to learn." A hooter links from outside the gate. "That must be Sbahle."

"I will help with the bags." She closes the door and follows Mam Philisiwe to the house to fetch the bag.

She went back in town to do shopping for herself. New wardrobe is what she definitely needs.

She's done with her hair, twist long braids - something that she has always wanted to do on her head and today she did.

"You look beautiful."

She looks at herself in the mirror. The hairdresser really did a good work on her afro.

"Thank you." She says. Trying a new look is great for a variety of reasons.

Confidence doesn't need to be unwavering, but it should be strong so that we can feel at our best as often as possible.

Now that she has changed her wardrobe she feels....

"Askies," says a man she once saw and bumped into. "I've been searching for you all this while." He says with a huge smile on his face. He still looks very much beaten.

"Who are you again?" She asks holding her handbag close to her.

"Dumisani I mean I'm Sthembiso."

"Which is which?" She asks ready to run for her life.

"Sthembiso - how are you."

"I'm not cut out for small talks. Can you get straight to the point."

She's irritated!

"Can we go sit somewhere and talk."

He tries holding her hand but she pushes it back. "That is not the way to talk to the father of your kids." He says with a slight smirk on his face.

"What did you say?" Her voice is barely audible.

"Can we talk

Advertisement

please." Those begging eyes!.

"Okay! Somewhere public. Try anything stupid I swear I will scream for my life."

She is looking closely at him and something just feels off about this guy.

"What was I wearing in my matric dance?"

He shifts uncomfortably and clears his throat. "A beautiful dress."

"Okay....." She's waiting for him to continue.

"That's not important, what's important now is that you are here with me."

Not even once this man has ever asked about her kids. There is resemblance yes but she is definitely sure he is not the one.

"What's my name?" She thought maybe should could try a new tricky question.

"Onyiye." He smiles widely feeling proud of his response.

"No, the one you gave me that night...."

He is quite, confused at the name. This is definitely an imposter! Talk about White Chicks.

"Give me your hand." She tells him.

"What? Why?"

"Just give me your hand." She grabs his hand looks for something but it's not there. The man she was with had the softest hands ever.

"I have to go." She says standing from the chair. They were in some restaurant, that felt like the safest place for her.

She runs out of the restaurant with Dumisani following behind. She bumps into a dark tall man...

"Sisi,"

"Askies Buti." She wants to cry so bad. This is the moment that she misses her best friend. The man looks at her briefly and his mind pictures the day Sthembiso first showed him her pictures.

The man takes his phone out and dials Sthembiso immediately but notices Dumisani running after Onyiye but the girl was long gone.

She's impatiently waiting for the taxi with her body getting colder by the second.

Cortisol and adrenaline are released.... Her blood pressure and heart rate increase. She starts breathing faster.

Finally the taxi is here. She looks around hoping and praying that the man isn't following her.

Too many stops and these people are wasting her time!

"Emarobhothini!" She shouts from the backseat. She hurriedly jumps off and runs to the house not looking back.

The gate is locked, windows closed not forgetting the door.

She's on the phone with Lindiwe....

"Do you think it's him?" Lindiwe asks.

"No, it's not. I may have not seen the guy's face but I can tell that it is definitely not him." Onyiye responds.

"Then why are you whispering?"

"What if he is outside ready to murder me?"

"You are exaggerating don't you think?"

She might be exaggerating but right now she is definitely not.
Her life is at stake here!

"I'm not. He did have that slight resemblance but I'm definitely convinced that it's not him."

"Maybe his family is searching for you who knows? Maybe he knows her nutted in you and...."

"I doubt. That man doesn't even know he left me pregnant."
She says biting her inner cheek. It hurts.

"And you are still waiting for him?"

"As stupid as I may sound - I still have hope that some day he will come back."

"Wisithuphethu ngampela mngani. How can you...."

"Aysuka, I running out of airtime."

She laughs dropping the call.

There's nothing much to do - maybe going through her notes will do. And plus she has an assignment she is not even sure of, of how it's done. She definitely needs a teacher, if that's what they are called - her inner self says.

She starting to feel drowsy...

Ndimu is not here to spoil her mood.

Quiet isn't all it's cracked up to be.

The quiet that she sometimes craved for every single day when her space was so loud was finally hers.

She has come to realisation that she wasn't ready for the silence. She wasn't ready to hear herself think.

The unfiltered nature of a child's mind....

She finds herself smiling and crying at the same time. She misses them so bad and not even one day has she ever been separated from them.

She's hesitant but she just wants to know how they are.

"It's not even 3 hours and already you are calling?" Mam Philisiwe teases on the other line. "Don't tell me you crying?"

"I'm not." She sniffs. "I miss them and it hurts mah."

It's an actual fact. Her kids are all that she has.

"They are fine. I will tell Sbahle to send you a video of them."

Line goes dead and she waits glaring at the screen.

Atleast she will sleep with a heart that is at ease knowing that her babes are safe.

A pop up notification on WhatsApp.

She opens the video and here Ndimu is pulling ever cloth on top of the table. Making noise - surely these people will be certainly deaf by morning. When Ndimu screams he makes sure to touch a nerve in the eardrum.

She's smiling - happy and sad.

Sbahle and her mum went to visit their family in Eshowe. They actually come from the same neighbourhood but Eshowe is too big for her to know everyone.

She finds herself laughing remembering Sbahle's first name. Ngozi is her name. She saw it the time she forgot her ID in the car after thy went to the doctor for Ndimu's appointment. Here she was laughing at the name Onyiye....wait a minute her name actually means accident! Maybe it's not a Zulu name. She laughs a bit shaking her head.

"Our parents will surely kill us with these unique names." She says outloud to herself. From now onwards Sbahle is no longer Sbahle but Ngozi!

If she's not flipping through those pages she is listening to her favourite song by Rude Boy. She has her headphones on and she is humming along enjoying the beat that comes with it. The message in this song.

In the song Chizoba which means God Saves, seeks the help of God saying that there should be an intervention in “the people who want to cause confusion in their brotherhood. To her it's the sisterhood she has for her friend.

She begins to sing aloud rhyming along the line....

"Something is killing me slowly

And I'm feeling so lonely

Now I'm looking up to God o

Eyeh yeh

Paid my tithe, I paid my dues

See distractions everywhere

Now me feeling emotions

Ehh

I get plenty, so many things that I really wan complain to you

See those people wey they try to

Bring confusion in our brotherhood, eh

Baba bless my family, bless my enemies

Bless everybody

Together we be smiling

That's why me tell them say...."

A loud bang on the door gets her startled through those blasting headsets. She takes them off and that loud bang again.

"Who's there?"

"It's me." A groaning sound of a man. She looks at the watch and it's 22:00pm on the dot.

palpitations, worrisome....

"Babe please...." He is begging. She unlocks her phone trying to call Sbahle but her phone switches flat dead.

Wide range of abnormal heart rhythms. Her heartbeat is raising faster by the second.

"Who, who are you?" Surprisingly, he legs carry her towards the door.

She pauses and runs towards the sink, opens the tap with shaky hands and gulps down the water in the glass.

Foot steps approaching, many more footsteps, male voices!

"Ow Jehova."

She wants to kneel down and pray but the circumstances are preventing her....

"Imali ndoda!" That's the voice she's hearing from outside.

"I don't have any money with me." Another responds.

Very sharp and loud bang. A longer echo that makes a deeper thud noise echoing across the yard. The glass slips off her hands scattering on the floor.

It finally registers - those are gunshots! Her legs carry her towards the door. She says a little prayer before opening....

"Jesu!" She closes the door with her heart beating rapidly than normal.

She opens the door again and her mouth goes instantly dry out of fear.

"Help me." The words that come out of the strangers mouth.

"Ngenzenjani?" She asks pacing up and down. She jumps the man that was laying flat on his stomach.

"Take me inside."

"Uyahlanya! I don't even know you!" She places her hands on her face.

"Please, I'm in pain. Help me Ndoni." She freezes in the sound of that name. She finally gets the courage to turn the shot man over.

"Ubani wena?" She's a crying mess.

"I remember the dress you wore that night. Purple with glitters around your boob area. That fade hair cut you had. You know what was the beat moment of my life." He groans holding his stomach. "It was when we made love in the dark in some hall." He chucks.

"It's you." She takes time to finally look at his blooded face and God damn! "You look like my son's." She sits down recalling the moments of that night.

"It's me Ndoni yami."

Jesus come back and save your daughter!

16

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"Wemfana, I can't find the name I'm looking for on this phone!"

Okay she's mad and crying at the same time. Mucus, tears mixed portion.

"Khoza."

She tries to keep him warm as much as possible. This man is pale, cold, clammy....

She searches through the contact list AGAIN until she spots the name. Finally!

"Halo," she removes the phone from her ear. "What's your name again Buti?" She asks.

"Sthembiso,"

"Halo a man called Sthembiso is here in my room shot! Come get him before I kill him again!"

She drops the phone without waiting for Khoza's response and sends directions.

She waits for a sign of the car – Maybe lights or a hooter but it's dead quite.

She steps out of the room leaving the half man dead to go stand on the road...

Checking all directions. She's blooded - lights approaching. The car parks next to her and a man steps out.

She knows him, he has seen his face and it's the boyfriend!

"Sbahle is not here." Tears after tears.

"I know, I'm here for Sthembiso, you called."

"You are Khoza?" Confusing.

"Yes, where is he?"

"Inside," she responds and leads the way to the backroom.

Sthembiso is in the car half asleep. She's worried and scared.

"Lock all doors and come with us. It's not safe, those men might come back." He tells her. She is so hesitant but eventually gives in.

"Can I go pack my bags and clean?"

Khoza sighs, he needs to understand he is dealing with a 19 year old here. "Okay, will fetch you later."

She's cleaning the mess and washing the blood off the stoop. She decided to call Sbahle to tell her what's happening but she just told her to go with them rest assured she will be much more safer.

"I don't know them!" She half screams.

"I will be back tomorrow morning. I cannot drive now. Wena nje do as he tells you and trust him. Those men will come back cause clearly they think there is money at home. Right now don't be selfish and think about yourself only. You have kids to think of. Those people will find you alone and what will happen?" Her heart skips a bit - she's running out of saliva!

"Okay, okay, I'll pack." They conclude the call with Onyiye agreeing to the set up. She's pouring tons of water on the stoop washing the blood off. The blood is washed off but not completely. She will see this tomorrow morning.

She runs back into the house to pack her overnight bag not too sure what to take and what not to take.

"We need to go now!" That's Khoza standing outside.

She looking outside the window thinking of the what if's or if they had. Was she ready to....

"And we are here." Khoza parks his car outside the gate. "Ain't we taking him to the hospital?" This man is bleeding to death for crying out loud! And he needs medical attention.

"He will get medical attention. Help me get him inside." He says stepping out of the car. Onyiye steps out and looks at the neighbourhood. She only saw this part of side once and that was today when she used public transport going to town.

"This way." She follows Khoza inside the empty house with the groaning Sthembiso in-between them. "Help is on the way."

"Two bullets on the right arm and one in the stomach. Luckily no server damages. He just needs to take it easy and he will heal fast." The doctor friend says taking off his off his gloves.

"The medication has kicked in, let him rest for now and make sure that you provide him with soft food."

"We owe you one."

"Anytime. Let me get going." He walks out carrying his medical bag.

Khoza turns to look at Onyiye who was sitting on the floor starting to doze off.

"You can go sleep. It's safe here because no one knows this place. If you guys need anything call me and please, do not leave this house without telling me. Come lock up."

He walks out and drives off leaving Onyiye astonished.

She lock up....she will be damned if she switched the lights off. There is no way that she will suffer for the sins she didn't commit.

She saw a bathroom somewhere in one of the rooms. Aha, there it is. Black tiles all over the house. She finds them weird and dark.

She's bathing scrubbing the blood off her body. She has never seen so much blood before let alone handle and injured person.

Now that she feels satisfied she steps out of the shower wrapping herself with a towel. She bends over and washes the bathtub with her buttocks slightly showing. The bathroom door closes harshly making her to jump a little in fright.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I just want to pee."
Sthembisso says looking half dead.

"Do you want to go to the hospital?" Why is this shot man standing! "You should be in bed, what will happen if you get an infection?"

"I won't. I just came here to empty my tool box." His whole arm is bandaged. "Can you help me."

She looks at him confused. He needs help with what? He still has answered questions okokuqala!

"Please unzip my pants. My arm hurts. I'm dizzy and want to lay down a bit." He says.

She sighs stepping over - without hesitant or fear she unzips his pants and lowers his pants down a bit. She looks at his dick and gasps stepping back.

"Hold it." He instructs.

"Use you other hand." She says. She has seen enough already and better believe it her mind is traumatized.

"I'm balancing myself so that I won't fall. I cannot stand for too long." He is whining, faking tears. He looks like he is in pain yes and Onyiye is definitely falling for it.

"Okay!" She's defeated. She still needs counselling.

He is done they both quite waiting to be instructed what to do next.

"Tuck it back in but first shake it."

Why is she so damn calm around him? She does as instructed again! He closes his eyes and it keeps growing thicker and thicker.

She shoves it back in and zips his pants.

They fall into an awkward silence....

Still standing in the bathroom - they stare at each other and her mind takes her to the events of her best time of her life ever.

She will never forget those full lips, it's only now she gets to see them pink. She may sound cheesy, but there were fireworks - she still remembers like it was yesterday. His lips were so soft, he applied the right amount of pressure, and smelled so good that she just wanted to intoxicate herself with his cologne. She

didn't know that he'd become her baby at the time, but she knew she wanted him to be as crazy as she may sound.

That's why their first kiss didn't necessarily had to be "movie perfect" in order for it feel amazing, she always thought. If you're kissing someone — and like their pheromones which also has a lot to do with how they smell — you may be inspired to hop into bed. That is exactly what happened to her and she doesn't have any regrets of that day. She wishes she could just rewind that day and redo what she did. She jumped in bed with a stranger!

How do you enjoy a stranger that was a one night stand and left you with a baby? Is she mad at him for leaving his seed inside of her? No she is definitely not. She is happy and she loves her son now sons more than anything. She has endured more than enough in life living under that roof.

A tear drop rolls down unexpectedly. No wiping, no sniffing - just breathe being suspire and puff out.

She wants to say something but something is holding her back. She wants to share what she feels but everything in her is tounge tied. Breathing getting higher and lower....

His eyes are warm and drawn towards her

maybe she feels stupid for feeling this way. Is she wrong? "NO!" Her subconscious screams. It feels so right looking into his eyes.

Now she wishes she got to see his face that night, she wished she had seen him on top of her....his eyes are giving her a sign that she has been longing all these months.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

His eyes are giving her signs he wants to kiss.... intense eye contact.

He limps getting closer inch standing right in front of her face. He lowers his head to her short self closing his eye. Their lips touch....

Dopamine is released, he is doing something that feels good, "happy hormones" make him feel giddy and euphoric. The more he gets more of these lips, the more his body wants them

"I'm in love with your sloppy kisses." He says. His body language is giving him away.

While it might just seem like they're swapping spit, the act of kissing is one way their body subconsciously decides whether or not they want to take this to the next level.

They continue to kiss, his body jumps into overdrive...

The heart rate goes up, muscle tension increases, his breathing rate speeds up, and blood flows to his internal organs.

the 'love hormone,' again rushes through his veins. He presses his lips harder on hers and rubs his hard dick against her stomach.

This feels like a dream, he is with a girl that he turned into a woman. The woman who birthed his son. He hasn't seen her for a year and some months but he was hoping to see her some day and do right by her.

Here she is right in front of his eye. He steps back looking directly in her eyes.

"I've been wanting to do this all of this while. It feels like a dream. Can we go to bed I'm tired and dizzy. Your kiss made me wobbly."

"Are you usually this talkative?" She asks helping him to balance himself on her shoulders. He has his arm wrapped around her shoulders.

"Not really, but I'm talkative by nature."

"What does that suppose to mean? Which is which?" She asks. Clearly she's confused.

"You will get to know me, we have the rest of our lives ahead of us to ourselves."

She smiles helping him sit on the bed. He gets under covers and immediately doze off.

Onyiye takes her time looking at him - Lindiwe definitely needs to know about this right now!

She takes her phone and sends her a few pictures of him sleeping.

Lindiwe calls within seconds video call great!

She swipes to answer and smiles awkwardly scratching her scalp not knowing what to say.

"Muphi? Is that a photoshop nton, nton?" Lindiwe asks laughing. "There's no way that you saw your one night stand."

Not know how to answer she faces the camera and zooms his face.

"Ow shit!" Lindiwe is shocked. "How, where?"

"It's a long story. I will tell you all about it tomorrow. I'm tired and I had a long day."

"Promise?"

"I promise as a heart attack."

"We not kids jeez." Lindiwe.

"I know, what just setting the record straight. I'm still in shock, confused. I don't even know what to say right now. Everything is just too much for me and it's scary. I want to ask him alot of questions but I don't know where to even begin. We kissed and it felt so good that I wanted to cry. He even said my kiss is sloppy." Lindiwe laughs throwing her head backwards.

"Told you that you need some lessons. If you kiss someone you always make that sound like you clicking your tounge."

Onyiye gasp, "that's not true." She's not offended at all.

"Remember Skhuselo, that guy from school who always wanted you. He got turned off by your sloppy kiss. I'm surprised your one night stand decided to stay."

"Fusegi." She laughs dropping the call and shakes her head.

Where will she sleep because all the rooms have no bed?

She has no other option but to share the bed with him.

She gets in leaving alot of space in-between.

"Sondela, I want to be sure that you won't run away from me."

Ain't he asleep?

"I thought you were sleeping." She says with her back facing him.

"I was waiting for you. So you kisses boys in school?" He is very much sleepy but depriving himself from sleep.

"You heard?"

"I'm a very light sleeper. Sondela endodeni yakho yolahleko." Onyiye laughs to the statement.

She slides her body next to him and sighs.

"I'm so sleepy, bit if feel delighted to be next to you." He is looking at the sleeping Onyiye. It's morning and he is already awake looking and admiring her. Onyiye slowly opens her eyes but quickly covers herself with the blanket. "You going to get used to this. Where are my kids?"

"How did you know we have kids?"

"There's a lot you don't know. You see after we spent the night at the hall. I was so convinced and so sure that I left what's mine cause you were pure and very much clueless in the medical department. Few days after I got a call to report to work in Durban and that's where the distraction took place. Clive knew you but he didn't want to tell me where you lived and let alone your name cause he wants you. I had alot of your pictures on my phone that I took that night. I used to work as a security guard until my manager Khoza offered me something

better. I took the offer and begin to search for you. It was hard finding you and trust me I sweated alot but it was worth it. I even had someone follow you because I was afraid approaching you. He would take pictures of you without you noticing until you left home and that is where I lost track of you for two months. The lady that gave you my last born is my ex."

"So you were looking for me all this while?" Her heart has melted.

"I've never stopped. I promised myself to never date until I find you and my child in which I did. And this time around I am not letting you go."

"I don't know what to say. Alot is happening and it's scary." She is afraid definitely but she is not afraid of him.

"I know, I'm afraid myself. I thought that maybe you will reject me or not even remember me. But hearing that you had your hopes waiting for me makes me happier." He is blushing - his face is turning red like mashed tomatoes

"Your breath stinks." Randomly her tounge slips.

"What a way of greeting your future husband in the morning. Can you help me I feel like my stomach is leaking."

"Yea sure." She gets off the bed putting her slippers on. She goes to the other side of the bed and helps him off.

He groans to the massive pains he is feeling.

"Will you take a bath first or you want to clean the...."

"A warm shower will do. I smell of blood."

She nods her head and helps him strip off naked. "won't you join me?" He asks stepping in the shower under the warm running water.

"I'll go make the bed." That's just too awkward for her.

"I still remember your tiny bushy punani. Come take a shower with me."

She smiles looking down bit eventually take all of her clothes off.

"We need something to eat so that I could drink the medication."

"There's no food in the house. Unless if you want me to go to town." She suggests but hell no he is not letting her out of his sight.

"What! No woman. I will ask Khoza to bring us something to eat." He takes his phone and tries typing a message but fails.

"can you type and tell him bring us food. Real men food."

"What about woman food?" She didn't know that this gender has its own type of food.

"You will eat what indoda yolahleko eats."

After a whole hour of waiting Khoza finally comes through with Tazz along. They have takeaways that could last them a whole blessed week.

Onyiye is somewhere in the rooms talking to her phone....

"So, you finally found her?" Tazz asks biting a huge chunk of meat.

"With the help of me of course." Khoza. "He was busy looking for houses while Dumisani was out and about to pick up where he left off."

"Huh? So you trying to tell me that Dumisani saw Onyiye first and made his move?" Tazz gulps down his beer....

"Luckily, she ran for her life before he could try anything stupid."

"Leave Dumisani to me. I will deal with him my own way when the time is right. He has bitten more of what he can chew but right now he is the least of my worries. My main concern is, who are those men that short me and how did they know I have money?"

Silence!!!

"I know it's not Dumisani, it can never be him. He had his cut and the only thing he runs after is the woman I date or try to

date. This person has information of all of us. After they shot me they did say that they will be going after you two, but my question still stands....who are those men?" Sthembiso.

"As much as I will like to know, I also don't know."

Something is definitely off somewhere. But the question still stands, who are they?

17

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She's in the library minding her own business and her own day.

She suddenly then feels off.

This is strange it has never happened before expect that it has been happening a lot lately.

Maybe it is a figment of her imagination.

It is probably about her overwhelming physical presence and air of confidence.

But no, something is definitely off.

Better look around to see if there is danger... her inner self says.

Strange sensation, surprise, and then a sense of apprehension.

She clears her throat and tilts her head finding a man glaring at her without blinking. She quickly focuses back to her books with her heart drumming. It's those days again - those days of her becoming a topic again.

Imagine the hurt of people gossiping about you live.

The whispers are getting louder and louder. She looks around the library - groups of students....

She cannot focus, she shouldn't have come here, now she will be a laughing stock again. Maybe if she had died she would have been fine.

She closes her books shoving them roughly in her bag. A paper slips down and floats off the table without her noticing. She walks out of the library with her face down and a few tears dropping out.

When will this issue die down? She has endured enough and it hurts to a point of no return.

From a distance she spots Mpilo with a new girl. Her heart stops beating for a second. She is trying to be exordial but also trying to not be compelled.

It's been a while since she last thought about her ex. She took time to grieve, heal, and move forward. And by the look of things he has even started dating someone who's better than her. They walk right past her holding hands and the boy doesn't dare to look her direction.

She swallows hard crossing the road looking the other way almost being knocked bus car.

"Excuse me," says an unfamiliar voice. She turns around and finds the man that was staring at her at the library.

"Yes," she steps on the pavement and waits for him.

"Hai, you dropped this back there." He hands her a piece of paper.

"Thanks. Must have dropped it." She says taking the paper and putting it in her bag.

"Wanna grab lunch? I'm bored."

Lindiwe looks at him with her eyebrows furrowed. "What makes you think I can trust you?"

"It's just a harmless date I mean lunch. Unless if you have important things to do."

He says looking at her. She sighs hoping that she's not making the worst decision of her life.

"Okay, one hour is all I can spare." She tells him.

They are at the eatery having fried chips and burgers.

"I have been watching you at school for a while now and you have never paid any attention to me. I'm Sizwe by the way."

"Why watch me?" She sips on her cold drink. Being here is not so bad after all. She's just letting loose and forgetting about everything and everyone at the moment.

"I was afraid to approach you so today I decided to man up and have some balls. I just admire you charisma and strength."

"What do you mean?" She asks.

"After all you have been through you still stand tall and focus on what you want. You didn't let all those negativey get to you and for that I admire you alot."

"You have no idea. I've been thinking about committing suicide alot. Its so hard to talk when I want to kill yourself. That's above and beyond everything else, and it's not a mental complaint-it's a physical thing, like it's physically hard to open my mouth and make the words come out. They don't come out smooth and in conjunction with my brain the way normal people's words do; they come out in chunks as if from a crushed-ice dispenser; I stumble on them as they gather behind my lower lip. So I just keep quiet. That is why Sometimes I think that life doesn't matter, I don't care anymore about life."

"You should care. Your life is important. You are much more important than you think. You can make a good impact on many people's life. Maybe you are the most important person in the world. You may never know. Be proud, be stubborn, and never give up. Sometimes we need to stay down a while before we find a reason good enough to get back up.. whatever it may be I hope you find your will again. All I'm saying you will heal from this." He adds putting a little smile on her face.

"Can I use the bathroom?" She's already up.

"You don't have to ask twice."

Everywhere she goes it's just stare after stare and that depresses her more. She lies straight to her friend and tells her that she is fine but deep inside she is emotionally not okay - maybe death is the way out of this phase she is going through.

She looks at herself in the mirror and sighs letting a few tears fall. "I am stronger than this." She washes her face and wipes it with the paper towel and steps out of the toilets.

She finds Sizwe glued on his phone. He smiles putting his phone back in his pocket. "I was about to send a search party there." He leans back gulping down the last juice that was remaining.

"I'm back, I just need time to myself."

They continue to eat in silence just stealing a few glances at each other.

"Thank you, I really had a great time. You seriously don't know how good you made my day." She not lying.

She has been hiding from the society - locking herself up and missing classes.

"I'm glad you did. Can you do me a favour." They are walking around the park listening to the busy cars around town.

"Yes," they both stop. She plays with the bag straps....

"Be your old self back and know what you came for. Don't let this situation yepandemic bring you down. Accelerate towards your goals by taking decisive action. Be that courageous women knows what they are striving toward and do not allow distractions to slow you down. Do you promise me?"

"Yes, I promise that the situation yepandemic will not bring me down. I refuse to believe that."

They both laugh.....

"I should get going,"

"Yea let my not keep you waiting. Can I take you home?" He offers, she looks at his genuine face. She briefly smiles.

"Sure, taxis are this way."

"I stole my mother's car." She gasps.

"So, your a thief?" She asks looking at his innocent face. He opens the door for her and helps her settle in. He closes it and goes to the driver's side to hopes in.

"I am, if there is necessary." A honest respond!

"I don't believe this. I don't want to go to jail

I'm still young!"

"Yea right but your butt is inside sitting comfortably in a thieves car."

They both laugh and he drives off.

"Welcome to my humble space." There's nothing much just a double bed, two plate stove on the floor with two pots and her luggage.

"It's so cold." He sits on the bed.

"I struggle at night because of coldness, I don't have much blankets." She also sits on the bed.

They fall into silence....

"I should get going before my mother comes back." He stands up.

"Thank you again for the time and the things you did for me today. I appreciate it."

"You welcome. I'm glad you will sleep better today. Can I have your number? I don't mean to be pushy or anything. I just...."

"Yea sure why not?" She takes his phone and punches her numbers in and hands him his phone back. "I need someone who will take me around Durban and make me see places I've never seen before." She's smiling something he is adoring.

"I'm game, tell you what. This upcoming weekend how about we go clubbing?"

She doesn't like it.

"I don't think it will be a good idea, I've never been into a club. I don't drink."

"Don't be silly, they do sell water bottles, and non-alcoholic wine."

"If that's the case then count me in!" She's waving her hands in the air excitedly.

"Can I get a hug before I leave?"

She stands up smiling. She wraps her hands around his shoulders and he softly sneaks his hands around her waist.

A romantic hug lasts longer than a platonic hug.

She knows the difference.

They gently clutch a little tighter.... She takes a deep breath and exhale loudly; relaxing into the hug and enjoy it. She closes her eyes and feels the moment.

She's tired of standing on her toes - this man is too tall!

She unwraps her arms around him and steps back but he pulls her gently back towards him.

"Can this last forever?" His voice his raspy enough for her to make her giggle. He clears his throat and becomes normal again.

"What do you mean last for ever?" She has her finger drawing circles around his chest with them still standing.

"Me and you be one. I've always wanted you but has been afraid to approach you. The first time I met you was the day I broke your slippers by stepping on them by mistake. You looked at me with those scary cute eyes and I knew right then that I like you. You clicked your tounge and walked away without saying a thing. Ever since then I tried every trick possible to get your attention but your never even noticed me once. But today I'm here with you and I'm very much happy that you finally noticed me."

"You still owe me my slippers buti."

"I will pay them. In-fact I will buy you better ones. What size do you wear?"

"Size 5 sir."

"The day I will fuck you will stop calling me sir, Buti."

They laugh. A call come through on Sizwe's phone and he curses picking up.

"Mah, I went to the library.... I'm sorry, I'm coming back home." He drops the phone and sighs. "I'm inviting you to my funeral. I'm going to be funeralled by this woman." He steals a kiss from her mouth and dashes out leaving her to touching her lips in disbelief....

AT THE TAVERN

MaThusi counting the cash up and STILL something doesn't add up. Maybe she left or dropped the money in the tavern. Maybe she has been counting wrongly these past months. She places the money underneath the pillow and heads to the tavern.

"Nomonde!" She's shocked. Not in her wildest dreams has she ever thought that her own child will steal from her.

"It's you all along? You watched me chase umntana bantu like a dog kanti you are the culprit all this while! Why would you do something this cruel?"

"Mama I'm sorry. I didn't mean to steal."

"I'm highly disappointed in you Nomonde. To even think I hated Nontombi for nothing because of your doings. Your father will deal with you. I have no words. I am highly disappointed in you. We do everything for you in this house but you continue to steal what feeds you. You know what...." She takes a deep breath and steps out of the tavern. Now she has to go look for Onyiye and apologies. Hope she is at home....

"Awu MaThusi, ubekwa yin la?" Onyiye's mother says sitting on her broken couch. It's dirty - it shows that their slave is not around.

"I'm here to see Onyiye." MaThusi responds looking at her hoping to find some answers.

"That child is working as a maid in my friends house."

She responds unbotheredly without care. What's the use of asking her more further questions because clearly she doesn't care about her child.

"I just came to apologize, I've just realised that Onyiye never stole that money. It was Nomonde all along." MaThusi.

"So you trying to tell me that the beatings that she got was just for mahhala? It's okay, atleast I got to beat her." She shrug her shoulders.

Okay that's it! It's time for her to leave this good for nothing woman. She walks out of the house with a heavy heart not knowing where to go next and what to do. But the day she sees her she will definitely apologize.

She's back home with her husband eating lunch.

"So, you hated Onyiye all this while for nothing?" The husband asks.

"Don't make me look bad, I already feel bad for it. I wish I could just see her and apologies." She's hurt of her choice.

"I told you that - that child is not a thief. Her nature doesn't strike her as one. She may come from a toxic environment but she's definitely not a thief."

She leans back on the chair with her heart dropping.

Now she regrets deleting her number.

AT AUNT SANDI'S HOUSE

"You trying to tell me that you out of all people molest kids for your own selfish desires? I should have listened to my daughter when she told me that you did it to her when she was only 16! I vouched for you and stood by you when everyone accused you of being a rapist. Here you are today making the front line of the newspapers...."

"I'm sorry mkami." He regrets, at first it was fun but it turned to be a habit. For a whole full month that man and his goons made sure that they did whatever they wanted with him. He was there breakfast, lunch and supper.

He felt that life could take his life and die. He could still smell their semen, he could still feel them dripping out and he hates

himself. So, this is how these children felt like whenever he did it to them....

"Did you also do that this the child that was here? She ran away and up until today I don't know where she is. If her family could ask me of her whereabouts I don't know where and how I would answer because she ran for her life!" He nods his head and she sits down in shame

This all makes sense. The way she was jumpy around whenever he was around.

"Ow my God!" And she added salt to the wound.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"So we are just going to sit like this and look at each other in a empty house?" She's laying on her back with Sthembiso changing his trousers.

"Up until I'm fully fit to be outside. I will take you out." He says and lays next to her.

"You? Fit. You skinny people get fit?" She laughs.

"I'm not skinny. I'm am a fit slender mama. The day I drive that bushy pussy of yours you will know me. In-fact ngiyabuya wait

here." He groans getting off the bed. There's nothing that the overdose painkillers can't fix.

He goes to his bag and pulls out a shaving razor. He comes back to the bed....

"I want you to take off your leggings and lay on the floor for me."

She lifts her head and looks at him curiously.

"Why?"

"I want to remove that bush in-between your legs." He says grabbing a towel placing it on the floor with one hand.

"Haibo! Are you serious?"

"Mfazi, I'm serious. Get your shorts off." He points out. She stands up shaking her head in disbelief and laughs.

"You crazy!" She pulls her leggings down along with her underwear.

"Hau babe, umamhlongo pho!"

They both laugh out loud.

"Yey uyakhuluma maan!" She lays on her back still laughing.

"I need to take you shopping. Your sense of style is killing me slowly." He fits with laughter throwing his head backwards.

He sits down still laughing like a hyena. He opens her legs wide and begins to shave her.

"I'm done, you can go wash it."

She stands up freely....

"There's air coming in." She says.

"That's because you never shave. Now my punani is going to catch phenomena."

She laughs going to the bathroom to wash off....

It feels so different, "I feel like I'm naked."

She's wearing what she was wearing but she feels some kind of weird.

"Is it?" He smirks pitching the bridge of her nose.

"Mxm, I want to call my kids."

After some time Mam Philisiwe picks up.

"Yini?" She's panting - the camera is facing the other direction.

"Hau mah, how are the kids?" She's asks hoping to see the grinning Ndimu.

"I will call you back." She disconnects the call and she frowns.

"This woman is having sex!" He laughs.

"Ewu," that's just grouse.

"Tell me about it."

Finally she calls back the screen gets brightened up by Ndimu's screaming face.

"Hello my baby."

He is touching the screen smiling. She shows Sthembiso the phone - he smiles getting closer and holds her waist. He doesn't say anything but smiles emotionally.

"Mama misses you." Ndimu throws the phone on the couch and crawls around screaming.

Mam Philisiwe takes the phone and laughs. Sthembiso jumps removing himself away from her before he could even be seen.

"I miss them." She's an emotional rack.

"We will see you in two weeks time. I decided to extend my days here and plus they love the kids."

"I'm glad to hear that. I just miss them." She's crying.

"Aysuka Wena, the babies are fine. Focus on your school books. If you want to see them you can always video call anytime. I have to go - we are going out."

Onyiye disconnects the video call and smiles placing her phone aside.

"They will be back. I can't wait to meet them. He looks so much like me." He feels proud. His genes are very much strong.

"They both do."

"You didn't tell me that you are studying."

"You never asked." She giggles. He smiles enjoying the sounds of them.

Let the giggles fill her mouth because nothing tastes as sweet as her laughter. His inner self says.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

"Thanks for the lift. You always know how to make my day yazi. Dispite the fact that you are a thief."

She's going home to see her parents. With the help of Sizwe he offered to take her home. It's June holidays and she is here to spend time with her mother.

"I would steal for you anytime." He smiles licking his lips.

"Ncrrrr, boyfriend." She cups his cheeks kissing his lips. He laughs slightly hitting her hands off him. "I'm no Ndimu."

He got to meet the other family that keeps her going and sane.

He has never seen friends this close.

"You are not my girlfriend." He jokingly says sticking his tounge out.

"Ouch."

"I'll miss you," he brushes her neatly combed weave.

"I'll miss you too." She wants to cry. No man has ever showed her this much affection in public like this man right here. It's funny how their relationship started but damn she's so God damn happy with him!

"Don't tell me you want to cry."

He looks at her as she wiped her tears.

"Ukuthi you have no idea how much you make me happy."

It's an honest truth.

"And you make me happy too. Tell you what - I will book in a nearby BnB for two days. Ngizogcwala ngeghost."

"What! Your mother will kill you." She's laughing hard.

"I will tell her I'm with you. You know how much she loves you."

He adds making her to blush.

"Are you sure?"

"If you are talking about booking then I'm definitely sure my love." They briefly kiss and she steps out of the car. He has parked houses away - respect.

She opens the boot and takes off her bags. She waves goodbye smiling like a looney.

"Are you sure you don't want me to drop you near by?"

Ain't he the sweetest boyfriend ever?

"I will be fine my love." She assures him but dude is sceptical as much.

"I'll follow you from a distance then. Walk." He is so caring.

She does as instructed....

She's by the gate - she turns to look at him and there he is parked from a distance. She smiles shaking her head, she waves her hand, he flashes on the hazards and drives off.

"Sanibona," she's standing by the door looking all scared. Her mother stands up from the couch giving her a warm hug filled with love.

"Mntanami, you didn't tell us you were coming." She's very much surprised. "You even have Indian hair."

She smiles nervously looking at her father.

"Baba,"

He just nods his head acknowledging her presence. He stands and walks out of the door leaving them standing.

"He hates me mah." She's very much saddened that her father loathes her. Yes she made a mistake like every other child there ever is. The only thing that she can be able to do is to learn from those mistakes.

"It's okay babe, your father will come around. Don't beat yourself into it. Go put these in your room and come tell me how school is."

"You are trying to tell me that you and Gift go to the same school?" She's shocked. Here she was thinking that she is a good for nothing young naïve girl.

"Yes, bit she doesn't attend classes. She's studying online since she has kids."

"Wow," Shocking!

"Look at her," she shows her recent pictures of Onyiye. She looks carefree, happy and less troubled.

"She looks different. She looks like she baths now. No offence - she was very much darker living under that roof but now her skin is glowing and alive. She is still very dark yes but her blood is healthy."

"She even found her baby daddy."

Her mother is looking at her pictures not believing her eyes.

"And he even bought her a very beautiful house."

"What!"

"I'm so happy for her that finally her life sees light after everything she's been through." Lindiwe.

"You like her don't you?" Her mother looks at her eyes shinning.

"I love her."

"Now you are getting me all worried. Are you sure that she is safe to have a friend that loves her this much?"

"I've been asked that too many times. You know the girl that sent those girls to beat me up?"

"Yes, what about them?"

"Onyiye did a number one on them. They don't even look at my direction. Yey I heard that she gave them whoopings for their lives."

Her mother laughs out loud and ends up choking. "You want me to kill me with these stories of yours."

"I'm serious ma, she was all Jackie Chan on them."

"Onyiye is so tiny nje." She's wondering.

"But she gave them beatings of their lives."

"I love the friendship you have with that girl. She made a mistake yes, but I love it that she is looking forward in life."

"Yeap, I'm happy to have her as a friend."

"I'm outside. I can't sleep."

She reads the text not believing her eyes. Sizwe cannot do her like that. She peeps through the window and indeed the car is here outside.

"You will get me into trouble. My father is not talking to me and I'm trying to win him back." She whispers.

"Only 5 minutes mama. I just want to hug you and kiss you, just one kiss, please."

She sighs getting off the bed wearing her slippers. She will not even putting her gown on.

Lights are off! If she uses the door she will get caught right?

She sneaks out of the window and makes sure not to make a sound.

The window is not that high for her body size to jump out.

She's nervous - as she walked further and further from her home, the street lights are dim and the only thing that made her feel the slightest bit better was the flashlight installed on her phone.

Finally, she hops in the car smiling and panting.

"I'm not even parked that far, why are you panting?" His fitting with laughter makes her cheek bones crack because of blushing.

"You have no idea, the trouble I went through jumping out of the window. I'm still shaking even."

"Ncrrrr, my poor babe. I'm sorry. I just wanted to see your face before I sleep. I'm used being next to you."

"You making my life hell and miserable."

"Ow, is it?" He's laughing. "If that's the case then I'll do it more often to irritate you."

"I hate you right now."

They both laugh looking at each other.

"My stupid girlfriend bakithi."

"My sleep talker nkosi yami."

"You know what, go sleep I'm done looking at your ugly face."

"Mxm don't video call me."

She leans over and they share a kiss. They break off the kiss, she steps out of the car and smiles waving back at him.

Now the problem starts - how will she climb back that window.

She tried but failed. She texted him to come to the rescue.

He is holding his laugh so badly....

"Step on my hand and I will help you up."

She does, she holds on tight onto the window frame, pushes the curtain aside. There a figure in her room. Lights turn on, she lets go of the window frame and falls back down landing on Sizwe.

"My mother...."

She's crying still on top of him.

Her mother peeps through the window and shakes her head.

"When you are done playing get you arse back inside before your father comes back."

She's shivering in fear. Who wouldn't be in fear after being caught trying to sneak back in.

"I'm disappointed in you. You not even 3 hours back and already you are sneaking out. Wena mfana, is this how your mother raised you?"

"Cha mah

" Sizwe looks down embarrassed.

"I don't know what to say. Lindiwe your father is already giving me a hard time and nawe you are...." She takes a deep breath.
"You know what do as you please."

She walks away leaving Lindiwe stunned.

"You need to leave." She pushes Sizwe towards the door.

"Give me a small kiss." He pouts.

"Uyahlanya?" She's shocked. She's in trouble and all he thinks about is a lame kiss.

"Just a tiny kiss." He looks at her with those eyes that just make her weak and agree to everything.

She smiles shyly and she perks on his lips quickly and stands back innocently.

He walks out and her heart melts but quickly remembers that she is in real shit.

"Mama," she's sitting on her bed reading her bible. Who reads a Bible at this time of the night.

"What!" Ouch that's cold.

She sits on the bed so uncomfortably...

"I'm busy what do you want?" Her mother's voice is pained.

"What did you mean when you said you and my father are...."

"It's not important. It was just a slip of the tongue."

"By the looks of things I think you were serious. You know you talk to me right?"

"Mxm njengoba usaphuma ngamawindi Lindiwe."

Lindiwe looks down embarrassed not knowing how to respond.

"I'm sorry."

"I'm too broken to shout at a grown ass woman who knows how a dick tastes like."

That's a bit harsh woman don't you think. She secretly rolls her eyes looking on the side and sighs.

"I probably deserve that. And I'm sorry for disrespecting you like this. But that is not the case now, what happening between you and my father?"

"I think he doesn't love me any longer." She closes her Bible.

"Why do you say that? Did you guys fight?"

She sighs feeling exhausted, "no, I guess I hated Gift too much forgetting that she's just a child. Every child makes mistakes and I thought that maybe she will influence you until I got to understand on a later stage that everyone does their own mistakes not that they are being influenced. I guess your father

got tired of my nagging." She shrug her shoulders. "And I think he is seeing someone. He sometimes doesn't sleep at home."

Lindiwe keeps quite for a while ran out of words. "I have a perfect plan. And I know just the right trick on doing it. Wena sleep and tomorrow I want you to do something you've never done before." She says.

It's morning and she is done cleaning the house. Her father indeed did not come back and that is the least of her worries now. She just wants to make her mother happy.

She made breakfast for both of them....

"What did you do to my skirt?"

She's wearing a ruffle hem houndstooth skirt. Black and white in colour - just a little above her knees. With a white shirt neatly tucked in.

"Did some little bit of magic on it. Slept very late working that skirt out."

"I can't ware this, it's very short. What will people say? I'm a mother and a wife Lindiwe."

"Woman wake up. We are trying to bring you husband back here. If you want him back nawe go out wearing short dresses, go visit you sister and come back very late. You will thank me later." She says.

Her mother looks at her with her eyes all popped out.

"This is absurd!"

"It's okay mah, let me put some little make up." She is forced to sit down and obey the rules. "Done. I think that's him. When he asks you where are going, just say you are going out and he mustn't wait up for you." Lindiwe winks at her mother.

"I haven't forgotten that you sneaked out of the window." She hisses.

"We will deal with that once you're happy."

Her father walks in and stop on his tracks looking at his wife wearing a short skirt. It's been long - she never wears something that is above her knee. He clears his throat and looks at her face closely.

"Where are you going?" He asks.

"Out, don't wait up for me." She grabs her bag on top of the counter and walks out leaving him astonished.

"Where is your mother going?" He shifts his gaze to Lindiwe who was looking at her father innocently.

"I don't know she received a call then she told me to do her make up and iron her clothes she's going out." She shrug her shoulders leaving her father breathing sharply.

It's almost 20:50 pm and there is no sign of his wife. He has been pacing up and down for the past hour. "Where could she be?" He tries her numbers for the last time it takes him straight to voicemail.

He sits down feeling dizzy....

His wife comes in humming carrying paper bags.

"I'm so tired. I just need to sleep." She walks past them without glaring at her husbands direction. He stands up and follows his wife to the bedroom. Lindiwe is left to laugh inside. Now this is how you deal with a cheating husband....

She leans back on the couch and chats to Sizwe smiling from ear to ear.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She loves the furniture but most importantly she loves the couches.

"Manje, your arse will forever be in these couches?" He asks shaking his head.

"Hau, why are you so grumpy?" She asks removing her eyes from the TV and stares at him frowning.

"You no longer care about me." He is whining again!

"Come sit next to me." She pats on the vacant couch next to her. "Want me to rub your cheek."

That smile!

He lays his head on her laps and closes his eyes waiting for it. She begins caressing on his cheek....

"My mum misses the kids."

Ow how can they forget the day Sthembiso introduced her to his family. The welcome she got was something she didn't expect.

"Is it?" She's smiling.

"Yea, I think the house is empty with those little Rascals cries."

She slightly slaps him. Don't call my kids rascals.

"Have I ever thanked you?" He asks still has his eyes closed.

"Thank me for what?" She's confused.

"For giving me such a beautiful son and taking care of my other son when he was abandoned. As young as you are, you stepped up and became a mother at a very young age because of me. You made me fall in love when I believed it doesn't exist. All in all, thank you for providing a safe and loving environment for my kids. Thank you for wiping my child's endless runny nose – I know I've accidentally forgotten tissues in my pockets today and had to clean up the washer, I'm sure you have too...."

"Are you not going to get tired of the thank you's?" She's giggling, the sweetest sound to his ears.

"I'm not - as long as I still live I will forever be thanking you." He is smiling.

She continues caressing on his cheek.

He closes his eyes and flips them open again, his blood is hot!

He sits up straight bringing his face closer to hers.

Their lips touch - woman has improved. No more sounds, no mistakenly biting his lips. He pulls back and smiles.

"You didn't bite me."

She smiles hiding her face in his chest. "Uyaphapha Sthembiso."

He kisses her head....

"I'm tired of playing the 90 day rule. I'm breaking it." He says flipping her over and pants on top of her. They are still on the couch....

"Condom," she suggests. She wants him also. She has been craving for him all this while.

"I promise to pull out," his voice is horse ready to dive in.

Clothes flying off their bodies....he stands up and admires her tiny body .

"My baby mama has ikuku yoku kubolekwa. Was your Kuku made in china? It's so damn tiny - ngathi wafica eyokugcina, futhi le eyokubanjiswa." She blushes covering her face with her hands smiling closing her legs. But he spreads them further apart. "This, I need to admire for the rest of my life."

He gets on top of her....

He is hard as a rock rubbing himself against her tiny pussy.

She stops kissing him and tilts her head backwards. It feels so damn good.

Her vagina swells and its walls turn a darker colour. She wants him to take her right this minute.

Her clitoris becomes super-sensitive to touch - it has this burning sensation. A desire to be buried inside of her. She feels his testicles pull upwards enjoying the sensitive tension.

Sexual excitement reaches its peak. She cannot take it anymore. She pulls his neatly fade cut and moans softly against his ear. "Sthembiso," she's breathing heavily. The more he gets hard the more his skin turns red.

"Ngifake?" He tops rubbing himself against her already wet pussy. She nods her head in agreement with her eyes still closed.

He positions himself, saliva fill his mouth because of hunger. He swallows hard as he pushed in further her tight pussy. The strangest feeling of her walls stretching to accommodate his large member. She flinches to the pain but holds on. She wants him so bad that this man right here is making her toes fist in pleasure.

"Ahhh," softly she cries digging on his arms.

"Askies mamas," he kisses her and his breathing gets heavier and faster.

She feels a slight pain pressure and then it feels warmer and warmer as his penis goes back and forth. The fullness and warmth in her.

This is one of her favourite feelings in the entire world.

It feels like being slowly filled with something that creates an immense sense of pleasure, tingling, and a general good feeling - but the sensation of a penis entering coupled with the weight of someone on top of her is just amazing. She never got to experience it that night because she was way too intoxicated to even feel anything.

Muscles at the base of his penis tighten and release, releasing semen in an ejaculation.

"Wemalo," he lays flat on top of her. "I'm sorry." They both look at each other and burst into laughter. Who lasts a second when their sex drive is this high?

STHEMBISO JIYANE

This woman will surely be the death of her. There's no need for her to shout her lungs out we the phone!

"Mah," the emotional blackmail. Grandmothers are geared toward feeling what their grandchildren are feeling when they interact with them. If their grandchild is smiling, they're feeling the child's joy. Probably his mother feels an insatiable longing to be with her grandkids. He sighs rubbing his face not knowing how to respond.

"I will die anytime soon and Wena you are depriving me the bond with my only grandchildren. Why Sthembiso?" She sniffs. Jesus!

"I know makoti will bring me my grandkids. It's June holidays, every child is with their families and wena....why do you hate me this much Sthembiso heh?"

He looks at the screen and swallows in shock.

"Haibo mah. We were there couple of weeks ago." He responds.

"I don't care. It was not enough for me! I want my grandkids by the end of this afternoon." The line goes dead. He is left

shocked, stunned by his mother's tantrums so early in the morning.

"What is it?" Onyiye asks looking at the frozen Sthembiso.

"Haibo, that was my mum. Just because she wants her grandkids she had to include death and say she is dying. Is she blackmailing me?"

"She is. You can send the kids. Plus school is closed for me I don't mind."

"Are you sure? I mean you where there c...."

"I want my kids to have the best relationship with their family. I didn't grow up under the love and care household but will never deprive my kids from that. If she wants her grandkids- let gogo see her grandkids. Besides Ndimu loves playing with cow dung and following his grandpa around." She warmly rubs his arm and he sighs in defeat.

"Must I put on my defence mode cause it looks like you and my mother will be always on my case?"

"What?" She laughs not believing. "I don't know what I deserve to have a crazy man like you."

He gets on top of her and starts tickling her. "I dare you to repeat your words woman."

He grins on top of him.

"You didn't brush your teeth."

She tells him....

"But you love me with my stinking mouth right?"

"No, the only breath I could ever tolerate is Ndimu's and Ngimu." She giggles covering her mouth."

"You're definitely boring. Who's girlfriend are you?"

"Another sthuphethu that made me pregnant on my matric dance."

He gasps and presses her on the bed.

"You heavy move!"

"We should go to the chemist and get those morning after pills."

"Ow shit, Sthembiso!" She has the power of pushing him off and sprints to the bathroom leaving Sthembiso in stitches.

She's drinking water and throws the pills in her mouth and gulps it down.

"Hope it helps." She burps closing the bottle placing it on her lap.

"It will babe. It's all your fault that I didn't last." He fastens the seat belt. Onyiye is sitting with the kids in the backseat. They had to live upon his mother's word and go home.

"Are we still hung up on that?" She asks enjoying the city view. It's so weird on how she just felt comfortable around him.

She's falling for him deeply - the more she spends time with him the more she falls for him.

"Yes," he leans over at the backseat and kisses her lips. "I love how you look at me."

He will never run out of compliments....

Eshowe has full of threadbare and monotonous memories. Nothing exciting at all.

She's looking at her neighbourhood and closes her eyes trying to take all away the pain, trying not to remember.

Sthembiso looks at her in the rear mirror....

"Small, I don't like it when you sad." He says smiling. She smiles back and winks at him blushing.

"Okay long Tom."

"I will catch you for that trust me."

She smiles shaking her head and looks outside the window.

Finally, they have arrived, they both step out of the car that Sthembiso had recently bought. It's nothing much just a second hand car vehicle which is a NP300 Hardbody. It's not his favourite but it's something that will keep him for the time being till he gets a stable home for his family. His mother gasps in shock dropping every tool she has in her hands.

"Baba!" She's a screaming in excitement, she goes the other side of the car and opens it. "Abazukulu bami."

The excitement in her made Sthembiso swallow a bit. He smiles emotionally....

"Mama," he calls out for her. Already she is fussing over her grandkids. This will definitely be a long weekend.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Kids bathe, feed and sleeping in their grandmother's room.

"Can I ask you the most offensive question ever?" Sthembiso's mother continues to wipe the kitchen counter with Onyiye washing the dishes. They had just finished eating dinner and she's helping out.

"Yoh, okay," she's sceptical and not so comfortable about the question.

"What made you keep a baby for a man you don't even know?" She asks smiling. Not that she has a problem but....

"I grew up in a toxic environment mah, so after finding out that I was pregnant I decided to keep him. The way I was so stupid I was even sure that Sthembiso will come back. I don't know why I held on to someone I've never seen before but I did have hopes that he will be back. And he did."

"Mina I'm just happy that you extended my family. The way I'm so jealous I even want to live with them full time since you are schooling. I'm very proud of you Nana. You are so young and you have a mind of an adult." She's impressed.

Surely this young girl will make the greatest.

"Had to grow up in an early age but hei its life. I don't even hate my mother, surely behind that hate I'm pretty sure that my father did something to her. She's okay with my elder sister Sisipho but with me it's another story."

She says wiping the dishes with a heavy heart.

"I love the spirit in you. Tomorrow we are going to church."

"You want Ndimu to make noise through the mic like the last time?" They both laugh.

"Such an embarrassment. I swear that child is exactly like his father."

"Who is exactly like his father?" Sthembiso asks leaning against the door.

"You," his mother points out at him.

Sthembiso smiles walking towards Onyiye and kisses her shoulder. "Nawe baby mama you have turned your back on me?" He is whining again! Sthembiso is becoming clingy by the second. If this is how love is she accepts them with both hands.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

"Mama, were are you going so late?" Lindiwe asks on purpose as her father stood there looking at them swallowing.

"Out

look all doors. I might not come back." She grabs her car keys and walks out.

"Where is your mother going?" He asks with his chest rising up and down.

Her heart is rejoicing on the inside. This is not the way to treat a woman if you no longer value them.

"I don't know. I asked her right in front of you and she didn't respond." She walks past him heading to her bedroom smiling. She takes out her phone out of the pocket and sends a quick text.

"Say halo to aunty Nini."

She's laying on her bed chatting with Sizwe, this man has the audacity to laugh of the events that happened yesterday - how can he?

"It's all your fault that we got caught." She says laying on her back with her legs high up on the wall.

"But babe, you couldn't climb back in. How was it my fault?" Surely he is grinning like a peacock....

"You know what, I will forever hate you for this."

He is laughing enjoying the moment. Stupid he! "I enjoyed spending time with you. Today you made me feel special."

"Just because I introduced you to people around my hood?" She amazed with his drama.

"You have no idea how much that means to me. You made me feel like a King that I am."

"Yazin Buti, go to sleep. I think your sleepiness is making your imaginary wider than your big head."

She looking through her gallery, pictures of her and Sizwe.

This man came right in time when she was going through the most. Part of her wanted Mpilo to run after her but he has moved on and doesn't even look at her direction, so is she.

She pauses looking at his picture that somehow was still in her phone. She decides to delete it. She doesn't want anything that links her to this Mpilo guy.

She hears her roaring father talking to himself.

She tip toes to the door - she cannot hear properly. She then opens the door and here he is pacing up and down talking to the phone.

"I made a mistake okay. What happened between me and you was never meant to happen. Now my wife is cheating on me!"

Ow so it's true he was cheating indeed.

"Zandile, it was the biggest mistake and I regret it. Just stop calling me!" He throws his phone against the wall balancing himself against the wall. The room is spinning, the next thing he knows he is on the ground.

Her mother came to the hospital wearing a pink gown with flip flops.

Her husband is in the hospital bed....

"I will be outside." She decides to give them privacy. It hurts that her father is now in the hospital bed because of heart attack. Instead of fixing his family he decides to seek comfort outside.

"Come here." Sizwe opens his arms and let's her sink into his chest. "Your father will be fine." He assures her. She cannot even cry....

"I don't know if you where not here what would have happened. Thank you for bringing my father here." She sighs holding him tighter.

"It's okay love. I'm glad I was able to help and come right in time."

She pulls out from the embrace, tilts her head to look at the tall self of him.

"I love you and it scares me." She smiles confessing.

"An then she decides to steal my favourite line." They both laugh.

"I think we should go home. Game over." That's her mother. Sizwe looks at them confused but doesn't show.

With the help of Sizwe he dropped her right at the gate with Lindiwe's mother driving in front. They still haven't said any words to each other. She's still mad that he made her only daughter sneak out the window at night.

"That boy loves you. I'm just still angry with him for what he did. He disrespected me in my house." She's drinking tea - who drinks tea around this hour. It's 11pm on the dot for crying out loud!

"I apologize on his behalf mah." She's embarrassed. Never trust a black parent.

"Mxm." Just like that. She is left seated all alone. She should try hard to win her mother's trust again. She has been a disappointment for far too long now. Maybe she will start by buying her what she loves the most.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

It's morning and they are preparing themselves for church.

Everyone is ready except for Sthembiso who was undecided on what to wear.

Finally making his family wait for 15 minutes he decided to braise them with his presence and that intoxicating cologne.

"I'm still finding it hard to believe that you are my son and you are a father as well." His mother chucks fixing her hat dramatically. She's going to church to make a statement.

"Trust me I am your son." He roars the engine and reverses out.

The church service was great. She enjoyed it. From a distance Onyiye spots her mother and her sister Sisipho laughing and having their best conversation time of their life.

"Ntombi," that's Majiyane Sthembiso's mother walking past carrying Ndimu.

"Yebo Sisi." She replies looking at Ndimu confused. "Who's child is that?" She asks pointing out with her head. Sthembiso makes his way towards his mother and takes Ndimu but he refuses by clinging on to his grandmother.

"Leave him alone." Majiyane.

"Hau, shiya girl. You still have this huge paint on your face? Awu shame grace your presence Cambridge girl." Sisipho breaths in terror. He walks past and whistles going to the car. His father approaches carrying Ngimu.

"Where's makoti?" He asks his wife.

"In the car with Sthembiso." Again Onyiye's mother looks at Ngimu and frowns confused.

"Ow these are my beloved grandchildren."

Sthembiso honks the car ready to leave. "Should get going. My son is a very impatient man." She leaves them standing with so many unanswered questions.

Onyiye sitting quietly at the backseat breastfeeding Ngimu. Her heart is heavy. As much as she just wanted to jump into her mother's arms. She's yearning for her love, her touch and encouraging words. She wants to hear her mother some day telling her that everything will be okay.

She has wounds and scars that lack of confidence and trust, difficulty setting boundaries, and being overly sensitive.

She knows that look - Sthembiso is not pleased that she is sulking. She fakes a smile and he smiles back faking it making her to laugh a bit.

From church they decided to chill under the shade having cold juice under the heat. Kids are asleep and his mother is somewhere in the house. Talking to Sthembiso makes her to calm down.

"She will come around baby mama. Don't let her get into you like this. This is the reason why I didn't want us to be this side for the holidays cause I now how much it will affect you." He says kissing her knuckles.

"I love her a lot but she doesn't know how to be affectionate towards me. I have asked her to hug me countless times but I was never that good in her eyes to even touch. It's really painful. Now I have a deep craving to be nurturing to others and to mother other people, and I don't know how to fill the void. But what I do know is I will love my kids more than anything."

She wipes her tears falling off, "You know as a kid I would always tried to do things to make her love me. Whether they were handmade gifts or good grades, but mostly I will make her garden always beautiful. Nothing was ever good enough for her. She destroyed all of my handmade gifts in front of me and told me a B was a terrible grade and if I loved her I would do better. I did better in school and passed with higher marks but that was just never enough for her." It's painful and this is not the life she wants the kids to have.

"It's very trite, but tell yourself that things will get easier with time because things can be really painful, The first thing that you should do is give yourself an appropriate amount of time to grieve. Let yourself feel your feelings, because you don't want

to repress them, You should also be sure to talk through any grief that you have so that you can work on moving past it instead of holding on to it. I'm here for you and always will be. Talk to me so we can have a healthy relationship. Do you promise to be more open towards me."

"I promise." She smiles.

"Now wipes those tears you look ugly when crying. Imagine a black person crying? You are practically nave Maan baby." He says making her to gasp in shock. She looks at the glass that's filled with juice in her hands. This will not be enough. She takes the whole jug and splashes it on his face.

"Say that again." She stands up smiling feeling satisfied.

"Did you just pour juice on me?" He is not believing it. He is dripping wet.

"No, it's your cum brother S."

"I will deal with you." She takes two steps before she can even run further her grabs her by waist and carries her like a sack of potatoes.

"Put me down Sthembiso!"

"After this." He throws her in a big drum filled with water. "I love you mnyamana." He laughs out loud looking at her angry tiny face.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

It's morning and she's watering the garden. She loves what she sees. It's like she was born for this. For her to connect with soil. It sounds weird but she loves it.

"I love my garden. I'm sure my neighbours will be jealous." Mamazi - Sthembiso's mother says looking around her huge garden filled with various of vegetables. It's just a little token of her appreciating the good time she had here. Her stay was magnificent.

"You will make good money if you sell. Just wait for it to shine greener and brighter then you good to go. Remember how I taught how to handle everything?" She loves it when she is in charge.

"How can I forget mntanami? Yaxi you are right. I will definitely make huge money out of selling. You just made me a business woman." She proudly smiles looking around. This woman and drama!

"Mama, don't you think you are exaggerating a bit?" She laughs.

"Never! This is what I call life. You now understand why I always want the kids with me. I'm always alone - with ubaba always looking after his cows I'm forever alone. Now I know that I have grandkids and insimi Yami to look after. For now you will not understand but once Sthembiso does what he loves most then you will notice."

Mamazi says taking the thorns off her shoes. "Are you okay?" She stops and feels her temperature. She's not her bubbly self. She is somehow feeling down today. "You are so hot, maybe we have been standing under the sink for far too long now. Let's go back inside." Mamazi pulls her by hand taking her to the house.

"I think I'll enjoying staying here. It's a pity that tomorrow we have to go back." Onyiye - despite the struggle of growing up she's great full that she found a mother in-law like Mamazi. A woman who don't sugar-coat but has a heart of gold. She smiles looking at her sad face, maybe she shouldn't have said that.

"I will miss you."

"Let's make a deal, how about we leave the kids behind and we fetch them after 2 weeks until...."

"You do not have to ask me twice. The deal is highly accepted. You have no idea how much this means to me. You just made

my day even more exciting." She squeezes her cheeks and smiles emotionally. Hearing that her son has kids part of her was not really happy but now she has just noticed how blessed she is. The only problem child here is Dumisani. He is still a lost case who hasn't figured out what he really wants in life.

"I'm happy that you are happy mah." Onyiye says cheerfully.

"Now I know why my son has been all crazy about you." She laughs shyly playing with a dishwasher cloth. She hasn't forgiven him that he threw her in a drum. And for his actions she's not feeling well.

She misses Sbahle and Mam Philisiwe. She talks to them everyday but she just never gets enough of them. Those people helped her when she had no one. They gave her a home, love and made her part of the family.

"Ngozi, I miss you too sister."

Mam Philisiwe laughs at the background.

"I swear I will kill this child!" Sbahle says hissing.

"Kill who me? You should start by killing your boyfriend who is always at my place eating my food." Onyiye says making Sbahle to role her eyes. She steps out of her car locking it.

"I'm at work - will the kids once they are awake. Ow and another thing If my man is hungry feed him Onyiye." She winks and drops the line and walks inside the police station.

"Was that Bahle?' Sthembiso asks jumping in bed. Onyiye looks at him ready to murder and turns around facing the other way. "Hai babe?"

"Mxm," she secretly smiles covering herself with a blanket.

Sthembiso sneaks his hand around her waist....it's not enough. He also gets undercovers coming close to her. That way he will hold her waist perfectly.

"I'm sorry." He does what he does most kissing her shoulder. Is this his new habit or what, cause if it is then he should do it more often because God dammit she loves it.

You know when the feeling of being touched warmly to a point that you just want to open your legs very wide for one.

She's at that point. Her sensitive spot!

"Ngyaxolisa mnyamana bakithi. I'll never put you in a drum ever again."

"Don't touch me." She moves away from him but the man moves following her behind. She moves again and he moves holding her waist.

She's at the edge of the bed with no where else to move. Sthembiso pats at the space that is left and notices that there is none. He smiles naughtily as he purposely pushed her off the bed.

"Sthembiso!" Ow she's mad. He laughs getting off the bed and helps her stand.

"I want you to pay attention to me."

"Will you pushing me solve that I'm angry at you? Will it solve that I'm catching a flu because you threw me into a drum?" She sneezes....

"I'm sorry. I'll make you med lemon. Just go back in bed." He helps her back in bed and kisses her cheek. "Uya gothruwa babe, askies yevha."

Sighs shaking her head. "Why are you my babe daddy again?" She asks him smiling forgetting that she was angry with him just minutes ago.

"Because you never got enough of my dick, that's why." He is so full of himself and so sure of what he is saying.

"You know what, go make that med lemon before you make my life miserable." She sneezes again covering her nose.

He raises his hands in surrender and walks out of the room.

She's shivering out of cold. She's unable to fall asleep.

"Do you want me to take you to the hospital?"

She shakes her head no. "I'll be fine."

"But your shivering nje." His concerned, he didn't mean it - to put her in a drum full of water.

"Just hold me, I will be warm." Her teeth clatter, he holds her from behind - too close.

"Damn you burning. Feeling better?" He asks holding her tight.

"I will be better." She responds closing her heavy eyes.

"Ngizokuchatha ekuseni." She flips her eyes open not believing. This man is crazy and she should understand him by now. She laughs with her painful chest.

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight mnyamana."

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She's packing the last bits of her clothes with a heavy heart. As much as she enjoyed being in her parents house she's sad that she is leaving again.

She looks at the window and smiles emotionally.

The events of that day when she sneaked out of the window and being caught. It was fun but a dangerous game. This window will forever be a memory for her. Imagine if she made headlines 'a girl who sneaked out for a boy had trouble sneaking back in'!

"Ready?" Her mother asks stepping inside of her room. She trails out of her thoughts and nods her head with tears blinding her vision.

"I will miss you." She confesses.

As much as she was a bad girl lately her mother kept her going everyday.

Those suicidal thoughts have vanished. Maybe she needed to be home with her mother and forget about everything and everyone. Being out of the social media for a little while and it helped alot.

"I will miss you too noma ubuhlupha nje. And Lindiwe..."

"Mah

" she looks at her mother smiling.

Her mother places her hand on her shoulder and sighs smiling.

"Thank you for bringing my marriage back." She pulls her into a tight hug rubbing her hair.

"Mah, you are messing my hair!" She untangles herself from the tight grip. "You are the best child."

Indeed she is. This woman thought her marriage was over but her little devil rekindled everything.

"I know and thank you."

"When will you be back?" She doesn't want her only child to be this far away from her.

"December holidays."

"That's far," she sits in the bed looking sad.

"I'll see if my schedule allows me to come this side."

How is everyone at home?" The darling boyfriend decided to fetch her today just because he was missing her and a day with them seeing each other haunts him to the worst.

"They fine, my mum sends her regards."

He is shocked his facial expression say it all.

"Are you sure she did?" He asks.

"What do you mean"

"I mean your mother hates me because I made her only child sneak out of the window at night just for a kiss."

She fits with laughter and looks outside the window.

"You crazy."

"I know, you are making me." He pouts letting go of the gear and holds her hand firmly with so much care.

"Ngiyakuncanwa."

"I love you too."

The drive was pretty shortened with Sizwe throwing all of those insults of sweet comments. He made her laugh and cry in just two hours. He is now helping her unpack everything.

"You sure you don't want me to stay over?" Isn't he everyone's dream boyfriend?

"I'll be fine babe."

He gives her a loving hug and steps back smiling. That smile....

"Call me if you need anything."

"Sizwe, judging from your words i can bet on my grandmother's grave that you will be back here in the middle of the night and say I just wanted to make sure that you have everything you need." She tries mimicking his voice.

"I don't speak like a squirrel!" He is shocked!

"I didn't say you speak like one. It's just you wanting to fit where you don't belong babe." She's laughing. It's time for her

to celebrate after everything her has put her through. By making her jump out of that window.

"Hau babe, you know what I'm no longer going." He huffs taking off his shoes, pants and his jersey.

"I knew that you were up to something." She's laughing hard. Even the ghost from the heaven mortuary can hear.

"Can I sleep in peace?" He covers himself with a blanket rolling his eyes.

She's doing her revision. An unexpected assignment just popped up and she's forced to stay awake all night. She's trying to mix the numbers but nothing is going in through that head of hers.

She's biting her pen in frustration!

"I think that pain will break the way you are chewing it."

"I cannot seem to get this straight?" She half screams throwing her books scattering in the floor.

Sizwe wakes up and looks at her with his eyebrows ached.

"What did I tell you?" He asks folding his arms across his chest.

"That I should've open up and tell you if something is bothering me."

"Then what are you doing?" He wants to know.

"I just got frustrated and mad that I cannot solve one single equation."

"I get you. Now pick those books up get your thick arse out of that door and walk back in once you have calmed."

She looks at him shocked. He knows very well that she is afraid of the dark.

"I'm ready, phuma Sisi." He points out of the door. He always does this whenever she is angry. But her anger it's something that has resurfaced - anger that she didn't know that she had.

She picks her books up placing them on top of the bed and walks out.

"Are you now calmed?" He asks scanning her face.

"Yes, I'm sorry for waking you up." She's embarrassed.

"Come here," she sits next to him.

"Next time if you have a problem tell me before you get angry over something that's very much fixable and easy to handle. Take time in you to answer before confirming that you are wrong or correct. I've always asked you to look for assistance from me if you need one. I will be very delighted to help you my love. Now tell your ndoda why were you so grumpy earlier on?" He is rubbing her feet.

She sighs relaxing her muscles. "I was trying to solve the equation but then my mind is totally blank." She's being honest.

"Okay, give me your books and we will start from scratch."

ONYIYE'S HOME

"I'm having trouble sleeping. Are you sure that those kids are not Onyiye's?" Ntombi asks Sisipho who was polishing her toe nails.

"That stupid guy looked exactly like Nqimu. Maybe it's the father of her kids who knows." She shrug her shoulders.

"I've been trying to call her phone is not going through. Sandi says she left without telling her. I swear that this child will be seriously the death of me. Imagine me finding her a job that will feed her and her unhealthy kids she goes around and does this?"

She livid and mad.

"I told you not to give her the job. She decided to pack up and run. Who knows, maybe she was sleeping with Anti Sandi's husband. It all makes sense - why would she just leave without telling anyone of her whereabouts?" Sisipho.

"Yazi I should have aborted that good for nothing while I still had a chance. I'm sure wherever she is she is opening her legs for everything that has a tail in-between." She clicks her tongue in so much annoyance.

"I think it's just better off with her being wherever she is. She has been stressing you for far too long now."

"Why didn't she just be like you, wait for the right things in life. You are working and not dependent on a man. You don't have fatherless kids. How did she even fall pregnant with the second one because as far as I'm concerned I've never seen her pregnant."

"Have you ever heard of I didn't know I was pregnant?" Sisipho asks her mother who just looked at her dumbfounded.

"I'm off to sleep." Her mother says standing up heading to her bedroom.

She's tossing and turning with her emotions very high. Maybe she is cold. She peels the blankets off her body and goes to the wardrobe to take a blanket.

A toy mistakenly falls out of her blanket causing her to jump a little in fright.

"What is this?" She asks picking it up. She looks at it closely and notices that this toy belongs to Ndimu her grandson she despises alot.

She now remembers how this toy landed in her blanket.

Onyiye was washing her blankets on a sunny day....

She had placed Ndimu on this blanket while she was busy doing the laundry. The minute she saw that Ndimu is sleeping on her clean blanket, she flipped and started insulting her with all the insults one can think of.

"You are a good for nothing piece of trash! You are just like your useless father who left you for me to raise. I hate you!" She remembers like it was just hours ago. She closes her eyes as all the flashbacks came back flooding. She almost stomped on Ndimu's tiny face and just because her mother was there to protect him Onyiye shielded for her baby and ended up getting a meaningful kick instead. She's great full that she has left the house and she won't be seeing her face anytime soon.

She throws the toy aside and jumps in bed trying to get some sleep but nothing - sleep evaded....

"God!" She's frustrated to a point that she just feels like throwing everything on the wall.

She gets off the bed to goes drink water in the kitchen....

Sleep is definitely missing its address today. Will she forever be this sleepless. It's something that didn't start as in today, but it's something that has been happening alot lately. Maybe she is now loosing it. Maybe she needs sleeping tablets. She remembers that she still has one of those. Maybe popping in one or two will make her sleep immediately.

After drinking those pills - overdose. He body felt cold as ice. She didn't understand the coldness...

Her eyes getting heavier by the second. Her body reacting to the sleeping pills. This is just what she needed

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

It's Monday and she's back to reality. Holidays were spent extremely well with people who value and appreciate her.

She's smiling looking at the pictures of her son's. It's so quite and it's scary. The house is huge for her to be alone. She doesn't live with Sthembiso but he does come from to time to check up on her and the kids. He rents a one room house close by and for that she appreciates it that he respects her wishes.

Imagine if she had to squat in with a man? That wouldn't look good at all on her considering how Ndimu was conceived. What example will she be setting at this young age.

Her phone chimes and Sthembiso's name pops up.

"Mlungwana," that's how she has had his name stored. She retrieves to answer.

"Where are you?" No hello babe...

"At the house obviously, why are you asking?" She decreases the volume on TV.

"Get out." He drops the line and she frowns looking at the screen. She wears her sleepers - steps out of the house and the

sun shines brightly on her skin. She protects her face by covering it with her hand.

There he is wearing a black and white suite. She lowers her hand and place them on her waist.

"Are you going for an interview?" She asks. Come to think of it. She doesn't know where he works. How stupid of her!

"Hello babe." Now he decides to greet after dropping the phone on her, mxm!

"Uyaphi?"

"I have a huge deal - business proposal to push. I just came here for you to pray for me." He is leaning against the car with his legs crossed.

"Huh?"

Confused Onyiye!

"I said I came here so you can pray for me." He walks towards her.

"Ermmm, okay. Do you want me to pray for you outside?"

"Yes, I want the whole world to see that my baby mama is a praying warrior." He attempts to kneel down but Onyiye stops him before he could even kneel.

"Are you mad?" Maybe there's a loose screw inside this man's head.

"Okay lets go inside the house then." He walks past her whistling. She shakes her head and follows him shortly.

"Come to think of it, you've never told what you do for a living. You have all the money and I don't know where you got it from." She says sitting on the couch.

"If I tell you, you will leave me."

He is embarrassed.

"I won't,"

"Even if I was a ritualist?" He looks at her searching for answers.

"Yes," she answers without reluctantly. "If you were into that, I will advise you to cut out before they ask you for my children's blood or your mother's." He cringes to the sound of that.

"Ow hell no! I'm not a ritualist." He says making her sigh in relief from the inside.

"Then what do you do?" She's adamant, she wants to know.

"Okay, me, Tazz and Khoza stole money from the government people. Not just any people. We aimed for the high profile ones. Like presidents and ministers. I'm not proud of what I did.

But I had to do it because I knew I had a family to take care of. I wanted my kids to have a better future and life. I wanted my family to have a home." He looks down in shame.

"I'm not going to judge you but I'm happy that you stopped whatever illegal shit you did. Thank you for being honest with me and I pray that no one knows about it."

"It's oy me, Tazz and Khoza."

Silence!

"So what's the deal for today?" She wants to know.

"Well my security company has been registered, just need partners and funders to fund my company so that it will be not suspicious in regards of the money I have."

"I second you." She stands up and go sits next to him. "I'm proud of you. You go out there and make us proud." She smiles.

"If you pray for me them yeah I will."

"Okay, close your eyes." They hold hands and Onyiye begins to pray.... "We kneel infront of you dear Lord...."

"Amen." Sthembiso says flipping his eyes open. Onyiye looks at him running out of words. "I needed that thank you." He kisses her on the cheek and dashes out leaving her in total shock!

"Wow," that's all she managed to say.

Instead of cooping herself in the house she decided to pay Mam Philisiwe a visit. The place is crowded and now he regrets being here.

"Nana," that's Mam Philisiwe beaming in excitement. She stands up and hurries towards her. The room becomes silent. Her palms sweat in fear as all these three women and two men looking at her without saying a word. Imagine the pain of walking in the house while everyone is having a conversation then the room decides to be silently quite when one enters.

"I will be back some other time." She whispers.

"No, no, nonsense. This is also your home remember. Where are the kids?" She looks behind her.

"They are with Sthembiso's mother."

"Ow how I miss them. The house is so quite without them. Sbahle doesn't want to give me grandchildren." She sulks looking at Sbahle who has her eyes fixed on the meat.

"Yoh mama," Onyiye giggles.

"My wife, who is herooo?" One of the woman who is wearing a traditional attire ask. Sbahle's mother smiles looking at Onyiye eating meat with Sbahle. "Onyiye, come here Sisi," she calls out for her. "This is Onyiye Mazibuko. She's from Eshowe." She warmly rubs her back.

The aunties talk amongst each other leaving Onyiye and Mam Philisiwe in an awkward position.

"Who is your fada?" One ask.

"I don't know him

Advertisement

I've never met him before. Why are you asking?" She's confused.

"It's okay babe, you can go back to Sbahle. Sbahle can you go by more spices."

"Hau mah, there are alot of spices nje."

"Sbahle!"

Sbahle stands up and sighs grabbing her car keys. "Let's go Onyiye." They walk out.

"Is it me or are those grannies looking at me in a weird way?"
She's heartbroken. Maybe they disliked her the minute they laid their eyes on her. Her complexion has always been a problem.

"It's nothing big. Don't let them get to you. I know how stressful my aunt's can be." Sbahle says picking the package of chips in the trolley. "Do you want alcohol?"

"I've never drank before....well let me not lie. I once drank and I felt pregnant."

They both laugh.

"This time around ngeke uhlahle. If you want tlof tlof, your baby daddy is just around the corner."

"Mxm, I'll have Strongbow."

After paying for the spices and snacks. They passed by the liquor shop and bought 12 pack each.

"You should learn how to drive." Sbahle suggests. Onyiye smiles....

"I'm doing my learner's next week. Sthembiso had to drag me out of my comfort zone."

"He is doing a good thing. You should live a little. You still a kid maan. Unangaki? 18,19?"

"Turning 20 domkop into weeks time."

She laughs popping popcorn in her mouth.

"What a shame." She laughs and parks outside the gate. Onyiye looks at her briefly not too sure whether to ask her or not. What if she doesn't know and plus she is a cop? She should rather keep this to herself.

"What is it?" Sbahle asks looking at her intensely.

"Nothing, I'm just afraid of driving." She decides to zip her mouth. Never trust anyone in this world but yourself.

"It's not that bad. You will be good."

"If you say so." She shrug her shoulders leaning back.

"Let's go get wasted."

They step out of the car with Onyiye following behind. "You can leave these in the back room, no one leaves there it's still vacant after you left. Mum had hoped that you might come back and visit." She laughs a bit.

"And here I am. How I miss my old room."

It's still as it was. Her belongings are still here. Her big mattress that she bought is still here.

She places the 12 pack in her mini fridge and walks out following Sbahle behind.

She's looking at the family talking and having the time of their lives. Somehow she wished that her mother was this bubbly and warm towards her. But woman hates her with passion.

The language barrier is killing her. For a moment she almost fainted when Sbahle spoke a foreign language.

"What are you talking about?" She whispers to Sbahle.

"Nothing much. They are just asking questions about you and saying how much you look like my late sister Adeze."

She frowns for a second. This Adeze child that they kept on referring to....she once saw the picture but she didn't look nothing like her. Well, she also was a dark skinned girl but nothing like her. And for Sbahle - she took her mother's fair complexion. The next thing they will be saying is her - that she woke up from the dead. She sighs not knowing how to respond. She fakes a smile and excuses herself. Maybe she will be back some other time when these people are gone. She can't be compared with a dead person - that she refuses to believe. She goes to the back room and decides to drink and waits for Sthembiso's call.

LIMDIWE MAZIBUKO

"Make sure that you provide me with the most researched scoop, something that will be updated on the schools blog. Which ever article has the most votes gets to be published in our very own magazine. Good luck each and everyone of you." The lecture says closing her texts books that were on the table. "Same time, same place tomorrow."

Lindiwe stands up and rushes outside just to be away from everyone. Some still have the videos and some still make fun of her in front of Sizwe. Gossip never..... It's something that she cannot get used to.

She spots Mpilo and his thick girlfriend from a distance and sighs. Every failed relationship is painful. It hurts in a way no physical wounds can....

She was emotionally tortured that time, alot was going on. The trending video and her being dumped for abortion. She would cry while in class. And every time she would hear the sound of some familiar love songs, she couldn't help but cry her heart out.

She wanted to move on. She wanted to forget him as soon as she could and that's where Sizwe came to the rescue. That man made her feel special more than anyone could.

Everywhere she looked, she saw him there's just too many memories, and she thought she would go crazy trying to avoid them.

Not that she's sad but she just doesn't want to see him anywhere. She walks out of the gate and awaits for a taxi.

Mpilo and his girlfriend! Did they really had to stand beside her and cuddle in front of her. A car parks in front of her....

"Why didn't you tell me that your lessons are over sdididi?" Sizwe steps out of the car. He gives her a warm hug picking her up a bit.

"Hau, I thought you were long gone?" She replies stepping back smiling. She is here today because of this man.

"Gone where? I came back for my Queeny. Guess what I bought for you?" He is beaming in excitement clapping his hands together like a hungry child.

"Pizza?" She curiously looks at him.

"Bhamfoqo." He smiles widely.

Lindiwe looks at him dumbfounded. She will normally laugh out loud and say the weirdest things on earth. But for this....it's just leaving her speechless.

"I pray in Jesus name to provide me with a man of my dreams."

She walks past him throwing herself in the car.

"Amen!" Sizwe says following her behind. He enters the car leans over for a kisses and drives off leaving Mpilo burning in anger.

"So this article, what do you want it to be about?" Lindiwe smiles already picturing her story in the front page making headlines.

"About my friend."

"Onyiye? Tell me what are you going to write about her? By the look of things you will need two pages to write about her story and her life since its way back. This is something small, with simple events happening."

"You are right. I'm just clueless." She sighs weighing her shoulders down.

"Anything that comes from your heart will do. Connect with whatever you want to write and you will see." He cups he chubby cheeks.

"Maybe I should just write about myself. How will that look?" She bites her nails.

"What exactly?"

"Of the recent events. Maybe advise other children who are fresh from high school to not fall on the mistake I once made." He nods his head in agreement.

"That will be a great story babe. Be busy with it and I'll be busy with my work. Doing a masters degree is no child's play. I have to confess - I hate law!" He groans throwing himself on the bed covering his face with his text book.

ONYIYIE'S HOUSE

"MAMA WAKE UP!" Sisipho screams for the whole world to hear.

She looks at her mother's wide open eyes, cold body, twisted arm.

A knock on the door....

She leaves her mother and attends to door still in shock.

"I could hear you from my house. What is it?" A neighbour asks stepping inside of the house. Once upon a time this house was as clean as a castle.

"Mama, I think she's dead." She's a crying mess.

"Jesus! God forbid! Take me to her."

Sisipho takes the neighbour to her mother's bedroom. The neighbour stops on her tracks looking at a scary woman on top of her bed. She pulls her legs towards Ntombi feeling her pulse. "She's barely alive call for an ambulance?" She instructs. Sisipho takes her phone seeking for help....

"We found a huge dosage of sleeping tablets into your mother's system and we believe the overdose is the cause of her stroke. Sleep medication use may independently increase the risk of stroke beyond other risk factors in middle-aged to older individuals with no history of stroke."

"Stroke, my mother has stroke?" She's not believing.

"Unfortunately yes, we will keep her for the time being until she fully recovers."

"Was she trying to kill herself?" She asks swallowing hard.

"At this point we cannot tell. We will wait for her to fully recover and take her statement."

Sisipho nods not knowing what to ask further than this. "Excuse me, I will have to attend to my other patients."

She's going back home with a tail in-between her legs. So her mother is really sick? It's scary and draining in a way only people who've been through it understand. Now that she

thinks about it, there's nothing glamorous or energizing about caring for ailing family member.

Sighs!

She sits on the couch looking around the house. Maybe starting by cleaning will do.

The house is sparkling clean. She just needs some rest but something dawns to her. She didn't get her periods this month. She looks at the calendar and her heart thuds painfully. Could this be....

"No!"

She takes out her phone and dials the numbers.

It rings till she gives up. She tries again and it takes her straight to voicemail. Maybe he is busy and besides he is a business man who has a busy schedule. He will definitely call her back. Maybe he has back to back meetings. But just to be sure she needs to take a pregnancy test first. She takes a quick bath and goes to town.

She's looking at the two lines and her heart sinks. She is indeed truly pregnant.

Deciding what to do about an dealing with unexpected pregnancy is very difficult. There is a lot to think about. She has to make the decision that is right for her and her mother. She cannot disappoint her now that she is the most favourite.

Maybe telling his sister will do. She will talk to Lungisani once he is available since she cannot get hold of him.

She tries typing on her WhatsApp but her phone freezes taking her to every direction and viewing every WhatsApp status. Her eye catches a picture.....

She's shaking and her phone is acting up.

She switches it of and turns it back on. She views the statuses again.

"Lungisani!" Her boyfriend for three years. This cannot be happening to her. Tears veil into her eyes and drop continuously without stop. The pain is too much and unbearable.

So all along she was being made a fool by this family. His mother never lover her the minute she laid her eyes on her and that was the least of her worries. She was close with all of his sisters and they took like a family but they were conniving behind her back!

She takes a deep breath in pain.

She remembers when he told his parents about their relationship and also told them that they want to get married but they totally refused to listen to him. Especially his mother. His father is the quietest of them all. She doesn't know him that well.

She is not able to accept the fact that he is married and living with some other girl instead of her and her alone!

The breaking of a relationship is very much akin to losing someone and the process involves going through your own grieving process which can be rather difficult depending upon the circumstances in which the breakup is happening.

Imagine breaking up with someone and you were not told.

She stops typing and deletes the message with a heavy heart.

He got married a month ago. She was with him last month and everything was just fine. He seemed normal, happy to be with her. He loved her and showed her the best time of here life.

All along it was a lie! And now she is left to carry the consequences alone!

STHEMBISO JIYANE

Proposal...he is looking at all these men not too sure what to expect. His palms are sweating in fear. His face has turned red in outmost fear. He is guaranteed that he did his outmost.

The are all reading through the files not saying any words - which is very much annoying. Time waits for no man!

"Why security out of all the business you can start up? You do know that we have alot of security services in this country and you decided to add another to the population. Are you up for competition? Which is very much ridiculous."

He chucks not understanding the statement. "You know what?" He stands up annoyed. Straightens his pants pulling them down.... "I will pitch my proposal elsewhere. Your question is very much sarcastic. If you think I'm going to sit here and answers nonsense then thanks but no thanks." He closes his file and attempts to leave.

"I'm board - I like him. His attitude – keep that attitude and it will take you far. Don't beg my boy." One of the investors say smiling.

"Count me out, I'm not up for this nonsense." He pulls out of the meeting and steps out of the board meeting.

"Don't mind him. He has it bad these days, salt is killing him." The two other investors laugh. "You know how grow men are."

"I'm giving you chance since you security offers all sort of service."

Sthembiso sits down with his eyebrows furrowed.

"Welcome to the game. I'm counting on you and your services. Don't let us down." These two grandpa's just made his day.

There's nothing more than he wants just to be home with his woman and tell her the good news. He passed by the flower shops and picked the most beautiful flowers of them kind.

He knows that she love sweet things but woman always cries toothache at night and he has to stay up all night shushing her .

A call comes through his phone....

"Talk to me."

"The site is ready just waiting for your signature. Your woman will love this."

Khoza is happy that they finally found each other. Afraid as he was he thought that maybe he will misuse the money but boy has it all good. Thinking of the future of his kids.

"Thank you mfana kithi. You have no idea how much this means to me." He is all miles. He is standing by the till waiting for the woman to shout "next" as they usually do.

"Buti if you lost can you let people pass." The till girl....
Sthembiso removes his phone from his ear,

"Are you talking to me like that? I'm still busy on the phone you will wait for me, stupid girl." He clicks his tongue and continues to stand in the queue talking to the phone.

A man pushes him aside harshly making him hit the trolley on the side of his shoulder. The flowers on his hands scatter on the ground - the goodies in the basket are rolling all over the store. He shoves his phone in the packet...

"Dog!" Sthembiso shouts attracting eyes.

The man stops and turns to face him.

"What did you say?" His tall self is standing right in front of him. Sthembiso swallows in fear and faces him like a man.

"I said dog," he pokes him on his chest multiple times.

Commotion!

The man pushes him again making him to stumble backwards - Sthembiso is beyond angry. He marches his skinny legs through those black pants.

He attempts to punch but his punch was blocked. Unexpectedly the man punches him on the stomach, he groans painfully with saliva dripping out of his mouth. He kneels down trying to catch his breath....

He is breathing fire, the man is walking towards the exit. Sthembiso finally finds the courage to stand up - he will not be shamed by another man!

He follows the man and pushes him forcefully. He grabs the basket and smashes it on his head....

"I'm Sthembiso kayi One. I'm not weed - never will!" He kicks the man that has fallen on the ground. He clicks his tongue and goes back to the store.

One will ruin his moment of celebrating his success with his baby mama!

"I know that I'm lookable bit please don't look at me." He tells the till girl.

She scans the things he bought without saying a word.

Driving back home with an aching stomach. That asshole really knows how to throw a mean punch. He is still parked outside listening to the pains. He cannot even celebrate his victory!

"Maybe you should go lay down a bit." Onyiye suggests. She wants to laugh so bad.

"Maybe,"

"Come," she helps him step out of the car still holding her laugh. "Couch or bedroom?" She asks looking up at him.

"Bedroom will do."

She nods her head and helps him to their bedroom. He carefully sits down and sighs....

"I will bring you painkillers and fix you something to eat." She walks out leaving him groaning in pain.

It's just a quick snack that he will be able to digest. Two slices of bread with a slice of cheese and polony, his favourite...

"I can't feed myself - every part of my body hurts. I feel like I've being knocked down by a truck."

"What exactly happened? You don't want to tell me."

"Let's drop this. I will find that man and I will deal with him until his ancestors come to the rescue." He hisses out of anger.

"If you have a funeral cover than I'm good."

"What does that suppose to mean?" Like - he is literally confused. Isn't she meant to support him through thick and thin?

"If you die I will mourn you and move on. Forget about you, find another man get married and raise our kids. You will not have the privilege of being called a father."

He frowns looking at the devil testing him. "I should look for coffins, starting from now onwards."

"Haibo! How can you organise my death while I'm still alive?"

"Because you will die anytime soon. You are practically organising your own death an I will help you to organise it further." She shrug her shoulders.

He looks at her in defeat.

"Entlek, awungincanwa wena?"

"Believe me I love you with everything in me. I wouldn't have waited for you for so long to be back in my life. The decisions you make sometimes are reckless Sthembiso. It's not what you want and what you will do. Whatever silly action you are trying to take, please make sure that the kids do not suffer because they do I will...."

"Okay, no need to kill me I get your point." He sighs. "I'm sorry I'm just angry that's all. My day started off in a not so good mood and ended in not so good mood." He explains.

"Askies, so how did the pitch go." She gets in bed and snuggles herself next to him.

"Not so hard baby. Be light with me I'm in pain." He reminds her.

"Be light with you? Mxm, so.....?"

"I got the deal signed everything and now I will have to put posters online for it. Design the logo – yoh thixo. Just take that brown envelope everything is there."

Onyiye grabs the brown envelope that is on top of the pedestal and reads through the papers that were inside. A smile grows on her face.

"Wow, so much money!"

The zeroes are confusing her.

"That's all you care about, the money?" He chucks holding his aching stomach.

"You have no idea. I grew up with nothing so this...."

Her eyes glister with tears.

Sthembiso smiles brushing her face admiring he inner and outer beauty. "I did what I did for us."

"Thank you." She leans over for a kiss placing her tiny hand on his stomach. He groans....

"Sorry." She giggles covering her face. He smiles pulling her to sleep on his chest.

"You the best in the history." He brushes her afro. He has never seen a woman who prefers their own natural hair.

"Not in the future?"

"No history mamazi."

"Mxm no wonder you are going to die young."

They both laugh.

She's fast asleep and he just enjoys watching her in her sleep. She's smiling and talking. This one always talks in her sleep

Advertisement

she talks of the events that happened that very same day. He pulls his phone from underneath the pillow and decides to take a short video of her. This woman!

He slowly gets of the bed - he needs to make an important phone call.

“Lindiwe are we still on?”

He asks sitting on top of the couch.

“What time tomorrow?”

“Lets make it around 12. We will meet in that restaurant we last met.” He disconnects the call smiling.

ONYIYE'S HOME

Sisipho has been trying Lungisani's phone since yesterday without luck. She didn't want to believe that the man she loved with her all got married while declared his love for her.

It's pasted in every social media - every post she comes across. Since he is not taking her calls she will leave a message on his Facebook comment section on the recent picture he uploaded.

"Yazi somehow I feel so stupid that I once loved you with my all. Just last month you were with me declaring your love for me. Sweating and mourning on top of me. Telling me all sorts of promises. The heaven and earth you promised me. You made me believe that you are the one for me Kanti you knew very

well that you were never mine to begin with. You made me fall for you so deeply that I forgot to love myself in the process..." She stops typing and burst into tears painfully. She wipes her tears off and continues to type. "It's fine I will let you go. Just so you know you left your seed in me. Yes Lungisani I am pregnant and the baby is yours. If you like you can be part of your babies life."

She posts and reads through the comments. Most laughing saying she's seeking for attention from a married man.

A response from Lungisani - an unpleasant one.

"First of all it's not mourning it's moaning. It was a mistake I will forever regret. I don't understand how I dated a woman who doesn't know how to differentiate filth and cleanliness, moan and mourning. You had an awful smell down there - have you ever wondered why I never muffed you?"

I'm even sure that - that baby is not even mine. Please, stop spreading rumours that the baby is mine. Talk about someone who hates her own blood sister. Mxm."

She holds her chest painfully and sobs letting her phone slip through her fingers.

She's not believing her eyes. So he had to say all those mean, hurtful things when he enjoyed her just weeks ago.

She trusted him that he will never mention Onyiye to anyone. Now the whole world knows her as a cruel sister where as people don't know the reason behind hating her.

She gets a call from the hospital telling her that her mother cannot no longer be in the hospital which was very much surprising.

"What do you mean?" She sits up straight and listens attentively.

"I'm sorry but the beds are full and your mother's situation is beyond our control. The last is tomorrow, please make sure that you come fetch her."

"I have to be at work. No one is at home. I can't fetch her tomorrow."

"Unfortunately, there is nothing that I can be able to do on my end. I'm also following the doctors order."

The receptionist says.

"Okay, I'll see if hat I can do."

She drops the line and sighs sadly. This is where Onyiye comes in. She must come back wherever she is to take care of their mother. She cannot put her life on hold.

"Hello mah unjani?"

She's smiling through her puffy eyes.

"Yebo," Lindiwe's mother frowns.

"I'm here to ask for a favour."

"Yes, what is it?"

She clears her throat that is suddenly feeling dry.

"Can you kindly provide me with Onyiye's number. I've been trying to get hold of her but her number is not going through."

"What do you want from her?"

"The thing is my mother is sick and she needs someone to take care of her. Since Onyiye is not working she will have to come back home and take care of our mother."

"So now that she is sick all of a sudden Onyiye is her child too? Interesting."

"It's not like that...."

"Don't, just save it. I've never seen her ever since your mother kicked her out of the house. You should go look for her where your mother dumped her."

A door being shut on her face.

"Wow!" She's not believing.

Where to from here? She also doesn't know. She spots Clive from a distance and decides to wait for him. Looks like he is taking his own sweet time and time is not on her side - she needs to find that girl before noon.

"I've been waiting for you." Finally, Clive catches up with her.

"Is it? Why?"

"I need your help. I want you to give me Onyiye's number. I know she's your best friend and you call each other from time to time." She's holding her breath.

"I haven't spoken to Onyiye in months. I lost my phone and that is when I lost her contact."

She sighs feeling discouraged. Clive was her only last hope! She tried calling Auntie Sandi but she got no assistance. Looks like she vanished within the blink of an eye from the surface of the earth.

"Why are you looking for her anyway?" He asks.

"It's nothing important." She leaves him standing and goes back home. First it was Lungisani with his drama and now this! She's just adding more trouble to the already trouble that she has.

AT THE STATION

Zulu is searching through Sbahle's files looking for every information that he could find. Nothing informative!

He clicks his tongue annoyed, maybe ambushing his house will do.

The last time they made themselves look like fools. He puts his hand in his pocket, fishes for a paper that he was provided earlier on and mistakenly a USB drops out of his pocket. Without him noticing he walks out of Sbahle's work station and goes outside for a smoke. He bumps into Sbahle at the door....

"I'm coming for that boyfriend of yours. I'm this close." He smirks as he walks past her but Sbahle kept her mouth shut. She will not pay attention to him - he has been seeking it for quite some time now and honestly his song is starting to be a bore now. She mistakenly stomps on something...she picks it up and looks at it.

"A USB?" She asks herself. Maybe someone dropped it. But what if....

She will just keep this to herself. Whoever lost any USB will come forward. She shoves it in her pocket and begins to work.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

"Don't you think you in a bit of a rush, perhaps? She's still young and she's still yet to see the world. Maybe she's yet to find her Mr right and Wena you want to trap her in marriage?" Khoza is not hearing this one, one bit at all As much as he is happy for him he is just afraid that he is making drastic decisions.

"I'm sure Khoza. You know I never had this kind of relationship with my own brother. So, hearing your point of view is the best for me. So what do you suggest I do?"

He asks biting his pen. It's midnight and they are chilling like it's midday.

"Wait for her to graduate first then take a decision after you've seen her that she can handle a house hold. By then she will be like 24-25 if I'm not mistaken. Wena nje just make sure you get to know her from the back of her head."

"That's a bit extreme don't you think? Knowing someone at the back of their head."

"You understand what I meant and you will know. Let's go back to the site. A site is fine giving it to her as a birthday present. In five years to come money will be rolling in because what I do know is she will make good use of it and plus she has a mind of an adult."

"Seeing her locked up all day where as I know that she loves farming more than anything haunts me. You know today she told me she wants to go help mum with their harvest because it's too big."

"Let her go and have fun with the soil. Maybe she missing the kids - she doesn't want to stress you."

Sthembiso sighs sadly. Maybe telling her to spend the weekend with his mother will bring her mood back. She's been sulky lately.

Khoza looks at his ringing phone and smiles picking it up.

"Babe, okay, I'm with Sthembiso. We are coming." He drops the phone and looks at Sthembiso who was looking back at him.

"Let's go." Without asking any questions they stand up and walk towards the door. Sthembiso locks behind.

Khoza drives to a secret location and finds Sbahle already standing waiting for him.

"You should look at this I don't have time." She kisses him and runs back to her car and drives off in full speed. Khoza does the same and drives off to his house near by.

BACK AT THE HOUSE

Onyiye slowly opens her eyes in shock of unfamiliar voices. Her heart pounds in fear as she slowly gets of the bed.

Windows breaking...

She grabs her phone and tries calling Sthembiso but his phone rings from the inside. She curses not knowing what to do. She dials Sbahle but it just takes her straight to voicemail. She looks around searching for a place to hide.

She looks at the window, if she opens it and jumps out of it will they catch her?

Her mind tells her to grab a gown and her slippers.

She throws it out of the window....

The voices are getting closer making her freeze and shake in fear.

Her phone slips from her hands and drop making a sound on the tiles.

"Check all bedrooms, I heard something." One of the men say.

She tries picking it up but it slips underneath the bed further. The bedroom opposite hers opens, the kids bedroom!

She's biting her nails in horror...

She's thinking hard scratching her head. The door handle of the door drops down and the door slowly opens. She's ready for whatever she will be facing. She's been in way worse situations than this!

ONYIYE'S HOME

She fetched her mother this morning and she's been looking at her not knowing what to do. Her mother doesn't talk nor move. It's like she has turned into a complete zombie.

She called Auntie Busiwe today and luckily she was available just for a month. She came as soon as possible when she heard of her sister being a bedridden.

"Where's Onyiye?" She asks. She has been gawking at the door ever since she got here. It's midnight and she is nowhere to be seen.

"I don't know." She's tired and drained. Being asked about that useless good for nothing shame of a sister!

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"My mother found her a job after giving two births to fatherless kids. She ran away from that job and no one knows where she is." She shrug her shoulders without care.

Auntie Busiwe decides not to say anything further. She gets hung up on the statement - 'she gave two births to fatherless kids.' Maybe it's her who doesn't understand these youngsters

language. She knows about her sister Ntombi not loving her own daughter.

"Does your mother still say she was raped when she conceived Onyiye?"

That is a lie that Ntombi has been cooking ever since she found out that her father is a foreigner.

Sisipho looks at her aunt confused.

"I don't get you."

"Never mind but what I know is a truth always has a way of coming out. One day is one day and that day you will not believe anything. In-fact, you will be embarrassed to even look at her."

She stands up in disappointment and goes to the bedroom.

This is the only aunt that always had Onyiye's back when everyone turned into a blind eye into Ntombi's lies. She knew her sister - how much of cruel standard she can get up to.

Sisipho is left with alot of unanswered questions. She's looking at her mother blinking.

"Mah," she helps her sit. "Is there anything you need?"

From the position she's in - pain is evident but no voice is audible much for her to hear anything.

She sighs sitting down...

The blinking again, Sisipho shakes her and stands up to boil water in the kettle. Probably, just maybe she wants her addiction. One teaspoon of sugar and rooibos tea with no milk has always been her favourite.

She makes the tea warm and drinkable for her.

Tomorrow, she has to be at work. How will she cope? She's up all night

"Hmmm," that's her mother trying to make communication. She looks down at herself shamefully.

"Did you really have to mess yourself!" She half screams. "I can't do this. This is too much for me." She's crying.

Foot steps approaching...

"Go to bed, I'll take it from here." Great, just great! Now Auntie Busiwe knows how much of a failure she is. She's failing to take care of her mother.

She stands up wiping her tears and goes to bed. She's goddamn pregnant with an unwanted child and on top of that her life had to be miserable with her mother being sick!

Unable to fall asleep she's been tossing and turning rambling with questions and thoughts.

"....truth always has a way of coming out. One day is one day and that day you will not believe anything. In-fact, you will be embarrassed to even look at her..."

She sigh trying to close her eyes but these words just keep on being repeatedly played.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

"I don't understand what's going on. Why do I have a feeling that these photos have something to do with Dumisani?"

Khoza looks at the screen focused.

"Look at this video." Khoza shifts the laptop to Sthembiso. His eyes widen in shock. This is definitely his Onyiye. How did they get here?

"The bastard has been following us." He bags the table in frustration.

"Which means your woman is not safe." Khoza.

"I bumped into him a week ago and I thought that maybe he now lives this side. I didn't pay much attention to him because..."

"Tazz, even if you didn't pay much attention to him. You should have told us!" Sthembiso is livid.

"This is not the time to pin point fingers. Now we know that he is not resting till he finds what's yours. Entlek this fool gave the cops every information." Khoza always the calm one who doesn't make drastic decisions. They all keep quite looking at the evidence that was handed to the cop that always had been on his tail for years. Sthembiso chucks not believing.

"wow," that's all he could say for now. If he knew his brother was an enemy...

Khoza's phone chimes from the coffee table. He picks it up and frowns looking at the caller ID. He shifts his eyes to Sthembiso looking back at him. He is looking at Khoza who had this unexplainable look on his face.

He gives Sthembiso the phone but retrieves it first to answer....

He listens attentively trying to get the muffles and the shuffling's.

"Maybe she dialled you by mistake." He says, he hands the phone back to him. Khoza puts the phone on loudspeaker...

"Where is your phone?"

Khoza asks Sthembiso who immediately checked his pockets and no sign of his phone.

"I think I left it at home." He replies.

Sthembiso picks the phone up and places the phone on his ear again... Her screams!

"Can you we go now! I think someone broke in." Without waste Khoza doesn't ask any questions he follows Sthembiso behind.

"Could she be in danger? Of course she's in danger!" He is scratching his lower lip. This normally happens when he is beyond frustrated to a point that he doesn't think clearly.

"Which means she tried calling you and your phone is - I don't know. Then she tried me. I think something big is going on in the house."

Passing every robot without checking if any car is passing by. A white car with lights on bright pass them in high speed.

"Isilima lesi, who brightens lights like this when passing another car?"

Khoza parks out of the gate, they both jump out and hurry towards the house.

No sign of anyone. He sinks on the couch with tears dropping one after the other.

Khoza is out and about the house...

"We should go look for her. This is not the time for you to be a weakling."

"Where do we even begin?"

Sthembiso is panting in fear. Not in his wildest dream has he ever thought his brother would do him like this.

"We only came with one car...you know what..." Tazz was cut short by Khoza.

"That white car!"

They all look at each other...

Khoza is driving one direction just moving forward not taking short left's. Something in him says he must just keep driving.

"We are heading to Maritzburg. Did you notice?"

This route is not for the fainted heart like Sthembiso. No cars, the road is not even busy.

"I can bet they drove this way."

Silence!

A dog comes out of nowhere and stands in the middle of the road.

Khoza notices - he presses harshly on the breaks making Sthembiso to lean over bashing his nose on to the dashboard.

"Fuck!"

It hurts and it feels like his nose has shifted.

He groans painfully holding his breath with tears threatening to come out.

"You bleeding, don't move." Khoza holds the back of his head and places his hand on his nose. "This will hurt..."

Khoza forcefully shifts his nose swiping it to the right shifting it back into it's position.

He screams in agony and burst into tears due to the massive pain he is feeling.

"Cry it all out." Khoza places his head on his shoulder and rubs his back. He is trying to calm him down.

He removes his head from his shoulder and leans back taking a deep sigh.

"I'm hurt."

Sthembiso let's put another sigh. Khoza knows exactly what he means. Boy will be fine

he just needs to be strong.

He starts the car again and drives off but the car immediately breaks down.

"no, no!"

This cannot be happening!

AUNT SANDI

She is a mother and guilt is eating her up slowly. She has tried Onyiye on her cell phone number countless time with no luck. She gulps down one remaining drop of wine in her glass.

She clicks her tongue smashing her glass on the wall.

She hates herself that she has been leaving with a man she thought was a man enough to look out for his family but he is just a dog that filled with greed and desire for sleeping with kids.

She hasn't healed - her own daughter doesn't want anything to do with her. Does she blame her? No.

She chose to believe a good for nothing husband than her own child!

She needs to talk to her mother. It's late but she needs someone to talk to someone.

"Mah," her lips quiver...

"Sandisiwe."

Her mother is still cold and that's understandable.

"You were right."

Silence.

"A mother knows better. I'm not going to say I told you so but the fact that you chose to side with a man that has 32 teeth over your own child shocked me. I'm too old to be having heart attacks because of you. Manje when is the man owning up to his responsibilities?"

She sniffs. "what responsibilities mah?"

"Angithi phela he left his seed in my granddaughter's womb. Tell him that his son is a year old."

This can't be happening. Her daughter is only 16 to be a mother. A mother to her husband! She failed giving her husband a child. Out of all the incidence - how many children does he have out there?

"No, tell me that is not true mah." She's rocking herself back and forth with her spine swelling in sweat. "No one ever told me." It hurts that things have come to this point.

"That's because you chose your marriage over your own blood. How will you know when you dumped her here like a piece of rotten meat. You went away and never looked back. I didn't see any reason to tell you. As much as you have disappointed me it hurts that my own child was stupid enough to make such a drastic decision. Your sister got married and you were never here to give away because ncelana namasende omnukubezi."

Her chest is closing up.

She needs to be home this up coming weekend. A lot has been happening and looks like she is in the dark. Yes, she agrees her mother has never been soft with words she tells the raw truth as it is.

"I'm sorry." She has ran out of words, shame and stupidity taking over.

"I hear you. I need to go back to sleep. Sbani is giving me a hard time at night."

Guess the name of the baby is Sbani, she's assuming.

She wants to ask but the question keeps getting blocked from coming out. Her mother drops the line. She looks up closing her eyes...

"Ow God,"

Her chest is paining making her to take a deep breath. She bangs her head slightly on the kitchen counter and burst into tears.

From the kitchen she goes back to her room finding her husband snoring peacefully. She takes time looking at him - anger brewing up. She wants to know, did he do his shaming in their bedroom? Or did he book somewhere? As much as it hurts the plain fact is that it will not change the fact that this man - her husband is a molester!

Sirens wailing from outside...

After that live video of him confessing alot changed. A lot of victims spoke and funny as it hurts he never even dated any of them. How was he going to date them? They are fucken children for crying out loud!

"What's that noise?" The devil is up trying to regain his sight.

"I don't know. I will go check out." She turns to leave. Maybe there was an accident somewhere. She slowly opens the door before the cops could even knock.

"Miss, is your husband home?" Her throat dries up running out of words. This cannot be happening just when the shame of her husband molesting kids has been out in the open. she's still trying to regain the strength from it. She's yet again being humiliated in front of her neighbours.

"Yes," she steps aside and let's them in. Her husband Jack comes down the steps wearing a jersey. He brings his hands forward.

"I'm ready." He looks at his wife one last time. "I'm sorry. My lawyer will be seeing you, he will brief you about everything."

"No time!" One of the cops push him. She stands there looking at him being pulled by his neck. As much of a devil he was she loved and still loves him!

Looking at him being cuffed and thrown in the van like a criminal is a picture that will take time to be erased from her memories.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

Still stuck on the road.

Khoza tries to restart the car again.

"Shit!" He bangs the steering wheel countless times.

"Guess we will have to push the car."

Tazz suggests. It doesn't make any sense. This car has a full tank, it was serviced just yesterday.

Sthembiso and Tazz step out of the car and begin to push while Khoza is trying to start the car.

Finally after 45 minutes of pushing the car finally gives in. They both hop in the car and Khoza drives off. From the distance he spots some lights.

"Is that a car I see?" Sthembiso.

"A car or lights?" Tazz ask. "Those are car lights."

They drive along hoping to reach the car....

MEANWHILE

Onyiye slowly opens her eyes, her vision is blurry. She's seeing trees...panic and fear taking her to the outmost. Her bladder is full and she's trying to think hard. What's the worst that could happen to her? She carefully lifts her head without making any shuffling's. The bushes. Her heart pounds rapidly against her chest. She swallows through her dry throat. Afraid to breathe

she carefully takes long breath and slowly take it out. The only question at hand here is, how will she escape this equation?

"Where are we taking her?" One of the men ask.

"To where are we supposed to take her?"

"I don't know, you tell me."

"You heard what the guy said. We bring her to him and we get what we want - which is money of course. I need to pee," the car parks at the side of the road. She's all alone in the backseat. The driver turns to look at her but she quickly closes her eyes before he could even notice anything.

He is looking at her suspiciously.

He searches for the other man who stepped out and he is deep into the bushes - maybe one round of a quickie will not kill plus she's fast asleep – so he thought. He unbuckles his pants and slides the zip down and begins to pump himself until he got hard.

He then steps out of the car and pulls his pants down letting his member spring free, he opens the backseat door.

He searches for any movements but there was none. He opens her legs slowly apart and smiles looking at her tiny pussy....

NARRATED

Her heart beats rapidly of the thought of her being molested again. Being taken against her will. She remembers it vividly like it was yesterday. That man groaning on top of her enjoying every inch and ounce of her. She hasn't forgotten though she lives through the pain. She's too broken to be in that phase again. Those silent cries she muffled within her. That man murdered her spirit! And for that, her mother is as good as dead to her. She wouldn't be here if she had a mother! Here is another man looking at her nakedness.

The man pulls his pants further down right below his butt...looks around again for any signs of any movements. He still has the door wide open. The road is clear. He opens her legs wider apart with her still in pretence of being deep in sleep.

Her lips quiver in shame. Obviously, she wouldn't handle another pain! She feels his hand traveling in-between her thighs. He runs her nuna with his thumb and he groans. That sickens her to the core! He looks around searching for any movements but the other alliance is deep into the bushes.

He tries pulling her underwear down but the shuffling of the bushes makes him stop. He pulls her dress down closing her legs and slowly closes the door not closing it shut. He pulls his pants up and pretends to be releasing himself.

"We can go." The man says stomping his feet on the road. He looks at him suspiciously. "What are you doing?"

"Peeing, can't you see." He snaps.

"Okay, then why is the ground not wet?" He would also like to know.

"It just won't come out." He say fastening his belt and zipping his pants up.

"Is it?"

"What's with you and your fucken hundred questions? It's annoying man. Let's go." He gets in the drives seat and buckles up with the man following behind still looking at him suspiciously. He hops in the car and looks at the backseat, looking at Onyiye peacefully sleeping.

"For how long does this drug stays on?"

"Three hours. Lets go, that guy is waiting for his package." He starts the car and begins to drive off.

Onyiye slowly opens her eyes with her heart drumming in fear.

Their conversation doesn't sit well with her. Where are they taking her to? Who wants her? She has to think of a plan of being out of this car as quickly as possible.

"There's a car following us." The driver says looking at the rear mirror.

"I noticed too. Maybe they will pass." He turns to look at the back but the lights are being shined brighter. "This car is heading straight towards us. Hit on the accelerator!" The man instructs. He presses on the accelerator but the car is right behind them. Onyiye slowly lifts her head carefully not to make any noise. She looks at the door and notices that she can open and jump right out of it. She sits up straight - their eyes meet. She looks at the driver's eyes in the rear mirror..."what the fuck!" He turns to look back notice her fiddling with the door. He loses balance on the road but quickly puts it back in its shape. She opens it widely - she looks at the both them debating with her thoughts. The guy sitting on the passenger's seat tries jumping to get hold of her but Onyiye jumps for her life - she jumps out of the moving vehicle. Her body rolling repeatedly on the road in a fast pace as the cars speed.

She lays flat on the ground not moving. Khoza's car parks metres away from the scene.

The car that Onyiye jumped out from stops, they both get out of the car running towards Onyiye.

Sthembiso jumps out of Khoza's car also and runs to where Onyiye is. Khoza and Tazz follow shortly with their guns ready to shoot.

Sthembiso picks Onyiye up who was unconscious and bloody.

"Give us the girl." The driver says pointing a gun at Sthembiso. He doesn't seem fazed by it. Rather his heart is pumping with rage.

"No!" He has her carried in a bridal style.

"Sthembiso, get in the car!" Khoza instructs. Sthembiso continues with his journey but he turns one last time to look at the driver.

"That is the man that shot me." He continues to walk towards the car after sharing the shocking news. He places Onyiye peacefully in the backseat making her comfortable.

"Shhh, I'm here Nana." He brushes her messy afro. She's shivering and he hated that.

"He to...he touched me." She says with her teeth clenching against each other.

"No one is going to touch you ever again." He says fixing her dress. She nods her head with tears rolling at the corner of her eyes.

The argument is getting heated up. Khoza pulls the trigger first and Tazz follows.

Two men down...

"Let's take her to the hospital."

Khoza makes a U-TURN leaving the dead bodies on the ground. The car is filled with silence, no one is saying a word. Just the car and it's sounds.

Finally, they arrive at the hospital. Onyiye has been admitted and special care has been taken. Eight stitches in her body...

"Will you be okay?" Khoza asks Sthembiso who is looking all worn out and tired.

"I'll be fine. I can't leave her alone." He looks at her sleeping peacefully.

Khoza nods his head. "Call me if you need anything." He taps on his shoulder and turns to leave with Tazz following behind.

It's morning already and he has been sitting on this chair for hours. His butt feels numb. He sighs standing up and every inch of his body hurts. He looks at the time and it's only 4:30am. He gently pushes Onyiye aside and slides next to her. It's cold...

"He...help!" She's crying in her sleep.

"Babe, vuka." He shakes her gently minding the stitches on her body. She slowly opens her eyes and looks around.

"You here." She's happy to see him and lost at the same time.

"I'm here my love." He says. Onyiye looks at him without saying a word.

She takes a deep, "he touched me. They were meant to take me to someone."

She says.

Sthembiso clench his jaws in anger. "All of that won't be happening. I will make sure not to let you out of my sight ever again." He kisses her forehead and smiles looking at this dark beauty in front of his eyes. His phone chimes - he fishes for it out of his pocket and sighs looking at the screen. "Lindiwe!" He screams from the inside. Can't this girl get some sleep! It's too damn early to be reminded. It's not nearly even 6:00am and already she's filling up his phone. He immediately puts his

phone on flight mode and looks at Onyiye who is now fast asleep again. "I will be back. Baby daddy has a few things to take care of." He kisses the top of her head, jumps off the bed and walks out.

Along the entrance he remembers that he cannot leave her alone. He can't ask Lindiwe as well.

"I need someone to guard baby mama while I'm not around." He sends a text and impatiently waits for the reply.

Perks of being rich now he has two bloody phones. Perhaps maybe he should consider buying his baby mama a new phone. The money he gives her is being spent towards her education.

A text comes through and he smiles. "Atleast Sbahle is coming, someone who she is familiar with."

He talks to himself while requesting on his other phone standing on the side of the road...

STHEMBISO JIYANE

Leaving the hospital he requested to driven home. As much as he didn't trust those apps he is grateful that he is home safe and sound. First thing he did was to eat for the whole nation.

Standing in the shower enjoying that peaceful hot shower dribbling his back. He is feeling his nerves being relaxed and calming after a stressful night. His skin has turned red. He switches the tap off and steps out of the shower.

He inhales sharply calming his nerves.

He grabs a big towel and wipes his body, throws the towel on the floor and steps on the bed. He shakes his head looking at the towel on the floor. If she was here he would have got the scolding of his life. That woman is a neat freak.

He gets undercovers and closes his eyes. The more he tries catching some sleep the more the scene happens repeatedly. He saw her jumping out of that car, he saw her body rolling non stop, moving along side with the car. The time she finally stopped rolling he has already accepted that she was long gone. The thought alone of that makes him...

He wakes up panting with his scalp filled with sweat. Maybe he shouldn't have covered his whole body now he is having a collection of nightmares. He gets out of the bed.

He remembers himself having those sleeping tablets. One won't kill.

He gulps it down with a chuck of water following. He sighs collecting himself still standing with his ding dong hanging in-between his legs.

He burps and throws himself again on the bed.

-

After a long heart full sleep he finally finds the strength to look into his files. Nothing is making sense to him at the moment. Maybe waiting for his woman will do. He is definitely tired of biting this pen with nowhere forward.

He has another plan in motion a plan that will put a bright smile on his face.

"Are you still up for that date?" He asks Lindiwe.

"Yea, sure. Sizwe is not around so I'm free." She responds.

"Same hotel, same room." He says disconnecting the call.

He looks at himself - his skin is pretty red. No need to bathe he did earlier on.

He sprays on his cologne that the madam bought for him.

Powder blue jeans with Air Force white sneakers. White t-shirt with a powder blue blazer. Spot on for him.

He drives out of the yard with a huge smile on his face. He parks his car in the parking lot and steps out of the car walking towards the hotel...

ONYIYE'S HOME

It's half past seven in the morning and already she is late. She slept late and wakes up late. By this time she should have been on the road on her way to work.

The kettle is taking too long and she's very much impatient.

"Are you going somewhere?" Asks aunt Busiwe who is stretching herself in the middle of the kitchen.

"Work."

"I thought that maybe you will take some time off until you mother recovers."

"I'd love to but I will have to put food on the table." She being honest not that she is running away from her responsibilities.

"I get that, your mother needs you. Imali ayibaleki mntanami. You cannot stress yourself. You are still very young to be troubling yourself with such."

Sisipho sighs feeling discouraged.

"Then what shall I do?" She asks. If only her mother was not on mute it would have been better.

"Help your mother heal and then sort yourself out. I have requested for someone to come see her."

"Who?" Why won't she run this past her. She is the caretaker of this house and not her.

"You will see. Just get your mother ready."

She doesn't respond she takes the kettle, pours water into the basin she was going to use.

She's bathing her mother and all of this feels - it doesn't feel real at all.

After bathing her she decided to make quick breakfast. Maybe last night's food will do. She quickly warms it up for her, dishes up for her and helps her eat.

It's a struggle. Imagine having to feed a grown as woman who doesn't like ant to open her mouth fully!

"Ma, open your mouth!" She snaps. Her mother gag trying to take it down but everything comes up to her throat and spews everything directly at her face.

"Go take a bath. I'll clean up here."

Sisipho stands up with her heart racing not believing. Did her mother really had to... The thought of it make her spew her own morning sickness. She runs outside to empty her stomach with her mother's mixture on her face. She takes her clothes off feeling disgusted by herself. She walks back in the house but naked to have a quick bath.

A knock on the door. Busiwe stands up to go open and finds a very beautiful woman wearing all white standing.

"Ungangena." Busiwe instructs but the lady stands still. She looks around the house with a slight frown in her face.

"Where is the owner of the house?" The lady asks.

Busiwe points out at Onyiye's mother who is sitting on her mattress staring into this space.

"No, not her."

"Then, it's me." Sisipho chips in. The woman shakes her head not wanting to continue with the conversation but she had to say it.

"Your sister, is the owner of this house. Where is she?" Sisipho looks at Busiwe confused. How does...

"I don't get you." She's lost.

"Your mother will explain once the ancestors decide other wise. Your mother has alot of grudge held up against her heart. That grudge made her resent her own child. A grudge that her daughter knew nothing of. And you on top of that

Advertisement

you are lost and you need direction towards your life. Alot is happening but you are pleasing the devil."

"What are you talking about?" She stands up to face the woman.

"It's not my right to tell you but your mother will. Just so you know, your mother was never raped. That child was never a child of rape. She had that child according to her own will. But you will not understand because..."

"I see what you are doing! You want that fatherless dog to comeback into my mother's house just because my mother is sick and has no one beside her." She shouts.

"Sisi..."

"Don't you dare call my name. This was your plan all along? Vele you never liked me. It was all about that precious thing called Onyiye. How evil can you be mamncane? I thought you are here out of the goodness of your heart Kanti cha, I'm making myself look stupid! Yazin, all of your get out of my

mother's house and your fake prophet or pastor of yours. I hate to admit that I hate all of you!"

Busiwe gasps in shock and hold her chest in disbelief.

"Sisipho!"

"Just pack your rags and get the fuck of my mother's house!"

"One day you will find the truth." The woman steps out of the house and leaves traces - drops of water that she has in her bottle without anyone noticing.

Auntie Busiwe shortly follows.

"Hope it won't be too late."

She steps out of her house with her bags.

It's midday and she's battling with her thoughts. Can it be? No she doesn't want to think the worst of her mother.

She's standing in the kitchen looking for something to cook but finds nothing. All cardboards are empty. The only thing that is in this house is that mealie meal that aunt Busiwe bought and that 2KG mix portion. She sighs balancing herself on the stove. Everything hurts.

Her mother is sick, now she has a fatherless child when she swore never to fall pregnant out of wedlock. Now she will be a

laughing stock like Onyiye. She cannot afford to have this child alone. Maybe telling Lungisani to give her that money he once promised her.

She leaves the kitchen to search for her phone in her bedroom. She sits on her bed and sends a straight forward text.

"You can send me that money. I will have an abortion as you have you have requested."

She anxiously waits for a response but nothing. She logs in on her WhatsApp and forgets that everyone in Lungisani's household has blocked her. She sighs feeling discouraged and logs out. She throws her phone on the side and lays on her back lost in thoughts.

After some time her phone beeps, she wakes up in full speed. He has sent her R1500,00. She feels her shoulders being filled with a heavy weight. Part of her hoped that he will say she should not have an abortion. She shall keep the baby and maybe be a second wife.

"Mxm," tears blind her vision. She has a lot to say but she has no one to talk to. She sighs wiping the tears falling off her face.

A breaking glass sound...

She hurries out of the room finding her mother sleeping on her side shaking vigorously. She lefts her seating!

She pulls her legs straighten them and burst into tears kneeling down. What will she do now? She stands up and runs out of the house to go call for her neighbour.

She knocks on the door repeatedly.

"Awu I'm coming bo!"

The woman says form the inside and opens the door with a slight frown on her face. "Yini kwenzenjani ekuseni!" She asks stepping out of the house closing the kitchen door behind her.

"I don't know, it's my mother."

"Okay let's go." The woman wears he shoes and runs behind Sisipho.

She finds her mother's eyes rolled backwards. She stops and feels like her heart is being reaped out into pieces.

"Mama!" She jumps slapping her own thighs, she pulls her dress and places both hands on her head out of horror. Not her mother!

"She's alive. Go call Mahlase!" She runs out of the house without asking any questions.

Mahlase is kneeling in front of Onyie's mother burning incense. She sneezes multiple times until her eyes rolled back normally.

"Sibonge," says Mahlase packing his traditional medicine. He sighs rubbing black ointment under her feet. He shakes his head and sighs again with a heavy presence he is suddenly feeling.

"Where is your sister?" He asks Sisipho.

She shrug her shoulders unbotheredly. It annoys her that everyone has to refer her as her bloody sister!

"Your mother is her own enemy here." He stands. "Make sure she drinks this every morning before she could even brush her teeth." He hands her a bottle of medicine.

Sisipho takes it with both hands still kneeling next to her mother who was now wide awake.

"What do you mean when you..."

"It's not in my position to tell you. Your mother will tell you in your own time." He walks out leaving the neighbour still inside.

"Since your mother is now well I will be also leaving."

"Ngyabonga mah. I don't know what I would have done if you didn't agree to put a hand." She says gratefully.

"That's what neighbours do for each other. You will never know the day you need someone's help. Let me get going."

She steps out leaving Sisipho in guilt. This woman helped her when her and her mother always refused to help whenever they are indeed.

"On...Onyiye."

"Huh?" Maybe she didn't hear correctly.

"Go...go call On...Onyiye." she repeats.

"Onyiye doesn't live with us any longer. Remember you chased her out."

She doesn't understand why all of a sudden she calls out that girls name.

"Call here." Her flat tone says.

Without asking any questions she dials her number but no one picks up. It's going through today, luckily. She tries again but no response.

"She's not picking up."

Her mother nods her head.

"Help me sleep."

"I'm going to town to buy a few stuffs. Will you be okay alone?" She asks helping her to lay on the side comfortably.

"Yes,"

"Okay." She stands up and goes to her bedroom. She needs to pass by her work place and talk to Shane about her job. She cannot loose it now.

She will just change...

She enters her workplace. It's packed as usual. Everyone is in there spot doing what they know best. Being a cashier was never her dream job but poverty lead her to it.

She takes a deep and...

"Sisipho," one of her colleague meet her half way.

"Hai, is Shane in?" She asks suddenly feeling nervous.

"Yes, he is in his office." She responds.

"I will see you after our meeting."

She walks straight to his office and knocks.

"Come in!" Shane shouts form the inside. She slowly enters his office and suddenly her palms sweat in fear.

"Ow, it's you. What can I do for you?" He stops typing on his laptop and shifts his full focus to her.

"I need to talk to you," she's still standing.

"Have a seat."

She slowly sits down running out of words.

"I'm here to plead with you. The thing is my mother is sick and..."

"This is what I hate about hiring you blacks. You always come up with stories whenever you have to work. If it's not your mother it's your unhealthy children with fatherless kids."

She keeps quiet for a second. "Just a couple of days sir, please. I will have to work double shift if I have to."

The man laughs mocking. "Your position has been taken by someone who needs it badly."

She stands up and keels down, "please, I will do anything you ask me to." She sounds too desperate but she has no choice now, does she?

"Anything you say." He looks at her from head downwards.

"Stand up. You know what to do if you want to keep your job."

He smiles revealing his yellow teeth. She gapes in shock. Not again. She cannot do it again. She got this job by opening her legs for this old white man and now she has to do it again for securing her job.

"Isn't there another way?" Her tears betray her.

"Your tears don't move me. It's with you girly, do what I want or you leave my office. If you please me, you will earn for three months and after that, you get your job back."

She wipes her tears in defeat. "Okay,"

"Okay what?"

"I will do it." She looks at the floor wishing that the ground could just swallow her right this minute.

"Good for, now come to papa." He stands up taking of his pants off. She looks at his long thin stick and closes her eyes. She will have to bare with this white man until he is done doing what he doesn't know what to do. She pulls her dress up and takes her underwear off. She stands in front of him. He pulls her towards him, without warning he shoves his tounge in her mouth making her to gag in disgust.

He turns her around and makes her bend with her chest on top of the table.

He positions his flat banana and shoves it roughly in her making her to stiffen...

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"My daughter, what happened?" Mam Philisiwe already fussing over her. "I think you should come back home."

"Mah, you don't even know what happened but already you want her to..." Sbahle was cut short by her ringing phone. She excuses herself to answer her phone.

"Onyiye, do you really want me to die young?" She asks. She sighs sitting down on the chair that was beside the bed.

"I jumped out of the moving car." Onyiye responds in a hoaky voice.

"Ini?" She's back on her feet not believing. "Uthini Kimi wena ngane!"

"They..." Sbahle interupts before Onyiye could even begin narrating her story.

"Mah, baba is waiting for you outside."

"Tell that one to come in, i'm still busy with this child. You kids want to give me headache in my early age. I'm too old for this maan!"

Sbahle and Onyiye look at each other and their eyes drop.

The door opens and the finest tall, chocolate man steps in. His afro makes him stand out. He smiles revealing his dimples making Sbahle to swallow. Now that she's seen them in one room, God damn she's looking at one person!

"My wife," he rubs his hands against each other. He normally does that when he is nervous. He looks at Onyiye with his eyebrows.

"This is Onyiye, the girl I was telling you about, that looks so much like my princess Adeze. Onyiye this is my husband Obinna Okojie." She smiles but her smile quickly dissolves. Onyiye on the other hand has gone numb completely. Is this what she think it is? People always look alike. But he looks exactly like that man she saw in that photo. The name, is the same that she saw - written behind the photo.

"Ntombi Mazibuko is my mother." She blurts out with tears threatening to come out. The man take steps back shaking his head no. He turns back and runs out of the ward.

"Baba, wait!" Sbahle runs after him.

"Ntombi is your mother?" Mam Philisiwe is shocked. That woman made her marriage sorrowful and very much unbearable.

"You know her?"

"That woman made my life living hell." She's defeated. She throws herself back on the chair and let's out a heavy sigh. "I'm sorry to say this, but you mother was a thorn in my marriage. She made sure to break everything I've built and worked hard for at all cost." She shakes her head not believing.

"I'm sorry," not knowing what to further say Onyiye decides to keep quite and wipe the tears off her face.

"It's not your fault my child, it's your mother's heart. She told my husband that she aborted and we believed her because we never heard from her since then."

"She said that?" Onyiye ask in shock. No wonder that woman hated her. "Ow my God," she covers her face with her hands and burst into tears. Her life is like a dice - being tossed around like something useless waiting to be a bet.

"Do not ever in your wildest dream put yourself in that position! You are still my daughter Onyiye. Despite the trauma your mother put me through, I should be hating on you right now but I love you like my own." She stands up and sits on the bed consoling her. She cries even harder not believing.

The fact that this woman will resent her some day is getting into her.

"You are still welcome in my home. I still need my grandchildren in that yard. My husband is still in hock he will

come around." Onyiye nods her head wiping the tears of her face. By God's grace no damages were done on her face, she's still Sthembiso's dark Ndoni.

Sbahle comes back panting and throws herself on the chair. "Damn your husband can run. Can you believe..." She decides to keep quite - that awkward moment.

"Where is he?" Mam Philisiwe asks shifting her focus to Sbahle.

"Parking lot crying his balls out." She responds drinking water.

Silence fill the room as they all patiently wait for Obinna to finally say his piece. He clears his throat and sighs sitting up straight.

"Ntombi, that woman was a devil in a sheep's clothing. I regret the day I persuaded her, laid my eyes on her. The hate I have for her cannot be obstructed with any other thing. I approached your mother fully knowing that I was legally married to my beautiful wife here. I'm not going to lie to everyone and say I didn't love Ntombi. I was even planning on making her my second wife. Everything was fine, all along until she discovered that I am a foreigner. Things changed for the worst. She started getting violent with me. Lock me in the room for days without food or water. The day she told me that she was pregnant I was only exited on the inside but on the outside

I was burning. I regretted everything. That woman was a nightmare I will never wish upon anyone. Months went by, I asked about the pregnancy, she told me she had an abortion. I was hurt, no lies and that's when I took a decision to return to my family and make amends. She kicked me out of my own house. I even went to a point of changing the name under my house to Onyinyechi, meaning Gift. I wanted my child to have a home, a loving one for that matter, little did I know that I'm killing myself slowly. I was chased out, just like that. And ever since then, I never set foot in that house. I left everything as it was, the house is till under the name Onyinyechi.

"Wow, I...I don't even know what to say." Onyiye is tongue tied. Who on earth does that to another human being? She shakes her head running out of words.

They all fall in an awkward silence. "So my name is not Onyiye?" She asks looking at the man sitting next to her.

"For short it's Onyiye but I named you Onyinyechi when you were still in your mother's womb."

"Wow, so what am I?" She asks wondering. "You are from Nigeria right? So what am I? She asks again.

"Igbo. That is what we are, that is our culture."

"Wow, so I'm Onyinyechi Okojie?" She half smiles.

"Yes you are. I'm happy that you are here and alive after such treatment. My wife told me all about it. You know at first when she told me that you look so much like Adeze, I thought that maybe she's looking for someone to replace her. I didn't know that she was this serious. You know the minute I walked in, I thought that maybe my daughter wake up from the dead. But later registers that we buried her. I remember putting her in her grave, I laid her peacefully paying my last respect. Seeing you brought all of those memories back."

He takes a deep breath and sighs. "I mourned you for almost a year thinking that your mother..." He chokes on his tears. "I don't know how to thank God."

"I'm just grateful that finally I find the man that I have been suffering for. I don't want to see myself in that house any longer. I don't know what will even take me there."

"So I have another younger sister? This seems to be interesting by the second." Sbahle teases Onyiye who clicks her tongue in much annoyance.

"Even the way you click your tongue scares me. I'm sure you are short as a toddler." Obinna says looking Onyiye with her eyes popped out.

"I'm not that short!" She says folding her arms against her chest. He smiles revealing his dimples. Who said Nigerians look

the opposite. This man looks like a black American! With his afro neatly combed.

"I will have to inform the elders so we can do the traditional welcome ceremony. That means we will have to fly down to Nigeria."

"Ni...Nigeria? I can't leave my kids behind." Indeed she cannot.

"Yes, and it is a must. In Igbo culture, the naming ceremony of a child is often referred to as "ikuputanwa or igu nwa' aha" and this marks the formal presentation of the child to their people, which comprises of her kinsmen, family, friends

well-wishers and the entire community at large. It will be a very large ceremony. I can't wait to showcase my whole family. Your kids, my grandkids need to be introduced to the ancestors for protection. A lot needs to be done. I didn't mention all of it but you will see once it happens." He adds. Onyiye nods her head and smiles a bit.

"No wonder those aunts were looking at me like, I don't know." She shrug her shoulders.

"They saw Adeze in you and it really triggered alot of memories." He smiles reaching out for her hand. "I'm sorry that I wasn't there for you when you needed me the most. I'm sorry that I wasn't a present father when you life was a vicious cycle. But one thing I can promise you is that I'm here. It can never be

too late to have a relationship with my kids and grandkids, that's if you allow me to."

He looks sincere making her to smile her lungs out.

"I'd love too." She blushes like a high school kid.

"Speaking of the kids, when are they coming back? If they want the kids to be there full time they should do the necessary procedures." Mam Philisiwe chirps in fixing her scarf. "What did the doctor say about Ndimu's eyes? When is his next appointment? Are the glasses he got good for his sight?" She asks ready to murder Onyiye.

Onyiye keeps quite not knowing how to respond. "Uthatha ikhanda ulifaka enhloko Onyiye. I want my grandkids. Ndimu needs special care because of his treatment. Their skin doesn't need alot of sunlight. He..."

"Mah, we get you. The kids will be fetched. I'm just glad that Ndimu is not her to wake me up with his ear piecing horrible scream. Yerr that skhotheni can scream, not only that. He wakes me up with a full blown smack on my cheek. Nxa that tokoloshe." Her nose flare making her mother to laugh.

"No wonder you guys are always fighting." She continues to laugh her lungs out. "Ndimu for president."

She's left all alone trying to catch up on her school work online but she's failing dismally. She hasn't heard from Sthembiso the whole day and he never even bothered checking up on her.

Much being a fake boyfriend! She sighs closing her eyes trying to catch some sleep.

"Nyi," screams Lindiwe with Sizwe and Sthembiso along.

"Hei," she's cold and upset!

"Hau, why are you sour?" Lindiwe asks sitting next to her on top of the bed.

"Nothing. What did you bring for me?"

"Nothing. Your man here told me that you do not eat hard rocks you only eat liquid. His words not mine."

Onyiye looks at Sthembiso who was looking back at her smiling.

"Your smile doesn't move me, you idiot. Sizwe, you are the man - thank you for bringing me those."

Sizwe smiles handing her a bunch of flowers and a box of chocolates. "My favourite, how did you know?"

"Let's just say, I did my research pretty good." He wiggles his eyebrows making Onyiye to smile even wider.

"You crazy." She opens the box of chocolates and begin to dig in.

"When are they discharging you?" Lindiwe gets off the bed and go stand beside Sizwe.

"Maybe tomorrow. They said no damages where done and I have no internal bleeding. So,..." She turns to look at Sthembiso who has been all smiles ever since he got here. He hasn't said anything but he has been looking at her with admiration.

"What's wrong with this one?" Onyiye asks Lindiwe who was also smiling like a retrached.

"I don't know, he has been like this all day."

"All day, what do you mean all day?" She's confused.

"I meant I believe he was this the whole day. We found him along the passage smiling like an idiot."

She doesn't respond but looks at the statement Lindiwe gave her and the way Sthembiso has been looking at her.

"My father was here."

Sthembiso stops smiling and that smile is being replaced by a frown on her face.

"What!"

"Yes, it turns out Sbahle is my elder sister."

"I said it! I told you guys and you said I was crazy!" Lindiwe says in excitement.

"Yea, it's still feels unreal. I can't believe I finally found my own father that I have been looking for all these years. The joy I'm feeling inside is something I cannot explain. It's like something huge has been lifted off my shoulders. I feel alive and well. He wants to introduce me to the rest of the family."

"Ow my goodness! Where is he from?" Sthembiso asks holding her hand shaking. She notices but pays no mind to it. Maybe it's the news – it had gotten into him.

"Nigeria. In months time we will fly to Nigeria." She smiles but not entirely. Maybe it's her with alot of looking for things that are not there.

Lindiwe is happy for her but it's not completely. The Lindiwe she knows will normally jump, scream, dance. But this one is just a bit off. Sthembiso on another hand is a shaking leaf. The only sane one here is Sizwe.

"I'm tired, can I have some rest " she says with a lump on her throat. Why is she suddenly feeling emotional. They all look at each other and decide to give her space.

She just found her dad but she cannot even celebrate. Were the news too big for her to handle? Yes, of course they were true. Her phone has been ringing non stop.

She looks at the number she cannot recognise. She decides to finally answer.

"Halo,"

"The prodigal daughter, the product of rape decides to answer. My mother want to talk to you." The emphasis of 'my mother' couldn't be missed. She sighs prepared for the drama.

"O... Onyiye my child."

That voice belongs to her mother. She removes the phone from her ear to look at the screen again. Maybe she is dreaming. Yea all of this feels like a dream.

"Yes," she doesn't know how to respond. Whenever she called her mother she would flip and say she is not her mother. So YES will be her best response in this situation.

"It's me, your mother." She's shocked. What is this woman playing at. "I am sick and I need you to be at home. I..."

"You need me because you are sick?"

"Yes, no."

There's silence.

"Here I am thinking that maybe you want a relationship with me. Just so you know I found my father Obinna Okojie. The man you claim raped you. Still remember him?"

She keeps quite. Only the breathings. Onyiye decides to drop the phone because this conversation will not go anywhere. She is definitely stupid to think that this woman will ever build a relationship with her. She shakes her head with tears ready to come out. If only she didn't pick that call up. So, she only thought of her when she is sick. So she can become their slave? No! That was the stupid Onyiye, not this one who has just discovered herself and her true identity.

She turns to lay on her side and finds Sthembiso standing beside the door with his arms folded against his chest and legs crossed. His favourite position of all kind.

"Ndoni," he smiles and take further steps towards her.

"Sthembiso." She's down.

"Are you okay?" He asks. He is worried.

"Just got a call from home. Apparently, mama is sick and she wants me to go back home." She tells him.

"Do you want to go home?"

"How can you ask me such a question? You know very well that I hate that woman with passion." She yells.

"I know baby, she is still your mother thought. Hate is a very big word my love."

The door opens and the doctor walks in.

"My favourite patient, how are you doing today?" He asks fixing his glasses.

"I'm better than yesterday, thank you."

The doctor nods his head and smiles. "I'm here to look at the stitches - just to be sure that there is no infection. If all is good tomorrow you will go home."

He begins to look at the eight stitches on her body and right down on her medical card. "You are all good Miss Mazibuko. Tomorrow you are going home. Let me leave you to rest." He turns to leave but stops before he could even reach the door.

"Ow and sir, visiting hours are over. I know you have been paying the nurses to sneak you in." He walks out leaving Sthembiso to scratch the back of his head. Onyiye looks at him in defeat.

"Sthembiso Jiyane, care to explain."

"His lying babe. Don't let him cause drama in our dramatic life."

"Dramatic life? How is our life dramatic when you are the one causing corruption." She's defeated!

"I just wanted to see my woman, is that a crime?" He smiles naughtily and strides towards the bed. "I missed you." He lays beside her and begins massaging her breasts.

"Stop."

"I missed you." His hand slowly travels down to her nuna. He puts his knee in-between her thighs and begins to massage her tiny clit.

"Sth..." She makes her mouth into a thin line. Having a private room is awesome! So this is what goes down in other rooms. She puts her hand on his face and pulls it towards hers. She smashes her lips to his.

"Babe," he is hard ready to meet his mate.

"We can't do it here." She whispers panting.

"I will be quick." He says already unzipping his pants. He lets his member spring free. He is dripping pre-cum.

He rolls off the bed and stands. He makes her sit to face him with her legs open. He shifts her thong aside and smiles. "Baby girl has upgraded. No more mum mhlongo." He says making to giggle making him even more hard. He lowers himself aiming for the Jerusalem. He positions himself and pushes through.

"Niyasha babe." He moves slowly in and out of her. Onyiye tilts her head backwards holding on to his arms. He lifts both legs up and make her lay fully on her back. He stands straight...

"Jesus come back." He closes his eyes reaching cloud 9. She's very much wet for him. The slippery sound...

"Sthe," she softly moans and bites her finger suppressing her screams. Footsteps approaching along the hallway.

"Someone is coming." She tries pushing him off but he goes in faster. The bed moves a bit and he follows still dribbling inside of her. He gives her on last pump making her to scream. He pulls out after releasing and sighs packing his package.

He helps her on the bed and innocently stands beside the bed looking at her. She smiles and blushes looking at the doctor walking in. He pauses and looks at them suspiciously. He grabs the file on top of the table and walks out without saying any word.

Sthembiso and Onyiye look at each other and burst onto laughter. That was thee moment for them.

ONYIYE'S HOME

Sisipho - after what conspired in that office. She was disgusted by herself. She decided go come straight back home and did not even buy the groceries she needed. First she did was to scab herself till she was satisfied to rub off that olds man scent. It hurts that her life has come to this stage. Seeing her mother holding a conversation makes her have positive attitude. That means she will not have to sleep with that old full to secure her job.

"What did she say?" She asks her mother who was on a phone with Onyiye minutes ago.

"She dropped the phone on me."

"What did I tell you? That thing was never grateful and will never be." Sisipho clicks her tongue in much annoyance and looks at her phone reporting R3500,00. He salary pay. She rolls her eyes, this fool didn't even make a mistake of adding more for gratitude. He put her in the most possible pain she cannot explain!

"Don't say that. She is your younger sister."

Sisipho looks at her mother not believing.

"Since when? You always told me that she is not my sister. So what changed?"

"Nothing, I just want to sleep." She covers herself with the blanket and sighs.

All the anger that Ntombi has is the anger of how she conceived Sisipho. She remembers that day. She was on her way back from church. It was extremely dark when she was walking all alone in the bushes. A man from no where lifted her up and threw her down on the ground. She hated how her body loosened to that man's touch. He forced himself but eventually she enjoyed every bit of it. She hates to admit that she enjoyed the drunkards dick. That man knew his way around the bed. He knew how to use his gift down there. She would use the same route every Sunday just to have him inside of her. She got addicted to a drunkards dick until she got pregnant with Sisipho. She was ashamed to mention the father's name. Siphon Mzobe the drunkard. That's how he was known around the village. She stopped going to church when he discovered the news. She hated herself then after. How can a woman like her sleep a drunkard like Siphon. She hates herself to the core.

She then lied that the man pregnant her denied the pregnancy and ran away from the village.

She spent time hating the baby in her womb. The minute gave birth to her she loved her and named her Sisipho. Years later she met Obinna, that man loved her more than he loved his wife and she was stupid to fall for a foreigner. All the hate and anger came back resulting her into hating Onyiye for absolutely nothing. She hated her own daughter for Siphon's doing. For him

being a drunkard. He hated that her father was a foreigner. She hated that she was given a house whilst still in her womb while Sisipho had nothing!

Maybe if only she had an abortion to avoid having fatherless kids. She hated Onyiye even more when she had her first child. She hated her son as well. She doesn't know how she got pregnant the second time. She has a second son which is very much confusing for her.

She sighs heavily with a heavy heart and tries closing her eyes.

Now that she thinks of the past - every anger that she channelled against Onyiye was never her fault! But she thought it was her fault anyway!

ONYIYE'S HOME

She's cleaning her mother's room. She's in high spirits today better than the other days. What's the use of mopping around your sorrows of you failed life? Not that she is a failure – but it is what it is. She woke feeling good, like she got all this morning.

She's doing spring cleaning, something she never does. She comes across an album that she has never seen before. She sits on her mother's bed and dusts it off.

She's looking at her pictures and Onyiye's. There's a tall dark man who look just Onyiye. Could this be? But no it can't be. Her mother was raped - what could she possibly doing with a rapist picture? It doesn't make sense at all.

She continues to scroll through the album and shakes her head. Most people are people she doesn't know in this album. But one picture had here want to ask her mother some questions. She closes the album and continues to clean until her mother's room was cleaned.

She steps out with the album tucked underneath her arm and sits next to her mother.

"Look what I found while cleaning." She says opening the album.

"Where do you get that?"

Her mother asks trying to snatch the album out of her hands. She's weak, her hand fell before it could even be lifted.

"In your room. Who's this man?"

Sisipho asks. Her mother closes her eyes exhaling loudly.

"No one important." She responds.

"It can't be someone not important when you have this picture in here. Is he my father or Onyiye's father? Come to think of it I don't have any pictures of my father or any family member."

"I said give me that album." She hisses in anger.

"Why?"

Her mother sighs again trying to catch her breath. "Your father passed away when you were still young. I don't know where his family members are. He has never introduced me." She lies through her teeth.

"Can you tell me how you two met. How was he like?" She's exited. Who wouldn't be exited to hear their parents love story.

"I...I'm tired can I sleep?"

She let's her be. She stands up and walks to her mother's room to pack the rest of the stuff that was in that box.

She comes across a brown envelope. She wants to pen it so badly but she stops herself before she can even open. It's rude to open people's things without their consent. They did it to Onyiye because she was a nobody and still is.

She cannot open something that doesn't belong to her. She packs the envelope back in its box and closes her eyes resisting temptation.

She's cooking chicken curry. She hates the smell of it and she regrets even buying it from the shops. She closes the pot and runs outside to clear her throat.

"Ow God." She feels dizzy. She rinses her mouth and goes back into the house, the smell of chicken is everywhere. She'll just make herself a sandwich. She can't eat this.

She decides to watch of her favourite talk show. Her phone beeps. She reads through the text and cringes to herself. This man cannot do her like that.

She wears her shoes and steps out of the house with her mother peacefully sleeping.

"Shane, what brings you here?" She's leaning against the car with her hands crossed against her chest. Irritation is written all over her face.

"Is that the way to greet your daddy?" He asks revealing his yellow teeth. "Get in the car I have a job for you."

"I can't leave my sick mother."

"How is that any of my business? I want you whenever I feel like having you. Now get in the fucken car before I get you in by force."

"Shane I'm pregnant. I don't need stress in my life. You are way to rough with me and it hurts putting my baby in danger."

She's not going to let this old fool do as he pleases with her.

Shane looks at her for a bit and smiles. "Okay, I have something good for you." He hands her a gift bag. She gladly takes it with no smile on her face. "What's this?"

She peeps through and sees a phone. Really? Just a mere phone? Just a mere fucken phone! She can't believe this.

"A phone Shane, like really? When you see me you see a thing that will buy a phone for? I'm I that worth?"

"Trust me you are. Now get in the car. I don't have all day."

She has no choice she needs the money for her to survive. She will bare that pain until her mother is fully healed. The pain of being told you are not worth it right in your face!

She hops in the car and leans back thinking for the worst.

He parks the car in the parking lot outside a BnB. They both step out of the car and she follows him behind.

They past by the receptionist area...

"Take off your clothes." He is already naked in bed waiting for her. Her skin makes her body to have some anti crawls on her skin. She shivers looking at his wrinkled skin.

She says a little prayer within herself and gets on top of the bed being on top.

He is driving her back home satisfied, but with her she's feeling alot of discomfort. She felt it when he was dribbling her without care. She begged him to stop countless times. Did he stop? No! He keep on going on and on until she almost passed out. She feels cheap, she hates herself that she has to sell her body to have what she wants. She hats it that she is in this position because of her mother.

She looks out of the window and sighs painfully. Everything in her hurts, she felt her abdomen being reaped apart. She swears she felt tearing up.

"Wipe those tears and give me a kiss." Her mind comes back. She didn't even notice that she has arrived.

"I'm tired, I just want to go rest." She tells him. He locks the car and turns to look at her. What has she gotten herself into. Why did she allow herself to be in this position! Being in this position for a pensioner!

"I won't beg you."

"I didn't ask you to." At this point, she doesn't care any longer.

"Okay," Shane unlocks the doors. "Get out."

She gladly steps out of the car. Shane grabs the phone that as in a gift bag at the backseat and throws it outside the window. He drives off leaving her standing there stunned. She picks the gift bag up and walks to the house closing the gate behind.

She finds her mother sitting. Was she gone for too long? She left her sleeping.

"Where have you been?" Her mother asks looking at her intensely from head to toes.

"Out," she slowly sits down flinching.

Her mother looks at her without saying a word. "Help me to the toilet."

Not when she was just resting her used sore body! She stands up to fetch a 5 litre bucket.

"Use this, I'm too tired to help you to the toilet."

She helps her mother kneel, placing the bucket in-between her legs and does her business.

She never imagined that one day she will see her mother's pop in a bucket. Wipe her mother's arse, see where she pulled out of. All of this is just too weird and embarrassing for her. To keep her mind busy she will just go make porridge for her. That chicken stew can go to waste for all she cares.

"You need to drink that porridge so you could gain your strength. You heard what the doctor said. Eat healthy then drink your medication."

"Okay," she doesn't dispute anything.

At least she's able to do those little things like feeding herself. Even though it almost takes up to 2 hours to finish what she started. She is looking at her drinking the porridge with so much disgust on her face.

"It doesn't have sugar." She spits it out. "I'm failing to drink it. It would have been better if kungamahewu totally."

"I'll go fetch those in the fridge." She says standing up. Now the porridge will go to waste! "Here," she hands her mother what she preferred."

Sisipho decided to take a quick nap on the couch. Her body is exhausted. She's deep in sleep when she suddenly smells a funky burning smell. She flung her eyes open and smoked has filled the whole house.

"Shit!" She wakes up and mistakenly trips landing on the floor painfully. "Ouch!" She stands up going to the kitchen and the whole pot is black. She disconnects the stove, looks for a newspaper in the drawers. None she can find - she uses the dishwashing clot to remove the pot on the stove throwing it outside.

"Ishu." She burnt her finger. She opens the windows widely and the doors and sighs putting her hands on her waist. Not noticing that she inhales alot of smoke she begins to cough uncontrollably holding her chest.

Her eyes burn with tears as she looks at her mother laying on her mattress with her mouth half open and her eyes slightly closed.

"Mah," she shakes her a bit and puts her two fingers on her neck. The pulse is there.

She drags her by her upper body towards the door. Her back is already killing her - this woman is extremely heavy!

Finally

she manages to be outside with her. Some sunlight will do. The sun shines brightly on her face making her to gasps for air.

"Mah," her mother coughs still gasping for air. She runs to the house and the smoke has died down. She grabs a glass and fills it with water. She helps her mother drink.

"What happened?" She asks.

"I don't know. I was cooking and something pulled me to asleep. I really don't know what happened."

She's also confused. How does one watch TV and then sleep clouds over.

"Yo...you need to be careful." She's running out of breath. She looks at her mother as she sighed.

They sit outside the house waiting for the smoke to die down.

AT THE STATION

"Zulu, unfortunately the case has been closed. There is nothing tangible that can help us arrest them. Worst past you lost the evidence that you were provided. We are tired of using the government resources for dead ends. You need to let this go."

Sargent Port says closing the file. He stands up grabbing the file on top of the table and walks out leaving Zulu fuming in anger. Sbahle smiles shyly with her heart dancing on the inside. Zulu turns to face Sbahle who was busy on a case she's working on.

"This is not over." He hisses sitting down.

"Yes God," she laughs clapping her hands. "it's funny how you are so obsessed with people who are making their lives better. I told you this once Constable Zulu that, leave this case alone because you will always reach a dead end." She continues to laugh. Zulu walks out of the office to make a phone call.

"Do you still have copies of the hard drive you gave me?" He asks.

"I didn't make any copies."

"Dammit! You are useless maan.!" He drops the line and sighs in frustration. He was this close into nailing them. But every time when he is ahead of them with the evidence something always come up. It's either the evidence is stolen or...

"Dammit!" He kicks the tires and clicks his tongue. Now that he has reached a dead end he doesn't know where to even begin to look for 'that' evidence that the Sargent wants. He calms himself down before walking back.

Sbahle is not her work station. He searches through the police women trying to locate her but she's not around them. Maybe she went out or something.

He looks at her desk with the files scattered on her table and smiles.

He will definitely jeopardise her. He pulls one of the cases she is working on.

He reads through, rape is high and it's something that they deal with on a daily basis. An old man raping a 9 year old. He smiles as he walks out with some of the papers in his hands. With the missing information he knows that the case won't continue and she will be suspended until further notice. That time, he will have all the time to work and gather information of that Khoza man.

He bumps into her and he smiles devilishly and walks past her. She shakes her head and goes to her station finding the papers scattered on the table. She picks up a particular file and notices that something is missing. Her heart pounds and she looked - the important information missing.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

He smiles looking at the plot in satisfaction.

"Fencing this piece will do." He proudly says.

"I was about to say that. Then I will get my boys to do that. In the meant time you read through the contract and tell me what you think about it."

The owner hands Sthembiso the documents.

Him and Khoza read through understanding each and every word.

"The only thing that is left is for you to sign. Will it be under your name or hers?" Khoza asks looking at Sthembiso and awaits for a response.

"Will it be a good idea if I put my kids names?" He asks.

"Yes you can. You just provide me with their certified copies of their birth certificate." The man responds.

The place is beautiful and admirable. Sure Ndoni will love it more than him, that he is sure about. He smiles feeling satisfied. This is how he envisioned his life with the woman that owes his heart.

"How far in registering your security company?" Khoza leans back crossing his legs and sips on his whiskey.

"Long done with that, I registered it before I even peached for it."

"I'm proud of you. The way you are so talkative I didn't think that you would pull that through." Khoza admits.

"I have kids to think of. My family is my main priority right now, so I'm doing all this for them." Indeed he is.

Whatever crime he committed, it was committed for his family. He wouldn't want to depend on his mother but he had to man up and take responsibility.

"About Lindiwe..."

"Don't even go there, please." He looks at him before standing up. I'm going to make food do you want some?"

"Ow hell no! Last time you made me eat charcoal." Tazz.

They laugh. "Rather order in ndoda." Tazz suggests.

"Okay, I'll order in but just so you know I'm not paying." Sthembiso being cocky looking at the guys.

"I can't use my money either." Khoza won't back down from this.

"You two look like high school kids. Nxta. I'll order." Tazz saves the day.

He is looking at his laptop not too sure if the quotation is correct. He doesn't want to spend money recklessly. He looks at his account and smiles. 900K left in personal his account, never has he ever thought that in his wildest dream he will be, no he will have this huge amount of money in his account. Looks like the business will be bringing in more money.

He closes his laptop and immediately his eyes get teary.

He has the woman he loves besides him. His family is perfect for him.

He decides to call his mother and check up the kids.

"The kids are doing very well. It's just Ndimu giving me a hard time. That child I swear I'll die because of BP."

She wanted the kids and now she's complaining.

"Hai ma, didn't you say you wanted the kids?" His laughing.

"And I'm happy with them making me angry, dirtying my house. He killed my kitchen last week." She sighs making Sthembiso to laugh out loud.

"Ay ma, that's impossible. Hau can my baby boy kill a while chicken. Chicken can fly moss."

"Have you ever seen a flying chicken?"

"Well, not flying interlay ma, but they fly a bit " he adds making his mother to chuck.

"He sat on top of it and just like that my chicken died. And what upsets me is that your father is cheering for him."

They speak some more listening to his mother complaining non stop.

He knows how his son is, Ndimu is thee devil one cannot stand. They conclude the call by assuring him that he will be seeing them soon.

In two week time it's Onyiye's birthday and he is still very much clueless on how to go about making it special. But what he knows is, she will be joyful for whatever she gets.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

It's very difficult. The ward-room is very noisy and she has a "mainline" with a drip in one arm, stickers and wires all over her chest leading to a heart monitor, she has a pulse thing on her finger of her free hand and she is naked under a skimpy gown that's way too short. Also, the nurses and techs are constantly waking her for things. Getting out of bed and walking to the bathroom at night, with all that gear on her and dragging that drip stand, is irksome. She cannot wait to be out of here. It's midnight and already she's running out of sleep.

Not so sterile are the other patients on the bus like her. Nurse, nurse I need this and that. That constant moaning, day and nocturne. Creates stress, so possibly impeding a personal feeling of wellness. It's irritating her that she hasn't fully healed, the constant aching pains...

She's been tossing and turning all night. This is what she hates about hospitals!

She glances at the at the watch and sighs counting the hours. Just hours away she will be out of here.

Look at the doctor being dramatic in shoving her with drips and unnecessary heart beats.

Maybe watching her kids videos will do.

The door swiftly opens,

She cannot have peace in this ward.

The nurse stands besides the bed looking at the heart monitor and documents something down.

"I need to take these off, your heart rate is fine."

"Okay,"

She looks at them being removed.

"Am I still being discharged tomorrow?"

The nurse smiles, "of course you are Nana. You are good as a horse."

She smiles and continues to watch videos in her phone.

She's ready waiting for Sthembiso to come pick her up as he promised. She has bathe and ready for him. It's barely 7:00 am and already she wishes to be out of this place.

She's impatient!

Finally! She sees him approaching. The door is wide open. She stands up ready to leave.

"Babe," he frowns looking at her.

"Asambeni," she slowly walks up to him and pulls him by hand.

"She doesn't want to be here any longer." The doctor laughs and fix his glasses.

"I can see that. Did they do anything to you? Because if they did I swear I will choke slam..."

"I just want to be home and sleep on my bed."

She says. He takes her bag and follows her out.

"Linda indoda phela." He hurries behind and holds her hand.

"Welcome home sthandwa sami ngedwa." He opens the door for her letting her in the house.

Home is a feeling of belonging, where the heart feels comfortable with all its surroundings. To her it does not necessarily have to be birthplace. It is where she feels secure and a place she always want to go back to or stay for long periods without ever being bored.

The phrase "feel at home" is an idiom, something she is not used to.

"Thank you," she smiles stepping in. The smell she missed and the warmth of it. "Did you cook?" She asks sitting down. She knows Cleary that her man is a murderess in the kitchen.

Whatever he touches gets destroyed, burnt to ashes and dust to dust.

"Erm," he looks around the house and fiddle with the car keys.
"Your friend cooked for you."

He is not looking directly at her and that alone has her mind roaming with alot of questions.

"Ow, so...where is she?"

"I'll go dish up for you my love." He throws her bag in the couch and rushes to the kitchen. Onyiye stood there and looked at him as he disappeared out of sight.

She sighs sitting down and asks herself questions. What was Lindiwe doing here without her being here?

Her cooking for her doesn't add up. Maybe she is just being paranoid. This is her best friend, a friend that wouldn't stab her in the back, right?

A plate filed with a tower of food. "I really need to teach you how to make food Sthembiso. What will I do with intaba yaseDubai?"

"I thought that, maybe you must be hungry."

"Would you make breakfast for me atleast. It's morning dude."
She pushes the plate aside suddenly loss of appetite. He notices...

"Are you okay?"

"I'm just tired. Can I go take a shower and sleep?"

"It's your house madam." He kisses her cheek and takes the plate back to the kitchen.

Stripping naked in her insuit bathroom. She looks at the bandages on her body. She almost lost her life that day. If she didn't jump out that moving cat she doesn't know what could have gone down.

The bathroom door harshly shuts. She jumps in fear and screams a bit.

"I'm sorry to scare you. It's only me." He takes steps close to her.

"I thought..." She looks around.

"Nothing is ever going to happen to you. You see this house, I have secured it enough. So no one will even try and dare to double cross me." She nods her head thoughtfully.

"How did you know I was kidnapped?" She never really had the time to asks him. And besides, for her to heal she has to talk about the events so she can move on. That's how she dealt with the pain in the past and guess, what it worked for her.

"The speed that they were driving in had us wondering where they are off to that late. Getting to the house we found glasses all over the place. Khoza looked at the mark tyres on the ground and memorized it with that car you were in and everything clicked to him. That's how his sixth sense worked."

"I don't know what my kids would have been without me. I don't want to die and leave you kids so young."

"As long as I am alive that will never happen to you. Stop stressing yourself, I'm never letting you out of my sight ever again." A promise that has her smiling. She puts her suspicions aside.

After showering she decided to take a little nap. How she missed this. Her king size bed.

She's warm and very much comfortable but unable to fall asleep. Maybe browsing through social media will do.

She logs in on her Facebook, nothing interesting, as usual just people and their expensive lifestyle.

She checks her emails and notices she had an email from the school. She reads through and smiles a bit. At least it's something positive and she is willing to make her life for the better.

Sthembiso walks in with his hands full.

"I brought you yoghurt. I know how much you love strawberries."

A girl can never say no to sweetness. She locks her phone and smiles sitting up.

"Thanks,"

"I want us to talk about something." Sound serious. He sits next to her and holds her hand. Her heart pounds and she awaits for whatever she will be told...

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She's all bored, Sizwe is not around campus today. No one to talk to. It's just her and her books. She spots Mpilo from afar as he made his direction towards her. She calmly takes out her phone from her bag and put her headsets on.

He sits next to her, too close to her that their arms were rubbing against each other. She sighs and continues to listen to music. Mpilo takes the headsets off her ears...

"I've been talking to you." He seeths his teeth and sucks his lower lip.

"I didn't hear you."

"Usharp?" He asks shifting his gaze away from her.

"I'm good." She just wants this conversation to be over. Where is Sizwe when she needs him the most.

"Ain't you going to ask me how am I doing?" He smiles.

"How are you Mpilo?" She asks still not looking at him.

"Now that my eyes are seeing what I love, I'm good." He stands up, "tell that man of yours you are mine." He winks at her and walks away leaving her mouth half open. She takes time looking at his well built body. A man who is gifted down there. Then she remembers why it didn't work out. It's not the first time people come in and out of her life as they please.

She's still surprise that Sizwe is still stuck with her for this long. She maybe thought that her being a plus size was a problem.

Have you ever wondered why it's so much harder to start talking to an ex after a breakup than any other relationship that you've decided to end? Is talking even possible? She kept telling herself there's a reason it is over and that she's happy with the decision. Yet, emotions flood her mind at the very thought of contacting her ex. The truth is, the relationship changed the minute that it ended. Yes it ended

Advertisement

at some days she finds herself wanting to give him a call so bad just to hear his voice.

She stands up and heads towards the bus stop. Looks like Sizwe won't be coming along today, at least he should have sent a text or something.

Why is she suddenly feeling emotional? She going home to cry her sorrows and the flashbacks of an ex she thought she has buried!

She's home with her mind wandering, and then a certain thought comes into her head, she finds herself grabbing the phone to tell her ex about it before she realize that they are no longer together. Thinking of her ex and grabbing the phone is nothing more than a habit. It happened a couple of times and for that couple of times she doesn't know how many time she has stopped herself from doing it. However, she is now at a crossroads of her thinking. Does she really need to talk to her ex? Or would making the call or sending the text just be an excuse to re-establish contact?

No, she's not doing that to herself.

"Ow God!" She throws herself on her bed. She's tired of pacing up and down with her mind flooding with unseen thoughts. The door cracks open and Sizwe comes in holding a box of pizza.

"Hai, I'm really sorry." He place the box on top of the table. She gets off the bed and rushes towards him for a tight hug.

"Are you okay?" He is concerned.

"No, just hold me please and don't let go." Her shaky voice has him smiling.

"So if I'm not around this is how I'm being missed?" He brushes her back making her to smile.

"I just missed you. My day was miserable without you."

Indeed she did miss him but she missed him even more after Mpilo has bee crowding her mind.

"I should be AWOL frequently so that I will be missed this much." He pulls back from the embrace.

"Don't be silly, that means I wouldn't survive." She sighs.

"Where have you been all day?"

"You know your mother. Once she has me in her corner she doesn't let me go."

"This woman will be the death of me strue nasi bheka. My mother in-law, I will deal with her."

They both laugh but his face goes tenses.

"We need to talk."

He pulls her towards the bed.

"Sound serious." Her heart pounds.

"What's happening between you and Sthembiso, Gift's boyfriend?" He prefers calling her by her English version name. He tried with her original name but damn his hard-core tounge didn't slip at all.

She laughs shaking her head still laughing. "It took you long to ask me." She says pulling his chin.

"What does that suppose to mean? The way you have been close, meeting in hotel rooms doesn't still well with me. I trust you but I don't trust any man."

"Sthembiso is planning a surprise birthday party for her which is happening in two week time. He recently bought a land for her and now he wants to take her to Cape Town for a weekend away. I would never do that to my sister. I'm so exited I feel like it's me going on vacation. After the trauma she had growing up this is exactly what she needs from her man." She pokes his chest making him to smile and sigh in relief.

"I would never do that to the people I love like that. I would never in my wildest dream think of hurting you. I'm may flop yes but I will never intentionally hurt you."

"I'm relieved. Not that I didn't trust you but you spending time with another man gives me creeps. Angifuni ukungasho."

"Sure, unedrama babe! Ay, let's eat pizza before it gets cold."

She's laying flat on her back talking to her mother over the phone.

"Sizwe didn't tell me anything. I saw him today but he didn't breath a word!"

She side eye Sizwe who was snoring for the whole neighbourhood to hear. She can't tell her mother that her man is spending the night at her place!

"You need to come home this weekend. He sent a letter and he says he is ready to marry you." Her mother sounds excited.

"I'll talk to you tomorrow,"

They conclude the phone call and she looks at Sizwe peacefully sleeping.

"Sizwe!" She roughly wakes him. He gets up ready to run out of the door and his senses come back.

"Yin babe?" His sleepy voice makes her melt. Why will she be angry at him when he is melting her heart this way.

"Did you send a letter at home you asking for my hand in marriage?"

"Yes, I did. Can we sleep we will talk in the morning. Come sleep next to your man." He pats on the space next to him. She

lays next to him and snuggles herself next to him with her back facing him. He places his hand around her waist and kisses her back.

"Goodnight sweetheart." With that said he snores again. She smiles squeezing his hand slightly...

ONYIYE'S HOME

When that shitty alarm goes off,

She curses the whole universe while snoozing it off, for just those 5 more minutes...

She got a call from Shane that she is urgently needed at work. She tried putting up excuses and none were heard. She had to run around like a headless chicken to look for someone who will cater for her mother while she's at work.

In order to prepare herself for the day she has to flippin wake up and she's not having any of it, "o lord this again thing" in her life, she groans covering herself with the blanket in much annoyance. The alarm buzz again and she ignores it.

Except for this time, Its longer than five minutes. It becomes fifteen minutes.

Yeah, three snoozes so far and she doesn't fucken care! She remembers her mother being her alarm - who comes and check up on her, to ask, "What are your plans for today?" Fully knowing she's going to work. And then she will scream. She would normally cover herself inside that blanket, and trying to protect herself from all the things that are attacking her out there, her mother of course. "Why the hell aren't you getting out of that damn bed?"

All of course in sarcastic tones,

Cause nobody is sane at 5 am in the morning. Not even adults, who have been doing this since ages now. Now wonder Shane looks like an old sack.

She just wishes she could spend her day in bed and forget about her life a bit. She enjoys being in bed especially when she aren't sick and just fine.

Well that's a complete different experience.

Starting from world hate to self-loathing in the end. Is she hating on the world? Of course she is! No woman goes through what she goes through!

She just throws that stupid alarm away,

And no longer care for that damn job or that damn lecture that she will be getting. She just wants to stay in her bed and just sleep.

She tries to sleep again but failing. She hear the birds chirping but she doesn't get up. She hears the tinkling from the bell of the milkman outside, still, she doesn't get up. The herd boys are already out and about pushing Durban and Vimbeni to only god knows where. The society people live in, naming cows!

She had no choice but to wake up and drag her tired body to this useless work. She exhausted and every part of her body hurts to the core.

She steps inside her working place and sighs going to her locker. Ow great! It's occupied.

"Who is using my locker?"

No greetings, she has no time for that. She just wants this day to be over already.

No one answers and now she feels stupid talking alone. She looks at her wrist watch and she is late by 30 minutes. She places her handbag on top of the table and goes to where her work station was.

Her day wasn't that bad. In-fact it was better than the previous day's. No Shane going down her throat. No servicing any one and the fact that he won't be available for the next two weeks

makes her love her job even more. There's nothing exciting about it honestly. Who enjoys being a cashier who stands for hours and counting money. Smile they say, you attracting customers. That is a lot of bullshit for her!

She's standing at the rank waiting for the taxi but none are available. It's almost 7:00 pm - how she hates walking at night.

A red Tazz parks across the road. A fine caramel man steps out. He has a biggie stomach but not that big, something that suits him. She admits - she has a thing for men with umkhaba. She finds herself weird.

He looks so damn good. She sighs remembering that no one could ever ask a pregnant woman out.

He is walking towards her direction and she keeps her cool.

He walks past her without saying a word or even acknowledging her presence, in fact this man didn't see her at all. She sighs disappointedly. What was she thinking? No man will ever fall for a second hand. That's how she's been having a low self-esteem, just because of the pregnancy.

"Sisi can you move!" Says another in the line.

"Mxm," there goes her mood being spoiled in one day!

28

The most miserable two weeks of her life!

The hurt from your loved one not even having the time to spend with you.

These days he has been giving her a cold shoulder that she cannot presume to even begin explaining it. For two weeks, for two bloody weeks he has been distant and cold. She sighs wiping the tears from falling.

"I'm going to buy a few things in town." Just like that he is gone.

Lately she's been having an urge to leave his sorry arse but she wants to know on what grounds she leaves on. She has to have a back up plan and know when and how to leave him. She steps out of the room to make herself some cereal.

She can't eat obviously! She tosses the bowl aside. Maybe packing her belongings and leaving this house will be the best option. She can no longer live like this. This is definitely emotional abuse from where she is standing. She strides back to the room and begins to pack her stuff. Sthembiso comes in and stops on his tracks looking at her.

"What are you doing?" He asks taking baby steps towards her.

"I'm leaving, I can't live like this any longer. Looks like you and Lindiwe seem to be having it tight these days. She doesn't return my calls, you ignore me like I don't matter. And it's fine I have accepted that you want to be with her. I don't want to be in the way of your happiness." She loads the last clothes in her luggage.

"Babe, don't be ridiculous." He briefly smiles but his smiles quickly vanishes.

"What is ridiculous Sthembiso? Me packing or you shagging the person I thought who was my friend!"

She half screams and calms herself down. "This is just pointless. It's my birthday and not for once you even bothered to wish me one. Instead you..." She sits on the bed and cry her lungs out.

"Ndoni,"

"No Sthe I'm done with your lies and I'm done with this relationship!" She clicks her tongue as anger takes over.

"You leave me in the middle of the night! Whenever she calls you jump! I can't take the pain any longer. There is someone, someone out there for me who will appreciate and love me with my kids." She zips her bags placing it on the floor and rolls it towards the door. She walks right past him but he grabs her arm, she tries yanking it off but he grabs her and pulls her

towards the bed. He throws her on top of the bed and gets on top of her.

"Where are you going?" He asks. A tiny slap lands on his cheek, he smiles holding her both hands placing them above her head.

"Sthembiso get off me!"

He kisses her but she holds her lips back. He forcefully sucks her upper lip and pants melting beneath him.

They kisses with passion but Sthembiso pulls back leaving her dry and high.

"I love you and I'm sorry for being a jerk. I promise nothing is going on between Sister Lindiwe and me. I will never betray you in that manner. I may make mistakes in other things but cheating is not one of them. Cheating is not my style baby mama, I've waited for you for too long to ruin what we have. Trust me when I say I only got eyes for you."

"Then why are you meeting her in secret?" She asks still beneath him. He sighs letting go of her hands.

"Do you really want to know?" He asks.

"I wouldn't have asked you if I didn't want to know."

"Okay, there's a dress I'm going to give you that I want you to wear. I will then take you to, infact I will show you. Now get

ready muntu wami." He kisses her one last time and gets off her. He opens the wardrobe and comes out carrying a peach one shoulder peach bodycon dress...

"Where did you buy this dress?" She remembers when they were at the mall with Lindiwe - she once stated that this is the dress she wishes to wear on her birthday then go out for bowling later on.

"At the mall. I looked at it and I just one knew it will fit you." He says smiling.

She reluctantly takes the dress.

He is watching her as she is getting dressed. He loves how everything is just tiny about this woman but lately she has been gaining some weight.

She looks stunning, breath takingly hot! He swallows admiring her – seems like baby mama is becoming hotter by the day. The drama he went through to find her. And he did finally find her.

"You look...woah." he swears running out of words. He can't even describe the ways she's looking. She damn looks like a black American.

"Like what?" She asks.

"I have no words." He strides towards her. He pulls her into a tight hug not wanting to let go.

"I can't breathe." Her voice barely comes out.

"I'm sorry. Now shall we?" He hooks his arm around hers and smiles. She forgets that she was extremely mad earlier on. She shyly smiles as she looked at herself in the mirror.

He is wearing black jeans with a white t-shirt and a peach blazer. Sthembiso and blazers are like Zulu burgers. Her block heels are strap black.

They walk towards the dinning room area, he opens the door for her and makes sure that her locks before setting the alarm and the cameras on.

He helps her in the car, closes the door. He puts his shades on and walks to the driver's side and hops in. His fade is neatly combed and trimmed.

"When we come back I want you to unpack your bag sisi."

"Mxm," she looks outside the window wondering where is she being taken to. She sighs holding onto her phone and decides to stare at her screensaver. Looking at we kids always left her smiling.

He parks in front of the hotel where he met with Lindiwe couple of times. She looks at a Everest Ford - dark blue in colour. It's wrapped with a red ribbon. She smiles admiring her favourite car of all times. One day - one absolutely blessed day she will buy herself that car. A whole Everest Ford!

"Why are you looking at that car like that?" He asks parking next to it.

"This is my favourite car. A car I promised myself to buy once I get out of poverty." She emotionally smiles. She steps out of the car and takes time to admire the car in front of her eyes. Looking at it from a close range made her heart pump with sadness. "Why are we here again?" She asks and turns to face Sthembiso who had his hands buried in his pocket.

"Come, I'll show you." He reaches out for her hand and he leads her in. She notices a man from a distance taking pictures of them. She pauses for a minute and pulls Sthembiso's hand.

"Someone is taking pictures of us." She afraidly says and hides behind him.

He doesn't respond but takes out his phone and sends a quick text. Tazz comes from behind the hotel...

"Where,"

"There." Sthembiso points out and Tazz hurries towards that direction.

"Who's that?" Her voice is soft and yet scared.

"We will find out babe. Let's go in."

She holds on to him very tightly. "I'm here Ndoni, I'm not going anywhere." He laughs.

"Why is it so dark?"

"Babe you have too many questions. You asked why I always meet up with your friend Lindiwe and this is the reason why."

He lets go of her hand but she's holding not wanting to let go.

He turns on the lights...

"SURPRISE!!!"

She stands there frozen. Sthembiso lets go of her hand and steps aside looking at the emotions playing with her.

"Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you,

Happy birthday to Ndoni, happy birthday to you!!!"

"Woahh," they clap hands and cheer up for the still frozen Onyiye. She turns to look at Sthembiso who was holding his phone doing a live video on Facebook. Ndimuphiwe screams

wiggling himself from his grandpa and runs towards his mother. Ngimuphiwe crawls crying seeing his mother's face. She picks her babies up looking all emotional not knowing how to respond.

Lindiwe is here all smiles, except for this smile - it's genuine.

"Ndoni yakaJiyane." She takes Ngimu and place her on her hip.

"Happy birthday." She hugs the still confused and lost Onyiye.

"Makoti bakithi." Sthembiso's mother loves Onyiye like her own. She hugs her.. "she is still in shock." Everyone laughs.

"My daughter," can't this get even better! Looks like every one knew except for her. She smiles emotionally and burst into tears. Majiyane takes Ndimu off her hands. Sthembiso stops the recording and laughs a bit.

"This is the reason why we have been having meet ups with Lindiwe. This is the reason why I've been having sleepless nights. I know I was a jerk and I'm sorry for that. Know one thing, I will never cheat on you in my wildest dreams. I may do mistakes yes, but cheating is on of those mistakes. I love Ndoni and I mean it. You love my children with all you have in you. You love loved a stranger hoping I will come back one day. And I did with the help of Khoza. I won't share how we met but that is the day I will get I share on my wedding day. Happy birthday

sthandwa Sami. I promise not to make sleepless nights for you ever again."

They hug trying to calm her down. He kisses her head and smiles.

"I know that my daughter will be taken care of." Obinna.

Mam Philisiwe standing in a corner with tears all over her face. The more she spends time with Onyiye the more she looks so much like her late daughter. She doesn't want to spoil another child's birthday. This is her moment and time to shine.

"Mntanami," she opens her arms widely for Onyiye who hasn't stopped crying - the Okojie family is here as well. The aunts and cousins. Her father, sister step mother and her friend. Including Sthembiso's friends.

She looks around and she feels appreciative and happy but somewhat guilty. She feels bad that her own mother goes out for Sisipho's way to spend money on her because she the only daughter for her and she was an enemy. Her heart breaks knowing that her own mother didn't acknowledge her own birthday, not that she ever has! She looks at her phone hoping to find something but none! She has to accept that this woman will never love nor accept her as her own daughter.

She hasn't moved from where she has been standing all along.

"Babe, come have a sit." Sthembiso pulls her by hand and helps her sit on a queens chair to face everyone.

Embellish the birthday buffet - bar with a simple garland. Dress up standard balloons by filling them with confetti for a pop of colourful birthday party décor.

Those pastels are lovely very soft pink... She can't name it all but they did went all out and about.

Everyone is enjoying having their time of their lives. First time being in a hotel.

"So, you can actually book a hotel to have birthday's?" She's clueless and that is what Sthembiso loves about her. He chucks squeezing her hand softly.

"No dummy

I reserved this for you. I wanted to make something special." He smiles. She's blushing with her cheekbones aching.

"I feel stupid."

"No you are not my love. You will learn along the way." He takes her hand kissing her soft knuckles.

"Did I ever tell you how much I love you?"

"Always," she smiles back at him. Everyone is having a feast and she's looking at them with so much admiration.

"And always."

"Forever,"

"And ever Ndoni yami." He stand up and pulls her hand. While she's still seated. A song plays, a song that he requested to be on the playlist. "This song reminds me of you when we first met under the load shedding. May I have this dance her majesty?"

She laughs as everyone awaits for her to say yes.

"Yes my king." She stands up and holds his hand.

"When I first saw you

I already knew

There was something inside of you

Something I thought that I will never find

Angel of mine

I look at you, looking at me

Now I know why they say the beat things are free

Gonna love boy, you are so fine

Angel of mine..."

"Don't listen to Brandy or Tamia, hey what's this girl's name? Don't listen when she says boy, she meant to say girl."

"Wrong choice of song." She laughs hiding her face on his chest.

"I have presents for you." He whispers to her ear with the music still playing.

"Presents? Kanti how many?" She's smiling. She has never received a gift before other than from Lindiwe.

"Let's wait and find out."

"Is this one of the gifts?" She secretly grabs his dick. He is dumbfounded by her action. The shy Onyiye!

"Babe, people are watching." He grabs both of her hands and places them on his chest.

"No, they are not. Look at everyone dancing." She seductively smiles.

"Don't do this.." that came out as a whisper. He is already turned on.

"I'm ready for my next present." He looks so high from drugs making Onyiye to fit with laughter. He clicks his tongue and turns to look at everyone.

"Can everyone please follow me outside." He shouts for everyone to hear.

Whispers and gasps of shocks. No one is believing. So she was admiring her own car!

"Ow my God!" She jumps into his arms unable to contain her excitement.

"How did you know?"

"Lindiwe told me."

"You slay bastard!" She's happy. Who wouldn't be happy who just received a gift as a car! A whole freaken car!

It's a pity she cannot drive, cause God knows she was going to run this town even now!

They are now driving towards Ballito. She's never been this side of Durban - well that's if it's still Durban.

"Wow, this is breath taking." Indeed it is. Seeing her smile made his heart pump in joy.

"We should come this side more often."

He so badly wants to squeeze her thighs but stops himself and fiddles with the gear. The rents are at the back. He clears his throat and sits up straight making himself comfortable.

"And we are here?" He parks outside in the parking lot. They all step out of the car. His mother dramatically fixes her hat.

"You may need to wear your slippers, there's a lot of grass." He suggests.

"I'll be good. I got this."

"This way bazali." His parents follow behind. The rest of the family was left behind. They couldn't be accommodated all of them - transport wise.

Mam Philisiwe with her husband Obinna and Sbahle follow shortly. The kids are sleeping peacefully in their car seats.

Onyiye lifts her head and looks at the Billboard. "Onyiye And Son's." She reads out loud in confusion. She looks at Sthembiso who is smiling nervously looking at her. The sweat on his forehead!

"I brought everyone here to let you know that I bought my baby mama a plot so that she can be able to do what she does best, ukutshala."

"Uthini kithi wena mfana!" Mam Philisiwe is in shock, so is everyone.

"I bought this land for Onyiye And Son's specifically for her. This is an appreciation of my love to her. I want her to enjoy life to the fullest. I want her to ravish this place and turn into green pastures. I want this place to flourish with varieties of vegetables. My love, this is my token to you and my kids." He hands her the contract. She takes it with her shaky hands and reads through. She doesn't want to cry but these bloody god damn tears are betraying her.

"I don't know what to say." Her lips quiver - she bites her lower lip preventing herself from crying.

"I..We..." She's struggling to breathe. Lindiwe hands her a bottle of water and rubs her back.

"Don't hold your cry in, my friend."

Lindiwe side hugs her and places her head on her shoulder. Onyiye's hand shake...she closes her eyes and burst into tears.

"Makoti." It's paining to see her daughter in-law cry in this manner.

"Shhh, don't cry this much umumbi - uvele ubemnyama kakhulu. So, don't cry."

Onyiye stops crying and her face is being replaced with a frown, they all laugh. She snorts her nose and wipes the tears off her face.

"Am I that ugly when I cry?"

"No, you are more prettier." Her father Obinna says with a smiles on his face.

"A little birdie told me that you love Cape Town. The plane is leaving this evening." He hands her two tickets. Her face lights up as she begins screaming and jumping up and down in joy.

"It's not fair that you only get to cry on what I give you but you do not cry on what your father gives you. Mxm traitor!"

Dramatic Sthembiso as much.

They are now back at home packing their weekend away stuffs. Her heart is reaping apart in pieces with so much joy. She's smiling like a retarched.

"I can't believe I thought that you and Lindiwe were shagging behind my back." She shakes her head.

"I was sweating, running up and down trying to impress your small head." He pushes her head making her to stagger. She gasps opening her mouth to talk. Sthembiso laughs.

"Sthembiso, did you just push me?"

She has a towel wrapped around her body with nothing underneath.

"I'm sorry mamaki." He hugs her from behind. They both just had a shower and preparing themselves for the trip.

He spins her around making her to face him. She's angry.

"I'm sorry Shorty," he pulls her chin and kisses her. His hand trails around her but squeezing it gently. He unwraps the towel and throws it on the floor. He pushes her to lay on top of the bed with him getting on top of her.

"We will be late." She's panting.

"We have three hours to prepare." He kisses her again. He pulls the towel off him placing it aside. Getting in-between her legs leaves him groaning before he could even enter indonga zeJerico.

He strokes himself and runs himself against her clit.

"Hmm," he is getting weaker by the second struggling to breathe. Onyiye holds his waist with her legs wide open.

He positions himself and places the tip on the entrance.

"Shit!" He's breathing heavily. He pushes through her tight self. She flinches closing her eyes. He pushes through stretching her walls.

"Khonani la?" He is biting her neck muffling his screams.

"Eish," moving in and out of her is making him lose his senses. She knows him when he is about to cum, the first round never lasts, not even a minute and she's okay with it. They still have a life time to deal with this intimacy session.

"Hawe mah," he lowers his whole weight on top of her. He is moving faster enjoying her warmth. One hardful push - he is out. He pulls out and lays on his back panting.

"I swear you are making me two minutes!"

She giggles covering her face. She moves close to him with her head on his chest.

"We should get ready." She tells him.

"Can we stay like this a life time?"

"No, I want to go to Cape Town."

"Spoil mooder." He spanks her but making her to jump off the bed. This man will never get enough of her. If she lets him for round two, it could even last an hour.

She's holding so tight on to his arm. Afraid of heights but she wanted to be in Cape Town.

"Babe look." The plane is finally takes off.

Everything is shrinking by the second. Her heart is drumming rapidly against her chest making her to have a shortness of breath.

"I think I'm going to die." She wants to throw up. She coughs trying to hold it down. Sthembiso secretly makes a video of her praying. This is a must for the world to see. Posting it on his Facebook account...

"Baby mama is afraid of heights." The caption had people laughing. Who wouldn't laugh when a woman is praying her lungs out when a plane is taking off.

Having her eyes closed until she reaches their destination will do for now!

LINDIWE NGOBESE

Yesterday was her friends birthday and indeed they had their time of their lives. After the celebration Sizwe drove her down here so that she could get ready for the preparations that will be happening tomorrow morning.

Maybe they are going to fast but hey, wherever there is happiness there is love.

"Mntanami, are you sure this is what you want?" Her mother is concerned, who wouldn't be concerned when their only daughter is about to be married

She smiles blushing looking down.

"Yes mah, I'm sure."

"If you are sure the and happy, then I'm happy too." They both fall into comfortable silence. "Does he know about the..." she clears her throat.

Lindiwe sighs, "he knows, I told him."

"And he was okay with that?" She asks.

"Yes, we talked about it and he told me to do cleansing before we start having our own family."

Her mother nods understanding.

"He is a good man."

She smiles reaching out for her only daughters hand.

"Tell me about Gift's birthday."

Her face lights up in excitement.

Telling her mother how she met up with Sthembiso planning all of that. The hard work that they put through, him being difficult in everything. Him disputing all the ideas that she came up with but all in the end it was the best.

"She was way too emotional to enjoy. But then, it is understandable. She never really had a surprise birthday party let alone a gift from people close to her other than me."

"I'm happy for her. Uvuke wazithatha untombo."

"And she did. Everything was beautiful. I'm happy for her."

"Your friendship is still tight?"

"More than anything even after she accused me for snatching her man." They laugh.

"I would have done worse trust me. But the mere fact is that she is happy with the people who love her and it is a blessing. To even think that Ntombi lied to everyone that she was raped. Kanti all along she was feeding us poison. Imagine feeling sorry

for her all those years." She clap her hands once and shakes her head in disbelief.

"You should see her father. It's like you looking at the same person."

"I think you are exaggerating." She laughs.

She takes out her phone and scrolls through her gallery and shows her mother the pictures of her birthday.

"Wow, what a small world." Indeed is.

Later on, they were peeling off vegetables preparing for tomorrow. She's laughing enjoying the stores of the runway brides. She will definitely never leave Sizwe at the alter. She will never stoop that low.

"I will never leave my husband hanging without any explanation." She laughs.

"The girl I know runway - her husband was abusive and she couldn't take the abuse any longer." Her aunt says.

"Now that's what I will run away for. No woman can stand abuse." She replies. They continue arguing about the topic until her phone rang. She excused herself...

"Babe," she's in her room laying in her back with her legs crossed.

"I'm sick."

"What's wrong?" She sits up straight with her heart pounding. Yesterday this girl was good and now...

"I have jet neg." She says.

"A what?" She's confused!

"Sickness from jet neg." She frowns and suddenly her mind clicks.

"Girl!" She laughs out loud almost peeing on herself.

"Onyi I swear you are going to be the death of me. Isn't it called jet lag? As in L-A-G."

"Kona lokoke. I feel like vomiting. My stomach has bubbles."

"Friend please stop. Stops - you definitely killing me." Lindiwe cannot stop laughing.

"Whatever. How are the preparations going?" She asks.

"For now all is good. I pray that nothing sinister happens tomorrow. I just have that odd feeling that something terrible is about to happen or is going to happen."

"That is because you are telling yourself that. Let the day go smoothly without you and your negative silly thoughts."

"Maybe you are right. Maybe it's me who is just way too anxious about the whole thing."

"Are you ready for marriage though?"

"I think I am. I love Sizwe and he makes me happy. Being with him will do me happy." She says.

"I wish I was there." She's sulking over the phone and it doesn't suit her.

"You will be my matron of honour on my wedding day."

"Now you talking! Look, I have to go Sthembiso is complaining."

"Phaka ikhekhe wena."

"You crazy!" She disconnects the line and smiles thinking about her jet lag friend. As silly as she can be sometimes, but she loves her to bit.

Her heart beats abnormally making her hand to trail on to her chest.

That feel of your heart stroking once making it hard for one to breathe. She sighs taking a deep breath as her heart continues to beat hardly.

Maybe she is having a heartburn.

It's morning and everything has been prepared. She couldn't sleep with all the thoughts clouding her mind.

"Vuka ntombi." That is her aunt yanking the blankets off her body. She's awake already and she has been awake through out the night.

"Auntie," she pulls the blankets up. It's now that sleep is taking over.

"If you sleep now you will forever be asleep. They will snatch your man. You don't sleep when you get married. Men do not like lazy women. Wake up."

She wakes up jumping off the bed to stand up.

"Okay, I'm up."

"Go take a bath and come help us in the kitchen."

"They are here." Her mother says in excitement. Lindiwe drops everything and runs to her room to look at herself in the mirror. She looks perfect for this day and she wonders how will it go. She smiles briefly taking a deep breath. She cannot wait to see her beloved man or shall she say husband to be. She laughs to the sound of it. Imagine her being Mrs Sizwe Dazela! She fixes her scarf and pulls her sishwehwe dress down a little and smiles to herself.

"I can do this." That is the enthusiasm in her voice. The spirit is there and high!

Everything went smoothly and everyone was and still is excited. Simple, short and no dramatic. She's been smiles like..., not believing that the day is finally here. Is she happy - definitely she is. Who wouldn't be happy when there is a man out there who sees a worth in a woman like her?

ONYIYE'S HOME

Notifications buzzing in her phone making her annoyed.

Its morning and it is her fucken rest day! She clicks her tongue turning to lay on her left side.

Her phone is pinging non stop annoying her to the core. Why is God punishing her in this manner. She pulls her phone underneath the pillow and decides to switch it off. Atleast she's not going to work. She sighs running out of sleep. She caresses on her flat tummy and smiles a bit. Atleast she is working and

she will be able to take care of her child. It's just only going to be her and her little one. She's praying for a baby boy.

She can hear her mother calling for her from a distance. That shallow voice calling...

"Ey, ey! She kicks the blankets off her as she grunts in so much annoyance. She has her eyes still closed. She walks to her mother's bedroom and finds her wide awake.

"Mah!" she lazily opens her eyes.

"Help me pee," she goes out to collect the bucket and help her pee. She needs someone who can assist her in this. It's getting tiring by the second. It's like all of her mother's burden is on her!

"Must I pour you water to bath you as well?" She asks not ready to nurse a woman who is not even bothered to try doing things on her own.

"Yes, please mntanami."

The anger in her vanish immediately. She nods her head regretting her actions.

"Sisipho," she softly calls for her name. She stops before she could even exit the room.

"Mah," the response is much more lighter then the aggressive one.

"Thank you. I know I wasn't the best mother... Onyiye..." She takes a deep breath. Sisipho secretly roles her eyes getting annoyed. Look like they will be having breakfast with the name dished out on the plates this morning!

"What did Onyiye do?" She place her hands on her non-existing hips.

"I need to see her. It's important."

"She doesn't respond to our calls."

Her mother nods her head. "I don't blame her. I blame myself." She has never seen her mother emotional. Clearly Onyie's present not being around is affecting her. And for that, is leaving her with so many unanswered questions.

"Let me go prepare you for bath." She walks not wanting to respond to the confusing statement. What did she mean when she said 'I don't blame her. I blame myself.'

She needs to start antenatal clinic. She doesn't want to have a baby like Ndimu. That baby was something else and very much scary. Reminds her of the guy she once saw in church. If she recalls correctly it's the same guy that once ambushed her at work.

Some people are mad honestly.

She walks outside the house heading to the rondovel. It's been long since it was last opened. She opens the padlock and enters. It's clean, atleast. With all of her rags tacked neatly. She cringes looking at the sponge that was on the floor. Who sleeps on something like this?

"Ewu," she closes her nose and opens the window for fresh air. There's no smell, just her being dramatic.

She's snooping around through her things. She doesn't know what she is looking for but she is looking for something.

Nothing important, she notices something behind a bucket. She pulls the paper behind and reads through with a slight frown on her face.

"Ow shame

her and school. Mxm." She tares the papers into pieces throwing them on the floor.

She decides to leave the door open. Maybe if only she can make good use of this rondovel plus it is very much in good shape.

Sitting at home all day running out of plans of life. Wake up, eat and sleep. That is her routine for her day off. Instead of doing her washing she is lazing around stuffing herself with food.

She's watching news but nothing interesting about it. Just...

A knock on the door has her grunting in displeasure. She just wanted to be indoors, she doesn't even want to see the sun. She places a bowl of popcorn on the table and goes towards the door. It's Clive Onyiye's friend.

"Onyiye is not here." She tells him before he could even ask anything. Maybe him knowing early will take his flat arse out of this compound.

"I know, I just wanted to ask if did you finally get hold of Onyinye?" Stupid him - he can't even pronounce her name.

"We have her number."

"Oh, okay. I'll take my leave then." She closes the door on his face. Footsteps fading...

She peeps through the window and watches him as he disappeared out of sight.

She throws herself back on the couch - switches through those channels. It's pointless watching SABC channels midday. Nothing is interesting.

If only she paid for the DSTV she wouldn't be here. For three months without payment...

She's cooking... It's so unlike her not to browse through her social media. And another reason to keep her phone off, she seriously doesn't know what she wants. She is definitely running away from Shane. He is back from wherever he is. Surely he is going to make her life a living hell.

"She closes the pot after steering the potato curry. She has suddenly developed the love of potato curry.

She's done cooking. She switches the stove off and decides to drink water.

It's still morning, just a sleep will do for now.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She's in the shower singing her lungs out. Sthembiso is standing looking at himself in the mirror. He turns to face her with a confused look on his face. She has her eyes closed with warm water dripping down on her. He smiles folding his arms. His baby mama is something else. He shakes his head smiling. Surely...he listens to her every day song trying to the sense the meaning or shall he say the message of it. She always has this song on repeat till he gets annoyed at times. He should have a word with Rudeboy and ask him why did he have to name this song Chizoba This woman surely love this song...

"Something is killing me slowly

And I'm feeling so lonely

Now I'm looking up to God o

Eyeh yeh

Paid my tithe, I paid my dues

See distractions everywhere

Now me feeling emotions

Ehh

I get plenty, so many things that I really wan complain to you

See those people wey they try to

Bring confusion in our brotherhood, eh

Baba bless my family, bless my enemies

Bless everybody

Together we be smiling

That's why me tell them say..."

His phone rings. He forgot to switch it off! Onyiye stops singing and opens her eyes under the water.

"I thought you said you have your phone switched off!" She's mad.

"I'm waiting for an update from Tazz, about that man."

He tries to be honest and look like it is working on his favour.

"And?"

"Hau babe, I don't know. I'm here with you angithi. I haven't even answered the phone woman." He laughs briefly. "Let me take it, then I will switch my phone off."

"Halo..." He is listening attentively. He takes a deep breath closing his eyes.

"Sharp." He switches his phone off and place it on top of the bathroom counter.

"So..." she anxiously awaits for a response.

"It's nothing you have to worry about." He also steps in the shower and kisses her shoulder. He takes the shower gel and begins to smear it on her body again...

Their kiss is getting deeper and deeper making Onyiye to be wet double.

He pushes her against the wall with the water still running...

"It's slippery." She pants trying to hold him but her hands keep on slipping off him.

"Let's wash the soap off, then do what we love the most."

He helps her washes the soap off her body. She grabs the towel to wipe herself but Sthembiso pulls it off her hand.

"I want us to go wild today." He whispers. He closes the shower tap and helps her step out. He holds her from behind, tilts her neck to the side and begin to give her neck kisses.

"St..." She makes her mouth into a thin line. She closes her eyes and reaches for his wet red hair.

He holds her waist and bends her over.

One foot on top of the closed toilet seat lid, with her hands against the wall for balance. Sthembiso then holds her waist, his hand trails down all the way to her butt cheeks. He spreads them apart enjoying the view. He loved how that pink meat showed under her very dark skin. He positions himself and enter her from behind. Plus, this position for her is perfect for a tight space!

He lets go of her butt and holds her waist again. Penetrating her has always left him... unexplainable.

She is feeling her internal erogenous zones better and more forcefully than any other position. It also feels animalistic and kinkier than a lot of other.

She used to find it somewhat, dehumanizing when she first started doing this position, but then realized she was kinky and she actually kind of liked that dehumanizing aspect!

"Ow God," She can literally feel like her soul is being banged around. It's also a turn-on how aesthetically pleasing it is for him. His groans feeling up the bathroom, the pleasure from behind is too much. He bends her even lower exposing her everything.

"Fuck mamazi!" The sounds of their wet bodies banging against each other.

She tilts her head to look at him from the mirror - their eyes meet through that steam. That steam...

It's like a whole other part of her brain takes over. She doesn't have the words to explain the bodily sensation, but the feeling of getting wetter and wetter, then finally feeling him slowly enter her favourite moment of it all.

It's all very wet and very warm. The steady pleasure she is getting being penetrated and her clit is getting the attention, it needs is a tingly warmth that spreads throughout her pussy. She's close to the core, she's definitely coming, the sensation of that orgasm building inside of her is like a rubber band that's getting stretched to its limit—and then it suddenly snaps. Massive explosions of heat and pleasure. Her body is steadily

releasing a cocktail of hormones. She combine the surge of hormones with happiness making her to cry. A tear drop escapes her eye. She drops her head biting her inner cheek.

He is now moving in a faster pace cursing. She knows it when he is about to come. Her legs are getting numb by the second, he vibrates from behind and let's out a loud groan.

"Ow fuck!" He lets go other waist and stands there for a second trying to get his breath under that dizzy moment. He finally pulls out and chucks looking at his dick smeared with her juices.

He picks the towel up and wipes himself then wipe Onyiye.

"Let's go to bed..."

Laying on the bed butt naked under the blankets...

"So tell me something, why do you cry whenever we get intimate? Does it hurt?" He plays with her afro. He loves it when she plays with his chest also. Drawing circles turns him on.

"I don't really cry - it's like when you hit me really good spots when we're going at it. The best way I could describe it. It's like you're making my pussy see stars."

"What the fuck!" He burst into laughter with her joining in.

They just want to spend their time indoors today. Getting to know each other more...

STHEMBISO JIYANE

He zooms the picture he was sent by Tazz and shakes his head.

He doesn't know the man and he doesn't recall seeing him anywhere.

"So what does he want?" He asks. He thought that Dumisani is the one behind all this but he is with MaZet wherever he is. Surely they are planning something against him, but he heard that MaZet is pregnant with Dumisani's child. And he finds it funny.

"That I don't know, but I will dig in further."

"Let me if it's something that needs me."

Tazz chucks over the phone. "Unless if you want her to kill you. We got this, enjoy your stay in Cape Town."

They conclude the phone call with Sthembiso putting his trust on the.

He removes the phone on his ear and looks around trying to spot her. He lied and said he forgot something in the car - he wanted to sneak out to make a phonecall. He switches his phone and steps out of the hired car locking it. He looks around

and takes a deep breath before going in their hotel room. It's cold and he wanted to do something special today. But the weather is disappointing him. Miss Ndoni - her and chilly weathers are like oil and water. She's way too sensitive. Surely her nose is blocked and sneezing non-stop. He enters the room locking it. She finds her indeed sneezing, she's blowing her nose in different directions. Plans ruined - they are not going anywhere.

She grabs her handbag and pulls out for some tablets. She looks at the time and gulps one and replace them back in her bag.

"What are those pills for?" He doesn't know any sickness she might have. Those are not even flu tables.

"I'm preventing." Her voice is hoasky.

"I didn't know that you were on prevention." He sits next to her.

"I was sacred to tell you." She sighs.

"Are you kidding me. I'm actually glad that you thinking about yourself. I'm not selfish babe. I'm glad you decided to take this route. Hope it won't preventing you from having more babies in the future."

"No, and you are still thinking of having more babies after what Ndimu has put is through?"

He laughs out loud getting on top of the bed.

"My vision and wish is to have 7 babies. Since we have two, we are short of five."

"Never! Labour pains are not some pains that you can handle. I'm done babe."

"Not until I say so. I'm just waiting for everything, including your life to be on the right path and I will do the fucking aiming for my eggs to git that closed wall."

She looks at him not believing. "Your crazy," he smiles looking at her innocent tiny face. How did he score himself such a woman?

"Why are you looking at me like that? Sthembiso what did you do?" She sneezes and blows her nose again.

He takes a deep breath and sighs.

"Remember when I said I had that money in my account."

"Yes, what about it?" She asks making his heart pound a bit.

"It's in the house." She removes her hand from his.

"What, what do you mean the money is in the house Sthembiso!"

"The police where going to track it and I had to clear my account making my account clean. I withdrew every cent and removed every transactions that links me to that money."

"You haven't answered my question."

"I hid the money in the house. The police are on our tails..." he looks shamefully down running out of words.

"Where is the money in that house? I don't remember seeing any safe." She wants to be mad but she can't.

"It's not in the safe."

"Then where is it!" He has never seen her this mad. "I pray to God that those men where not there looking for money - because if that's the case. Trust me I will never forgive you!".

"No, no, no, babe. The money was stashed in the house after the incident."

"Okay, now back to my question. Where did you hide that money?"

She's more calmer now. Maybe he can now answer her.

"Under the tiles...of our bedroom."

She sighs looking at him not believing. This man will surely be the death of him.

"Have you realised that you have just put our lives in danger? Do you know the outcome of what you just did? When did you have all the time to do this?"

"The time you were in hospital." She nods her head. He hasn't lifted his head to face her.

"And, what happens if the police..." She doesn't want to finish the sentence.

"I could get arrested."

"Jehovah." She doesn't know what to say or how to even respond. All of this is too much for her. "I seriously don't know Sthembiso. I don't know how to react or even respond. The fact that you made this decision without my consent..." She takes a deep breath.

"I'm sorry." He regrets it. Now he sees how communication is very much important.

"It's okay. We will see where life takes us. I'm here for you." That all he needs from her. Now that this thing that has been bugging him is out of his chest he feels released and a heavy weight has been lifted off his shoulder

He snuggles himself next to her and lays his head on her thighs. She's sitting straight up leaning against the headboard.

"Can you play with my cheek." He misses her soft hands caressing on his face. She smiles shaking her head.

"I seriously don't know what I will do to you to you. But I still love you."

"I love you too," he closes his eyes enjoying her soft touch.

The more she caresses on his cheek the more he gets turned on.

"No more secrets."

"I promise baby."

"Am I still goint to get my 10K allowance?" She asks.

"That is all what you think about? A mere 10K, the money that you do not even use. I think I should decrease it."

"What? Hell no! That money, I pay my school fees, tutor for my online sessions and for the kids products. Those monthly visits - making sure that their skins are well taken care of."

"That's alot, does it cover everything?"

"Yea it does." She shrug her shoulders.

"Your parents should give you a monthly allowance as well."

"He will," they both laugh.

"Has your mother tried contacting you lately?"

"I don't pick up."

"You should call her and hear what she has to say. I want to pay damages for Ndimu."

"What about Ngimu?" She's confused.

"I'm thinking of doing everything with you." He responds making her confused.

"How?"

"Technically he is your son. And I believe your ancestors know him as your son. But I will consult with my parents first and see what they have to say." He tells her.

"We shall have to wait and see."

There's nothing much to do but just being indoors and watching movies all day. The more he talks to her the more he gets to know how matured she is. The conversation is easy and very much flowing. Their chemistry is there and everything is just cute.

"We should get some food, I'm hungry."

"What do you feel like having?" He is ready to order.

"Shushi,"

"What's that babe?"

"Chinese food, hau." He tries to think deep.

"You mean sushi?"

"Yes, that. I want to taste it." She's smiling.

Sthembiso cannot contain his laughter. He pushes his head back and fits with laughter. This woman is going to kill him with laughter. First it was the jet neg now this, shushi!

LINDIWE MAZIBUKO

Not her world and happiness crumbling down.

So, this is why her heart has been raging unstoppably making it hard for her to even breath. After hearing the heartbreaking news they as quickly as possible.

Entering the ward, she finds th doctor busy with him. Her heart drops to the stomach seeing her man in that state.

A nurse following her behind...

"Doctor

I tried to stop her but..."

"It's okay. I will handle it." The doctor responds taking the gloves off. She rushes towards him and stands beside his bed.

All those machines, he is peacefully sleeping with a bandage wrapped around his head. His swollen face and a broken leg.

"I'm so glad you're okay! Not entirely okay but the fact that you are alive. We came as soon as we heard what happened?" She asks him hoping that he will wake up and respond. She diverts her eyes to the doctor. The doctor sighs looking at her innocent face, it's probably his sister -.

"Where are the parents?"

"They are here. Do you want me to go call them?" She asks ready to run.

"No, please follow me to the office."

The doctor leads the way with her following behind with her still wearing the sishwehwe dress that her in-laws brought her. She informs Sizwe's parents and they all follow the doctor.

They are all sitting patiently waiting for the doctor to speak. He is still browsing through the file. He closes it and sighs putting his elbows on the table and locking his hands...

"I don't know how to even begin explaining."

"Starting from the beginning will do." Lindiwe tells the doctor. The parents are quite...

"He has been declared as someone who is in a coma, unconscious and has minimal brain activity. He is alive but can't be woken up and show no signs of awareness. The person's eyes will be closed and they'll appear to be unresponsive to their environment."

"How can he be a comma but still alive?"

Lindiwe is confused. She saw him and he was breathing just fine through those machines.

"Brain death is not the same as coma, because someone in a coma is unconscious but still alive. Brain death occurs when a critically ill patient dies sometime after being placed on life support."

"Can he hear us?" Lindiwe continues to ask the doctor.

"He can hear the sounds in the environment, like the footsteps of someone approaching or the voice of a person who he loves deeply. Please bare in mind that they feel they can remember events that happened around them while they were in a coma, while others don't."

"Doctor, what do you mean?"

"What I'm trying to tell you is that he might come back a different person. He might loose his memory and lives on his own atmosphere. He might lose touch with the world. He might

even forget his name and where he is from. They normally live like people who have dementia."

The room becomes silent.

She is having difficulty dealing with stress. She is feeling helpless and stuck in certain situations not knowing how to react or respond to the situation.

She feels broken inside out, she is feeling emotionally overwhelmed like she is out of gas to keep moving forward. How did she get here? She was so excited to see her man but now...

She's tired of crying. She couldn't bare to see him in that state, so she went straight to her 1 bedroom she is renting.

She's her phone close to her chest crying her lungs out. It hurts so very bad. She cannot even enjoy her first night in a stepping ladder of being Mrs Dazela.

She's looking at their recent conversation, this feels so unreal. At first she thought that maybe it's not him laying on that hospital bed. Trying to convince herself...

Her phone rings and it is her mother. She doesn't want to talk to anyone! Why can't they understand and give her space!

Her man was involved in a car accident and he looks pretty bad.

If only she stopped him from coming to Eshowe, they wouldn't be getting this message. Now he is admitted in King George Hospital.

Those machines... She closes her eyes letting the tears flow. Her headache is pounding from all the crying. She cannot even begin to share how she feels. She cannot imagine herself losing what loved her the most - what she loves the most. Why does God have to take her happiness before it could even begin. She is starting to believe that she is not cut for happiness, she...

Her phone rings again and this time around it is his mother. She sighs wiping the tears and finds the courage to pick up.

"Mah," her lips quiver, she bites her lower lip preventing them quivering even more.

"How are you holding up? Your mother has been trying to get hold of you."

Her mother can wait, she is with her husband. She is here crying her pain.

"I'm just mah, I don't know how to feel about this. It hurts - I feel this dull aching, piercing pain in my heart. It's like I'm

having this crushing sensation. The chronic, hanging over me and im depleting just like the pain."

"I'll tell Melusi to celebrate pick you up." Sizwe's mother say heart brokenly over the phone.

"Okay, I will pack up." She is already on her feet. Maybe being in his home, sleeping in his room will make things better and easier. She packs her overnight bag. She has her clothes in his house no need to pack alot of clothes.

Indeed Melusi came to fetch her. The car has his smell, surely he was using it in one of the days. She smiles tearfully and sighs looking outside the window. The buy streets of Durban. People don't sleep..

"Are you okay?"

Melusi asks looking at her. She smiles sniffs and shakes her head.

"I don't know." She shrug her shoulders and turn turns to look at him. He is driving so focused on the road.

"He will be okay. You should be positive."

"After what the doctor told me? I don't think it is." She adds. She adjusts the chair leaning back comfortably with her hand on her forehead.

"If you are emotionally negative you are setting him backwards. If you are strong enough to help him fight he will pull through. Don't let my brother down, that man loves you to bits."

She smiles, who wouldn't smile after being told that you are loved by the one that owns your heart.

"You see that smile, I want it to be a smile that shall ever remain. A smile that will take my brother off the hospital bed. Let us focus on the positive things for now."

She nods her head listening to the words filled with encouragement.

The pass by Nando's, her favourite chicken of all times.

Sitting with his parents made things more awkward. The fact that she keeps on looking at his bedroom door in the mindset of seeing him. Her eyes drop and she looks down with a aching heart. How does she deal with a heartbreak?

"Kuzolunga Sisi. We shall keep him in our prayers and God will do the rest."

She heavily sighs lifting her hanging head.

"I want you to know I'm in this with you. We're going to fight this together. You're a wonderful person and I wish I could take away this pain from your heart. I know you are bleeding from

the inside but I believe in the God that we serve that nothing will happen to my son. All will be well if you have faith in it."

"Thank you, I guess I needed those words of making me stronger. I feel like I'm dreaming - like someone will wake me up and tell me that this is all a dream. It just feels so unreal that it hurts."

"We just need to be strong for him and yourself." She looks at her with that sympathetic look. She nods her head.

"Can I go sleep?" It's late already. There is nothing for her to do anyways. Tomorrow she has classes and she cannot even begin to think about attending. She just wants to spend her day with her man in hospital. If only they were allowed to spend as much time as they love without limitations.

She throws herself on his bed with a painful banging headache. She listens to her head striking non-stop.

She sits up straight and pulls out for some tablets from her toiletry bag.

Maybe after downing these painblocks the pain will go away. Her heart will be healed. She lays down on the bed closing her eyes trying to catch some sleep but this whole room is being intoxicated by his smell.

She enjoys his smell, she closes her eyes and hold the pillow close to her chest. The memories come back flooding. She remembers when they first made love. How they were no careful not to make noise. She smiles a bit blushing. Suddenly sadness takes over leaving her with alot of questions. She sighs holding on tight to the pillow.

As the saying goes, If you love something set it free. If it comes back it was meant to be!

She will wait for him as long as God decides to text the waters between them.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She is at a phase in her life right now where she's struggling with loneliness. Those hours of her not seeing him is putting a huge toll on her.

Most of the time, she would feel a deep sense of disconnection from the world around her and the people she shares it with.

The mere fact that she is thinking this in the small hours of the morning, deafened by the ear-splitting silence of an empty room, unable to sleep, simply emphasizes this point to her even harder.

Everything that was once familiar has now changed.

No more waking up with her head on his chest, being squashed by his big strong arms. Him talking in his sleep and grinding his teeth.

She sighs getting off the bed with a lot of emotions taking place. She slept but yet on an empty bed. Sleep came hard after a struggle and woke up way too early.

She must have passed out after drinking those painkillers.

This is not her one bedroom house where she wakes up in whatever time she wanted.

She takes off her night gown and put on her long dress with a doek on her head.

She will brushes her teeth first then cleans around the house and make breakfast.

Her plans for the day? She will definitely like to spend it with him if possible and doable. She will take a bath later one once everyone has gone to work. In that way she will be more comfortable moving around.

Melusi comes down the stairs wearing a suit. His baby mama is following him behind. When did she get here? Not that she has a problem but this girl has a problem with her and she doesn't know what she ever did to offend her. Whenever she is around she makes sure not to step on her toes. She makes sure that she ignores whatever comments passes by.

"Sisi," that's Melusi. He is older than her but prefers calling her Sisi - avoiding the awkwardness.

"Buti," she sighs. "I'm done making breakfast." She doesn't acknowledge the baby mama. Last time she was here she accused her of sleeping with her baby daddy. She turns to her pots. Busi clears her throat, Melusi notices the awkwardness...

"Lindiwe,"

"Busi," she still has her back facing them.

She loves gravy and eggs in the morning. An unpleasant breakfast.

"Am I missing something?" He asks looking at his baba mama Busi.

"Cha babe,"

That cha babe was too fast on her lips. Melusi turns to face Lindiwe – "will you be find by yourself?"

"I will be fine Buti. I'm going to check on my man, maybe he has woken up."

Busi looks at her with her eyebrows ached. She chucks...

"Busi, if you have something to say please say it to my face. I'm tired of you accusing me of sleep with Buti Melusi who happens to be my brother in-law. I don't understand why you have such a sick idea in your head."

"What!" The shock expression on Melusi's face. He looks at Busi with disappointed eyes.

"Is that what you think of me? Is this how low you label me? I'm so disappointed in you."

Lindiwe now notices the damage she has caused.

"It's not like that." Busi with crocodile tears.

"I'm off to work," he grabs his lunchbox that was made by Lindiwe. Busi turns to face her and the anger is visible on her face.

"Do you see what you have done!" She hisses.

"I didn't do anything. You are the one who keeps on rubbing it in my face that I'm sleeping with Buti Melusi. I don't know whether you enjoy your man being under another woman's skirt or what." She shrug her shoulders and cover the plates with a net.

"It's not like that."

"It's like what then? I don't even see Melusi as a man I can cheat with. He is not my type, sorry if I come out as rude, but yeah. He is someone I look at as a big brother. You planting ideas in a man's head of cheating - you are basically giving them an altitude to cheat. I'm need to clean. The day he decides to cheat - you should learn a thing or two from him." She walks past her.

"Melusi once cheated one me with Sizwe's ex." Her eyes drop to the ground. Lindiwe stops and turns to face her. Sizwe never told her about this.

"Excuse me?" She's lost.

"Anita was Sizwe's girlfriend. I don't know what happened but I found them both in bed and they admitted on hitting it for a while." She sniffs.

"I don't know what to say," she's dumbfounded, maybe Sizwe had a reason for not sharing such news with her.

"I'm sorry," Busi sighs looking down in shame.

"No need to apologize, but know that all woman will sleep with your man. I'm happy where I am. That man gives me real good and I don't see myself cheating on that soul." Lindiwe blushes looking down. She forgets that she was mad earlier on.

Busi laughs a bit, "I'm sorry for begin a pain." Her apology is sincere.

"It's okay, please help me around." Lindiwe.

Cleaning the house wasn't much of a hustle. Busi was there assisting in doing laundry and surprisingly she is not as bad as she thought. But she doesn't come close to miss jet neg. She is on her way to the hospital hoping to hear great news. She smiles crossing the road thinking positively. She bumps into Mpilo, their eyes meet.

"Can I pass?"

Mpilo moves aside and looks at her until she entered the hospital. She heard him click his tongue, she doesn't need drama, her man needs her attention more than anything.

She finds the doctors busy with him. She's standing out the door looking through the glass. Tears blurred her vision. Not in her wildest dream has she ever thought that her man will be turn around in bed like a corpse.

The two nurses walk out, they are done with him. She enters with her wobbly legs and a heavy heart. They told her to be strong for him - to have a positive energy. They told her to hold on and God shall answers her prayer's. Is it even possible in this state?

She sits down and takes his cold hand. She kisses the back of it hoping that he will squeeze her hand assuring her that he is fine and will be. She silently cries and turns to look on the side, at the back of her head she thinks he is aware of her being heart broken.

She takes a deep breath trying not to break down...

STHEMBISO JIYANE

Today is a sunny day, a beautiful day for them to explore Cape Town.

He finished bathing just waiting for missy to finish. At least her sinus toned down at night she had all the time to sleep and prepare her body for activities for the day.

He cannot wait for the day.

"Why do woman take time?" He is very much impatient. He has his hands in his black and white Adidas track pants pocket. Wearing all sporty today. Onyiye is wearing her high waste black jeans with a white crop-top accompanied with a black biker jacket.

"I'm done, we can go." She tells him. She presses her lips together making sure that her nude lipstick is intact. "I want a picture." She hands him her phone but remembers. "Your phone has perfect quality. Give me." He looks at her stunned. She is not even asking him but demanding. He completely zones out looking at her. She fishes for his phone in his pocket, unlocks it with a password and begins taking selfies.

"I want a full picture." She's bubbly and happy today. Is it because they are going out? She is surely behaving like a 20 year old today and he loves it!

He is tired of taking every picture in every angle. Turn the camera this way, you're too close, hold it up, hold it down...

"Are you done?" He asks locking his phone and putting it back into his pocket.

"For now, yes." And just like that he is loosing his space on his phone including his data. He better remove this iPhone in front of her eyes. Samsung girl is pilling up on his phone day by day

Advertisement

not that he is complaining.

"I want to ride a cable car." She's beaming in excitement. This is not what he signed for the day.

"Babe, are you okay?" He has never seen her this happy and it scares him. He pyits his hand on her forehead feeling her temperature.

"Yes, why?" She's confused.

"I thought you were afraid of heights."

She will definitely die young. Who offers their death on a silver platter?

"This one I can manage." She proudly says clapping her hands.

"Have you seen the height of that thing you want to be in?"

"I googled it and I think I can manage."

He wonders how will she manage - a woman who was afraid of a plane taking off!

They drive out of the hotel with her doing video's and capturing every building they pass.

"I love Cape Town. My dream came true." He reaches for her thigh and squeezes it a bit.

"You are yet to see the world babe."

And that is a fact he is willing to fulfil.

The robot turns red - he drives slowly approaching the robots. Onyiye opens the window and put her shades on. An SUV parks next to their hired car with two men inside. She puts her shades above her head and smiles pulling Sthembiso for a quick kiss.

Sthembiso smiles leaning over kissing her more. She giggles and pushes him off. She looks outside the window smiling. The men smiled and waved at her. She waved back smiling.

"Can I have your number?" One whispers enough for Sthembiso to hear.

Sthembiso frowns looking at Onyiye. His heart pounds a bit.

"Nah, I'm taken and I'm happy." She shouts.

"Whatever love portion you gave her, I also want it." The man says in that black SUV tells Sthembiso.

Sthembiso laughs a bit.

"I have my own, I shall give you." He shouts back.

"By the way, she looks lovely." The man winks - the robot turns green. The SUV drives along in full speed leaving them behind.

"I don't like how they were looking at you." He confesses and drives off following the car.

"No matter how much they look at me, they will never have me." That assurance in her voice made his blood flow a bit in happiness.

"Ncrr child." He smiles holding her hand.

Seeing her this happy made him remember the night she gave him her pride. She was all over the place having time of her life. Singing with that horrible voice.

"Only with you, I learned to breathe." Out of the blue he says. She pauses eating her ice-cream and burst with laughter. They are chilling in the park looking at the kids playing around. Just seeing the smile on her face is enough to keep him satisfied for the rest of his life. Seeing her happy again after a grow up struggle is better than any feeling in the world. He never want to see her sad again. "This will be worth it, Ndoni. Everything you had to go through growing up. I promise. Even if you have to wait for me after fucking up, I'll make it worth it." The smile fades from her eyes and she clutches her hand to her heart.

"You already have, Sthembiso." That. Right there. He don't deserve her. He walks swiftly back to where she's standing and take her face in his hands. "I mean it," he says. "I love you so damn much, it hurts." He forces his lips against hers, then pull away just as fast. "But it hurts in a really good way." He smiles making her to blush. This is what he signed up for. He doesn't see himself with any other woman besides her.

After eating ice cream he decided to do what the miss wants.

One minute it's a perfectly normal ride on the cable car ride that she requested. Before she could enter her size four she started shaking in fear. She was exited minutes ago, all happy and all smiles the next minute, it feels like she's on a boat on rough sea, feeling all giddy and nauseated.

"I told you not to eat ice-cream." He looks at her gagging with her eyes closed. A moment, he takes out his phone and begins recording her. "Babe, you are embarrassing me."

"Can we jump off?" Came out as a whisper. He laughs out loud making her tears flow down her cheeks.

"Hai babe, we a half way through. Just hold on." He takes her hand and holds it firmly. She is a shaking leaf.

He stops recording her and post the video on Facebook.

"She wanted to ride the cable car ride, now she is embarrassing me!" He logs out and puts his phone back to his pocket. He wraps his arms around her neck and wipe the falling tears.

This woman is a total embarrassment. He laughs on the inside.

"Are we there yet?" She asks - she still has her eyes closed.

"Open your eyes, the ride has stopped." He tells her. She slowly opens her eyes and looks down. She screams and climbs on him.

"Sthembiso!" Now all eyes are on him!

He laughs holding her tight.

She looks cute when she's afraid and he loves it.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

The fact that Sisipho hates waking up in the morning. She wanted the job and now that she has found it she is becoming lazy day by day.

She hasn't opened her phone, the thought of turning it on just makes her want to puke.

"Isn't this not your sister?" One of her colleagues asks. Sisipho frowns taking her phone.

"I wonder what that useless child has done now. I swear this stupid girl likes embarrassing us." She clicks her tongue. She seethes her teeth and look at the pictures and videos posted on Facebook by a particular man!

"Clearly, you haven't seen the latest updates. This girl is rolling in money."

Sisipho decides to keep quite and do not comment to her statement. She continues to watch with her mouth partially opened.

"When was this?"

"Check the dates. But I think it's recent." She adds.

"No it can't be." He voice is barely out.

"Yes dear. When Jesus say yes, nobody can say no." The girl snatches her phone out of her hands and walks away leaving Sisipho lost and confused.

She has suddenly lost appetite. Maybe it's not her. People look the same all day and damn time. There is no way that - that girl is Onyiye. She refuses to believe that.

She closes her food and pushes it aside. She takes her phone out of her breast and switches it on.

She never logs out on her Facebook and it has been a habit.

Last time Onyiye sent her a friend request and she never bothered accepting it. Seems like she deleted the friend request because she is not on the request list.

She searches her on Facebook, unable to spot her...

The annoying notifications keep on flooding making her even annoyed. She goes on her notification section and notices that she has been tagged multiple times.

"Shane requests for your presence now!" She cringes hearing the name Shane. She sighs in fear and locks it. She stands up and follows her supervisor shortly.

She finds everyone in Shane's office. She wonders who stole what. Whenever they are called all at once in this office it's definitely because of stealing.

She stands next to her colleague's and loudly sighs.

"I don't have all day, so I'm going to ask you this one question. Who amongst you stole my money?" Shane asks and the room becomes silent.

"I didn't." Sisipho replies in confidence. She wouldn't dare steal from this white old man. She knows the consequences of the outcome.

"So all of you do not know?" He asks leaning back.

The room is silent, breaths being held within.

Shane picks up a purple bag and throws it on the floor.

"Who's bag is this?" He asks playing with a pen.

"Mine's. What are you doing with my bag." Sisipho hisses and picks her bag up. She gasps looking at the amount of money in her bag. "Who put money in here!" She half screams.

"Everyone is excused." Shane dismisses everyone.

"I swear I didn't steal your money." She in the verge of crying.

"You're fired."

Just like that she has lost her job. She cannot be fired when she needs the job the most.

"Shane, please. I did not steal your, money I swear."

"Get out before I call security on you." He stands up and strides towards her.

"I swear, I didn't steal. I'll be in your bed tonight. Please just don't fire me. My mother needs the money more than me." Tears roll down her cheeks.

"Your a waste sweetheart. You don't turn me on any longer. Now leave my premises before I call the cops for trespassing and stealing. Poverty makes you do the unthinkable." He smiles and walks out of his office leaving her to burst in tears.

Anger and pain, followed by feelings of confusion and disillusionment

The sudden of the overwhelmed crippling sensation of powerlessness, depression and fear. How will she take care of her sick mother?

How will she take care of the child she is caring.

There is a knot in the pit of her stomach. You know that dissociative feeling where you can see yourself almost from above? That is how she definitely feels.

She feels muddled and blended into one negative, twisty, dismal feeling.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

Arriving at home, she throws herself on the couch, kicks off her sweaty pumps and sighs closing her eyes. It's not even month end and already she's broke and jobless.

"Mntanami, are you okay?" That's her mother's worried voice. Tears roll down her cheeks - she wipes them and begins to chock.

"Sisipho, you are scaring me."

Her mother says.

"I got fired at work." She says.

"Hau, why?"

"They said I stole money. Someone framed me and the boss feel for it. How are we going to live off after this?"

She's stressed. She can't even begin to tell how she will even begin living as an unemployment individual.

"God will make a plan." That is her mother trying to assure her, but looks like it's not working. Her phone beeps...

She's frowning looking at the amount of notifications. She sighs and browse through them.

Onyiye this, Onyiye that! Who knows maybe she was spotted pregnant somewhere with a fatherless child.

Her heart raises looking at her recent pictures. Finally, she manages to locate her Facebook account. She cannot believe her. A nobody cannot turn into a something over night. She pauses looking at the healthy kids with their blond hair.

She recognises the red man. Her mouth partially opens but her voice is failing her.

She continues to scroll through - her abdomen is suddenly filled with a slight pain.

"Wow," that is all she can say.

She shows her mother pictures.

"So this girl decided to sell her body embarrassing us more?" Sisipho chucks bitterly.

"Onyiye has dignity. She carries herself as a woman. She wouldn't use temple as a sin. Yes she made a mistake but would never betray her body in that manner." Her eyes pop out in shock. Did her mother just defend a girl she hates the most?

"We are talking about Onyiye here." She snaps her fingers on her mother's face.

"I know my daughter..." She sighs.

"Ma, is there something you are not telling me?" This woman used to hate Onyiye with all that is in her.

"No, I want to sleep." Just like that she throws her head on the pillow closing her eyes. Her mother was or has never - never took Onyiye's side. She continues to scroll on her phone and let her be.

A dark tall man... She zooms the picture not believing. This is the very same man on her mother's album. She's not stupid!

She wants to confirm, playing detective on her own. Looks like her mother is secretive.

She's paging everything document sweating. Her hands shake finding it hard for her breath. No it can't be!

"But, how come?" She asks herself scratching her head. She has had it figured all out. She admit her mother is something else. How can she hide such sensitive information!

She picks the whole album including the envelope and marches to where her mother is. So her mother has been hiding such information in her room. She has made her room upside down looking for what she wants.

"Ma, ma vuka." She vigorously shakes her. He mother squints her eyes opening them.

"Yini?" She asks with her tired voice.

She helps her sit on her mattress and sits next to her.

"I want you explain something." She hands her the brown envelope as well as the album. "What is this? And why does it say that Onyiye is the house owner?" She asks.

Her mother closes her eyes taking a deep breath. She didn't expect this...

"Can you put that back?" She pleads.

"Last time I asked you about the picture but you ignored me. I want to know who is this man?" She shows her the photo that was in the album, she scrolls on to her phone and searches for a picture of Onyiye.

"You see this man, this is the very same man that is with Onyiye. What is going on? Didn't you say you were raped? I'm just confused and lost."

She sighs leaning back.

"Can we not talk about this."

"When are we going to talk about it! You told me that my father died and left this house for me only to find out the this house is someone else's name who happens to the rapists daughter!" She half screams.

"Onyiye is not..."

"Carry in, Onyiye is not what mah!

"I was never raped by Onyiye's father. I left him because he was a foreigner. He was not enough for me! I was raped when I had you!" She shouts back and begin to have seizures. Her mother slowly falls on her side while sitting. Saliva coming out of her mouth, eyes rolling back, her hands deforming in an unrecognition. Sisipho zones out looking at her mother shaking vigorously on the mattress.

The door opens and their neighbour walks in carrying a bowl filled with sweat potatoes.

"Jesus!" the woman exclaims putting the bowl on top of the table. She rushes towards Nontombi putting a cloth in her mouth before she could even bit her tounge.

"Sisipho!" She taps on her shoulder.

Sisipho gets startled then her mind instantly comes back.

"Mah," she stands up and runs to the kitchen for a glass of water.

"What happened?" The lady asks.

Nontombi has stopped shaking.

"I don't what happened, we were talking and I zoned out." She is just rumbling not making any sense. The woman looks at her suspiciously but decides to keep her peace.

"How often does this happen?"

"Not quite often. It last happened two days ago."

"You should consider seeing Mahlase because he once helped with your mother's situation."

She nods her head but her mind trails back to what her mother said. Did she really mean what she said? The neighbour is talking to her but she cannot even hear a word of what she is saying.

"Sisipho!" She shakes her roughly on her shoulder.

"Yes, what? No." She closes her eyes. "I'm sorry I just have a lot on my mind " indeed she does. Her mother cannot do her like that, not when she has just been fired from work!

She's tossing and turning failing to sleep. With all the pictures, videos made her have heart palpitations.

She saw pictures of her in a plane, a car, a trip to Cape Town!

She is not cut for a good life! Only she is.

She sniffs feeling like she could just deactivate her Facebook account once and for all. How can a person rise from zero to hero. There is definitely something behind her overnight success.

She cannot bring herself to believe that a girl like Onyiye, who is very much younger than her is out there having the time of her life!

She would be very much happy if - if she was miserable and lonely.

She sighs laying on her back. She grabs the brown envelope, roughly opening it and reads through for the 10th time. All of this cannot be true when she is trying so hard not to believe any of it.

Her mother...she doesn't even want to think about that woman. She now remembers the words of Auntie Busiwe.

She dials her number and there is no pick up. Maybe she is still angry at how everything unfolded the last time she was here. She tries again luckily she picks up.

"Hello," her sweet voice make her emotional. The fact that she chased her out like a piece of nothing is now hitting her hard.

"Ma, is true?"

For a whole minute of silence with no response. "Is true?" She sniffs.

"I'm sorry."

That is not the answer she wanted.

"Your mother planted ideas in your head of lies. She was never raped by Onyiye's father but she was raped by your father who is a well known drunkard."

Her lips quiver as she burst into tears.

"So, I'm a product of rape?" She clutches onto her chest breathing heavily.

"Now that you know, I'm sure you know half of the truth. What are you going to do about it? About your sister because she had not fault in this?"

She's been asked a question she doesn't have a response to. Onyiye was born! So, yes she is part of this!

"Hating someone who was never asked to be born in the first place, I can say it's stupid. Do you want your kids to grow under that hate?"

"No," ofcourse not!

"Cleanse your heart before it's too late."

"I h..."

The line goes dead. She's the one who called but woman is the one who is disconnecting the call.

She didn't have the time and space during the day to process what's happened and to evaluate and make sense of it.

Sometimes the only time she gets to do that is when she is in bed. She's that type that processes everything at night.

She begins to think about her to-do list, and the endless worries she has about the day and weeks ahead, what will her life be now that she is jobless? Now that she knows she is a product of rape? She begins thinking about it in an embarrassing way.

It's scary how everything has unfolded and she is the part of the hurtful cycle. Her lips quiver. She is ruminating on a worst case scenario, image happening sometime in the future.

Whatever her thoughts are, she can't stop them from coming.

As the thoughts race, her heart pounds too, and it feels as

though she will never get to sleep. This all feels terribly unfair!

Night is supposed to be the time when you finally get to unwind and relax. Her racing thoughts make that feel impossible!

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She is looking outside the window

looking at the city of Cape Town. Is she finally blessed or what? Looking at her being in a foreign to iconic mountain ranges, stunning natural wonders, thrilling landscapes and ocean vistas. Her heart feels joyed and fulfilled, even if she dies now, she did get to experience that part of life that she always dreamed off. She smiles emotionally and wipes the tears that are about to escape her eyes.

"Babe, are you okay?" Sthembiso asks as he steps out of the shower. For a minute she paused and looked at him. As pinkish white, orange as he is - he is the best baby daddy, boyfriend, man she has ever come across. Her soul feels at piece. As stupid as he can be at times, she doesn't see herself build her home with another dick. Her eyes trail down to the dick hanging in-between his legs. She smiles admiring the machine that always make her sweat. The machine that always gets her pussy to see stars.

Sthembiso's frowns brings her back to earth. She was way in too deep - for a moment she felt him being buried deep inside of her.

"Are you sure you good?" He wipes his hair with a big towel, drips of water splashing all over making her to close her eyes inhaling his smell. Damn nigger knew how to take care of himself. She quickly flung her eyes open and sighs in embarrassment.

"Are you going crazy or what?" He chucks. Still standing beside the window unable to breathe she opens her mouth to respond but closes it. Her voice is defiantly failing her. Sthembiso throws the towel on the floor and take steps towards her. He stands right Infront of her and holds her waist. She wants to scream at him so bad for throwing the towel on the floor but she can't, looks like this man has by her titi's.

"I just love how you look at me woman." He kisses the tip of her nose. The blush on her face couldn't be missed! He pokes her forehead making her to laugh.

"That's not cute,"

"You undressing me undressed, you find it cute?"

"You said it yourself - you are already undressed moss." They both laugh. She wraps her arms around his neck and smiles shyly giving him a hug.

"I wish we could stay like this all day, everyday." Already he is whining, that has been the best that he gets to do these days and she finds it very funny.

She was once told that she must not put her life on hold for nobody is nonstandard. She now knows first-hand that nothing else matters if she isn't following her soul's purpose. She has found it; she can align all areas of her life to point in that direction. It is possible to do what she loves and live in flow —

she just needed the right motivation mind-set, and to take the right action. And this right here, is her right direction in life. She squeezes him around his neck making him to pick, with her wrapping her legs around his waist.

He places her on top of the bed giving her neck kisses.

With her legs still wrapped around his waist with her hands trailing on his messy wet hair. He stops kissing her and looks deep into her eyes, more like reading her soul.

"I love you." He says - without waiting for her to respond he smashes his lips against her warmly. He unwraps the gown Onyiye is wearing taking it fully off. He groans being welcomed by the steam of her hot stove. His hard cock is already hard poking her stomach with excitement dripping out.

He lowers his body on top of her. He places the tip of his cock directly on her already wet entrance.

Salvia fills his mouth due to hunger.

"Hawe," he hisses with his eyes closed. He pushes in - she gasps grabbing his hair.

Whenever he enters her, it is the most awesome feeling. The sensations are mind blowing. As he penetrates slowly, her legs open instinctively, inviting him to thrust deep and hard. The

pleasure is unbelievable. Her heart is pounding as he thrusts harder and her skin takes on this warmth and rubor. She arches her back in response to the exquisite sensations and her hips thrust back and forth in rhythm with his thrusts.

Her vagina contracts enjoyably as the sensations get more intense and spews out those juices to facilitate the rapid and forceful thrusts of his penis.

"St... Sthembiso." She bites his shoulder screaming her lungs out.

"Yes mami," he is groaning failing to contain the excitement his blood feels.

The desire for more, increases, and he gets to the point of no return where he wishes he could stay forever, enjoying those wonderful orgasms and the pleasures of sexual penetration.

"Ngiyasha, ba...babeee."

She can feel it, he is close. He grinds her even faster shaking on top of her. He has mastered his cumin - he quickly pulls out and takes a deep breath relaxing his body. He lays her on the side...

He also lays on his side behind her and intertwine their legs like two pairs of opened scissors coming together and meeting in the middle.

He plays with her wet nuna rubbing her swollen tiny clit. She squirms throwing her head backwards making it lean against his chest. He kisses her back, positions himself and enters her heaven. He holds her leg ever higher with his toes curled into a fist. He is searching for leverage, he is finding it, and begin moving their bodies until they have found a fantastic rhythm.

The loud claps of their bodies filling the room... The hisses and screams...

"Fu...fuckkkkk!!" She screams releasing the pee making it splash all over the white sheets.

"Babe, stop...I want the bathroom." She's breathing heavily trying to hold the last bit in. She wants to cry so bad but he pleasure is making her scream her lungs out. Her eyes become watery and tears drip from the corner of her eyes.

"Khipha," he groans behind her biting her earlobe. She tries pushing him off but he holds her tighter pushing all of him in. Her legs shake numbly. Her bladder is full...

She can't hold on any longer. As embarrassing as it is she gushes out the last pee remaining. Her body relaxes a bit and welcomes the pleasures even more. They are wet and sticky but he keeps on going.

"Shembe nyanga," he screams letting go of her leg. He flips her over making her to lay flat on her stomach, on top of her pee but pulls her arse up.

Without waste he strokes himself and shoves himself in making her body to stiffen. Slowly moving in and out of her pussy stars he is grinding his teeth with sweat dripping on his forehead. She is able to reach the maximum penetration and stimulate, a whole host of different pleasure centres. He spanks her butt, she shakes it a bit and he smiles still with his eyes closed. His face looks up the ceiling and he just knows it that he is close. He holds her hips even tighter dribbling her faster. He is failing to keep it in - he lets it go, and the release is felt all the way from somewhere deep inside, he can feel the pulse and the surges as it happens.

"Shembe is the way babe." He screams like a hyena failing to contain his organic chemistry.

It's definitely a tingling - shivering sensation and when it's a great orgasm his arms and legs go numb and feels lightheaded afterwards.

He empties his full pack seed inside of her and feels a bit dizzy. He slowly pulls out and lays on his back panting. She gets off the bed embarrassed and he notices.

"Come here," he smiles reaching his hand out. With her wobbly legs she gets back on top of the bed laying her head on top of him.

"That's was fun." He smiles brushing her arm.

"You stink." That's what her mouth utters making him to laugh.

"Ngathi uyayakhohlwa who made me stink."

"Atleast shembe is the way." She teases him making them to laugh their lungs out for the whole Cape Town.

This is the life she signed up for when growing up. And she believes she is still yet to live no matter what milestone they reach. This right here is her happy place.

"Let's go take a shower and change these sheets." They continue to laugh following each other butt naked to the shower.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She is living in constant fear that her boyfriend is going to leave her. She always ask herself questions out of fear. "Do I love him so much that I cannot envision life without him? Am I prepared to do anything to make him stay alive? What if he comes out of the hospital and decides to leave me? What if he finds someone better in the future?" The pain of having questions to the person who is half dead in hospital.

She knows that, him being admitted to hospital can be a worrying time for all those involved. This has made more difficult by not being able to visit him whenever they feel like. They have a schedule like some bloody high school kids! She sighs looking at her ringing phone non stop.

If it's not Mpilo blowing out her phone it's definitely unsaved numbers. She ended up blocking him because that man has no timing. Her phone rings again and she notices it's the hospital. She sighs picking up and closes her eyes closed waiting for whatever news.

After that phone call being summoned in the hospital made them alert and anxious. Looking at this doctor in front of their eyes makes her heart race in fear.

The doctor sighs closing the file and leans back pulling the chair forward.

"Is my son okay?" His mother asks with tears streaming down her face.

"If he is dead, please just let us know." Her voice is inaudible due to stress.

"He is not dead but completely unresponsive. He does not move, do not react to light or sound and cannot feel pain.."
Lindiwe cuts the doctor in the mid sentence.

"But his eyes were opened yesterday which means he is responding right? He will be okay because he is responding to the medication you are giving him."

"Yes, there were. If the patients open their eyes, they are said to awaken from the coma. This does not, however, mean that a person is conscious. Most patients who awaken from a coma soon recuperate. But a minority will succumb to brain death; a brain that is dead is completely destroyed and cannot recover. At this point we have no other option but to switch off the machines. I'm sorry but he is already dead, it's only the machines that keeping him alive."

The room becomes silent. Lindiwe tries standing up not believing the news but loses unconsciousness.

She opens her eyes and scans her surroundings. After a syncopal episode, she returns to her normal mental function self.

She notices that she is still in hospital. Fear creeps in, she cannot lose the man she just found. No, not like this. Her lips tremble, she bites her lower lips preventing herself from crying.

Eventually, she sobs out loud failing to hold her cries. She was happy days ago, what happened.

Melusi walks in carrying flowers. He rushes towards her placing the flowers on top of the hospital cabinet and sits next to her.

"Shhh, it's okay. He will be fine." He squeezes her thick self against his body.

"How? The doctor said he is practically dead! Didn't you hear what he said? What will become of me? I can't lose the one that makes me happy! I can't Melusi. Everything just hurts in me." She sobs loudly clutching on to his chest. The doctor walks in and smiles sympathetically.

"A pregnant woman does not have to cry so painfully."

She stops crying and turns to face the doctor with swollen eyes.

"What did you say?" She asks in a shaky voice.

"You are 3 weeks pregnant. Congratulations."

He walks out leaving her stunned.

Pregnancy is often considered a joyous and exciting time. But sometimes life has other plans. She leans back and fixes the pillows with thoughts flooding over.

"How will I take care of this baby?"

She looks at Melusi who was looking at her blankly not knowing how to respond.

Sizwe's mother walks in carrying a bottle of water and a bag on the side.

"Makoti," this woman's health is also at stake here! Can't she go home and rest?

"Mah, has he woken up?" A tiny smile creeps on her face.

The woman looks at her tongue tied.

"I bought you clothes to change." She places the bag on top of the bed.

"Where's Sizwe? He said he would be here."

They look at each other confused.

"Nana, are you okay?" The mother is concerned here!

"Sizwe needs me," she tries pulling the drip off her arm.

"Haibo! Hold her Melusi she's going to hurt herself."

Melusi tries holding her down but she's too strong. The drip breaks off with the needle sticking out of her arm.

"Aibo, iphukile inaliti!" Sizwe's mother has her hands on her head in shock. Melusi runs out to seek for help and comes back with the doctor.

He injects something in her arm making her immediately dizzy. He helps her on the bed making her to lay on her side. He carefully pulls the needle out and puts a plaster around that small bruise. He sighs stepping back.

"She's going into shock. She doesn't want to accept the news and it's going to hurt her deeply."

"Ow, Nkosi yami."

"We will have to keep her for observations, she's danger to herself. She might harm herself or even kill herself."

"This is not good." Melusi has his hands on his waist and shakes his head.

"Everything is just spinning out of control."

"I'm sorry," the doctor walks out.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

The fun life is over – she is now back to reality, back to earth where she wishes she was not back on. She is unpacking smiling like a lost puppy forgetting her troubles for a moment. Sthembiso holds her from behind and kisses her neck. He is shaking and she does not know why. She turns around to face him with a worried look on her face.

"Out with it," she knows him more than anyone. He sighs letting go of her waist.

"I am just sad that we are back here. I had so much fun in Cape Town. Can we go back?" There is more into this and she can feel it.

"We cannot just pack up and leave Sthembiso. We have kids we have to think about. Now tell me, what is the case? Why are you shaking?" She asks with her hands on her waist. He looks down swallowing hard and sighs.

"Let's get married."

Now Sthembiso is losing it and she believes it. Running out of words not knowing how to respond to the sudden crazy

Sthembiso she sighs and continues to unpack her clothing. He receives a call and walks out talking to Tazz. One would swear that Tazz and him are dating, the way these dudes call each other.

She is done unpacking and she just wants her body to rest and wait for her kids to be back home. Ow, how she has missed those two beautiful souls. She smiles looking through her gallery, she tilts her head and looks at the pictures on the wall.

“We will have to drive down today; my mother is not feeling well.” Sthembiso throws himself next to her.

“What is wrong with her?” She is worried that woman welcomed her with warm open arms. She is her second mother.

“Her BP is in a marathon. I'm sure Ndimu is the cause of this.” He shakes his head – Onyiye looks at him in disbelief. This man is not serious, for a second, she wondered what kind of a crazy father he will be in the future.

“Okay, now I will have to go repack again.” She says already standing up.

“No need, we have our clothes at home. Just those accessories and we are good to go.” He looks at her for a minute and smiles. “How is the Jet Neg miss?”

She throws the cushion at him and she burst into laughter.

“Mxm,” she walks off leaving him in stitches.

ON THE ROAD

They are on the road going home to Eshowe. For quite some time, a black SUV has been following them for almost an hour. His heart pounds in fear looking at the rear mirror as the car gets closer and closer. He glances at Onyiye and the good thing is Onyiye is asleep.

He tries fishing for his phone but loses a bit of control on the road.

“Shit!” He curses as he puts the car back in lane and sighs in relief. Onyiye opens her eyes. She stretches herself and smiles.

“Are we there yet?” she asks scanning her eyes around. She adjusts her chair sitting straight up and notices Sthembiso focused on the road. She frowns looking at him and wondered why he is all tense.

“Babe,” she softly calls out to him but his eyes are so fixed on the road not staring at any glimpse of her. She notices his quick eyes scanning around and constantly checking the rear mirror. She turns around and notices a car following right after them. She looks at him sweating – surely his heart is pounding uncontrollably. She takes a deep breath calming herself down

Advertisement

not wanting to over think the situation. Her mind trails back to when she was kidnapped, her heart even begins to beat even more.

She unlocks the seatbelt and reaches for her bag that was at the backseat. The driver's side of the window breaks, making her scream covering her ears.

“What's going on?” she notices that it is pointless to ask Sthembiso who is bloody fixed on the road. This is all on her – she has to woman up and do something! Sthembiso changes lanes taking another route not knowing where it is taking him. Eshowe is just around the corner. They have just passed eGingindlovu Plaza. They drive through the gravel road in full speed...

She lays down and unlocks her phone with her trembling hands. She immediately spots Khoza’s number and dials through. He picks up within a first ring.

“Gift,” Looks like the name Gift is being loved more. Right now, she has no energy to smile.

“We are being followed,” her shaky voice has the phone shuffling hurting her ear.

“Where are you?” He asks over the line.

“I don’t know, he just off ramped by eGingindlovu Plaza. He took another way – we were are on our way to Eshowe the next thing our car is being hit by a stone and ...”

“Can you look at the number plates of the car. Try not to be seen.”

With her heart pounding she tilts her head and tries to spot the number plate but the car is right behind them with bright lights on.

“I can't see,”

“Try a different angle.” He tells her. She takes a deep breath telling herself that she can do this no matter how badly she is scared. She jumps to the backseat and kneels on the car seat trying to locate the number plates with the phone pressed against her ear.

She finally gets a glimpse of the number plate and shares it with Khoza.

“Do not drop the line until I say so.” He says making Onyinye nod her head in agreement. “Do you hear me?”

“Yes, yes, I hear you.” She slides down on the back laying on her side and says short prayer.

A figger from out of nowhere, a woman wearing a white dress passes by the gravel road trying to cross to the other side. Not noticing, Sthembiso glances at the back and notices that the car is now out of sight. He hits on something harshly – he immediately presses harshly on his brakes and his heart leaps out almost jumping out of his mouth.

“What was that?” Onyinye asks sitting straight up. Sthembiso reserves a bit and notice that he stepped on something, causing the car kept on being bumpy. With Khoza still on the line he asks what is going on, Onyiye hands the shaking Sthembiso the phone. He talks briefly and drops the phone putting her phone in his pocket.

“Stay put, do not move,” he says jumping out of the car. He swallows his dry saliva and holds his breath praying it is an animal that he stepped on. The engine is still running, the lights are shining brightly.

He looks at the woman laying helplessly on the ground. He swallows hard taking steps towards her. He squats Infront of her checking her pulse, but none. He looks at her face and

notices the woman's head is snapped to the side; he knows that this is not good because this causes the brain to hit the side of the skull, triggering a blackout. He stands up and chocks by his own breath. The door opens and Onyiye steps out.

She pauses looking at the woman laying on the ground.

"Is she okay?" He soft voice makes Sthembiso emotional.

"I killed her," he sinks down on to the sand.

Sirens whaling from afar, right then he knows shit is about to hit the fan.

He thinks, feels, and expresses differently in this situation.

she crossed the street irresponsibly... and she did, even though he doesn't remember. As if that would change anything for her. A mother? a sister? a friend? A life taken!

This feels like a random event not related to who he is... but he don't know either!

Looking at the cops inspecting the dead body, the silver foil covering over, him being cuffed and thrown into a van. Being thrown in the interrogation room. Looking at Onyiye not

shedding any tear made him even more emotional. He prays Tazz keep her safe. He sits and wonders what went wrong? How did the cops find out? By the look of things, they already knew. He sighs letting the tears flow. The talkative Sthembiso has been dead and buried right this minute.

"Go home and tell his family to come see him in the morning." Onyiye looks at the cop carefully. This is the same cop that she saw in Cape Town. The same cop that asked for her numbers. The same cope that has been flooding her inbox on Facebook. She chucks in disbelief and walks out of the station. She gets in the red Tazz and sighs crying silently. Tazz gets in shortly and reverses out of the station.

"Do you know him?" Tazz asks.

"I once saw him in Cape Town and he asked for my number."

"Did you give him?" He asks.

"Of course not!" She snaps looking outside the window. "I'm sorry, it's just...I'm stressed."

"It's okay, can you do me a favour?"

"Sure."

"I want you to be strong for him. Fight for him and be by his side. If you pull back he is going to give up. We will find the best lawyer and he will be out."

"I'm strong Tazz. Don't worry about me, I got this." She looks outside the window. She is not even crying but only hurt.

Auntie Sandi is dead just like that and Sthembiso is responsible for it.

She swallows hard and takes a deep breath.

"If you got this, I trust you."

He parks outside Sthembiso's homestead and helps her in. They find Majiyane outside already waiting for them... This woman was declared sick!

BACK AT THE STATION

The officer leans back and smiles.

"I've been gunning for you for a very long time. You think k stealing government money will save you from anything? I'll make sure you suffer till you die in here."

Sthembiso continues to keep quite. He knows that he is not suppose to say anything until the lawyer gets to him. Khoza's orders. He takes a deep breath thinking of Onyiye if she's okay wherever she is. But he trusts Tazz.

"I see you are playing the mute game. You killed that innocent woman. You did not only kill her but you railed on her body countless times breaking her skull and making sure that you sucked all her life in her."

Sthembiso leans back also with his mouth shut.

"Can I make a phone call?" He just want to hear his baby mama's voice and everything will be alright.

"No,"

"I have my rights. You can't deny me a phone call."

The police officer chucks taking out his phone and gives it to him.

"I want to use the landline." He can't call his baby mama on his phone. On the very same man who has bee flooding her inbox.

"Fine," he helps him stand but Sthembiso yanks his arm off him. Still handcuffed he follows him behind to makes a quick phone call.

"Halo," she answers with a sleepy voice.

"Babe,"

"Are you okay?" The panic in her voice makes him have a brief smile on his face.

"I'm okay. I just wanted to tell you that I love you." He says.

"I love you too." That's all he needed. He drops the line and dials Khoza.

"When is the lawyer coming?"

"In an hour. Do not say anything until the lawyer is there."

"Times up!" The phone being grabbed out of his hand. He sighs stepping back dropping his hands.

"Aziye siboshwa." He is being pushed to only God knows where. He reaches a cell where two men are being held.

He is pushed inside with his hands still cuffed in front. The officer take the keys out of his pocket and unlocks the cuff freeing his hands.

This is a definitely a frightening experience. The mixture of adrenaline, fear, anxiety, and confusion is deafening. After the cell doors are slammed shut behind him it is time to deal with the situation and begin planning his survival.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She can't really tell how she slept. Everything was just blur to a point that she stole whiskey - that belongs to Sthembiso's father and gulped it down to ease the pain she is feeling. She slept with a heavy hurt thinking of what lies ahead. What is expected of her? How to react to this situation? What must she do and how must she do it?

She is having trouble staying in the moment, she tries a mindfulness technique. While she is in the shower, she tries paying attention to what she's doing. She doesn't want to let her mind wander to what's going on later in the day; instead, pay attention to how the soap feels on her skin, the way the hot water relaxes her muscles, and the scent of soap in the air. Focusing her attention on the sensations she's feeling, not what's going through her head.

She steps out of the shower and wraps herself with a towel. A faint knock on the door and she knows it's her son Ndimu. She puts on a smile on her face welcoming her kids.

"My babies." She picks both of them up in excitement. Yesterday, they were all over the place in excitement seeing their mother. And today they couldn't wait to be in her arms.

Ndimu wiggles himself off her arms, she puts him down and he runs to where the bedroom is.

He comes back crying...

"Daddy is not here."

She tries picking him up but he cries harder. She sighs placing Ngimu on the bed and holds his tiny hands.

She tries picking him up again but he refuses. The door is still open.

Sthembiso has his outside room, they do what they want without any disturbance.

"Knock, knock," a male voice knocks on the door. She clears her throat and stands up fixing her towel. Dumisani looks at her from head to toe, clearly he is undressing her. She grabs Sthembiso's gown and wears it.

"Can I help you?" He is still looking at her without saying any word.

He clears his throat and nervously smiles.

"Mum asked why is the baby crying?"

"He misses his father."

"Ow," he clears his throat again.

"Is there anything else?" He she asks.

"Erm, no. You look beautiful by the way." He walks out leaving her standing with her mouth partially open. She shakes her head and closes the door.

She lotions her body and wears a comfortable dress with flip flops letting her braids loose.

There is no food in this house and she needs to go do some groceries. Keeping herself busy will do.

She's in town - she feels like everyone is looking at her. But when she scans her eyes around she sees no one. She's pushing the trolley filled with varieties of food.

She wonders how this woman survived since she doesn't buy any groceries.

Tazz came with to help. "Is that all?" He asks putting the groceries in the car.

"Yes, I think that's enough."

She takes the trolley back and catches a glimpse of Sisipho walking towards their direction.

She looks at her closely and indeed it's her. She leaves the trolley by the security and walks out sipping her water in the bottle. She stands besides the car and watches Tazz loading every plastic in the boot.

"I'm done, we can go."

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

She swallows looking at her sister getting in a red Tazz with her crush.

This cannot be happening! She hurries her legs towards the car. She stands in front of it not knowing what to say.

"Ony..." She takes a deep breath. Now that she knows what happened, everything comes back within a blink of an eye. She closes her eyes feeling a bit dizzy.

Onyiye just looks at her through the window screen and continues to drink whatever she's drinking.

"Onyiye, can I talk to you." She puts the brave mode on. Her heart is banging, Onyiye steps out of the car looking nothing like Onyiye she knows. The Onyiye who had breast milk all over her t-shirt.

The Onyiye who had a cracked face, black feet and thin legs. She's standing right in front of her running out of words to talk.

"Yes,"

"I know this is not the right time or a good place to say this, but mum is sick and she needs you."

"So, your mother wants me to take care of her?" She asks with her eyebrows ached.

"No, she wants to see you. I think she wants to tell you something."

"Ow,"

Moment of silence. She never had a conversation with her sister. And now that she is talking to her, she finds it very awkward and intimidated by her.

"Please, you are all that she talks about." Her eyes become glossy. Onyiye sighs.

"Fine, I can spare a minute."

"Thank you," she stops herself from hugging her.

"Get in the car." Onyiye leaves her standing and hops in the car fastening the seat belt.

"Tazz, can you please take us to her home. Her mother wants to see me."

Sisipho gets in the backseat and smiles looking at Tazz.

"Sawubona,"

"Ntokazi," he doesn't turn to face her. He starts the car and drives off. Onyiye's phone rings - Sisipho glances at it and notices Sbahle with love emoji's around the name.

"Mntase,"

"Where are my kids?" Sbahle asks making Onyiye to laugh a bit.

"Kids are at home with their granny."

"Call me when you get home. We will be coming down with Khoza later on."

"I really appreciate the support you guys show me."

"Later mtaka baba." Sbahle.

"Later sisi wami." They blow kisses and she disconnects the call. She looks outside the window and sighs.

Sisipho is looking at her wondering who was calling her.

They both get out of the car leaving Khoza seated inside.

"Isn't he coming?" Sisipho asks.

"No," Onyiye puts a straight face on.

"Okay,"

Sisipho leads the way - she opens the door and there she is.
Their mother having yet another episode.

Sisipho drops her bag and rushes towards her mother.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Not knowing what to do and how to respond to the situation.
She stands there looking at them. Being here brings out a lot of
memories.

She decides to step outside the house for fresh air. She walks
around the yard, she stops and looks at the rondovel she once
lived in with her sons.

Its not locked - she let's herself inside and scans her eyes
around before bursting into tears. Her heart breaks - it's
breaking that she was mistreated in her own home. She wipes
the tears falling off her face and sighs again. She steps out and
closes the door behind. She finds Sisipho outside playing with
her fingers.

"What was happening to her?"

"She has seizures. It happens frequently lately. She also has
stroke. Let's go inside

Advertisement

she wants to see you."

Onyiye follows her behind...

She's looking at the woman who hated her with her all. Her face is slightly shifted to the side as well as her mouth.

"Mntanami," he shaky voice. She has never been called mntanami before. It was all about Sisipho her precious daughter!

She wants to let her know how her words, actions, and expectations affected her. She had a low self-esteem growing up. She was hated by all for no reason. She knows how it feels like to be outcasted in your own home.

She was that cousin, sister that did all the chores whenever there is a ceremony going on. Her eyes become glossy and she sniffs looking on the side.

"I have been looking for you all this while." Onyiye chucks to the sound of being looked for.

"Why?" She asks.

"I wanted my daughter home." She responds.

"You wanted this dog home? You have your daughter with you Nontombi. I'm not your daughter remember." Her heart boils in anger as she looked at her.

"You made every word with harsh criticism that made me feel generally unworthy. You took out all of your anger and frustrations from other areas of your life, without considering or caring if you hurt me or not. This cruelty manifest on a physical and emotional level you made me feel. I always had a positive thing to say, and you feel that your options are fight flight or freeze. That is, most of your conversations end with either an explosive argument, the silent treatment, that left me feeling stuck and unsure.

That used to be your favourite punishment for me — to pretend that I don't exist. No plate for me at dinner, leaving me behind when you took your daughter out to visit friends, no greeting or snack for me. When your daughter and I came home from school. You refused to talk or even look at me,. This would go on for days, days turned into months and months turned into years. It's extremely painful and scary to be treated this way by one's mother - who happens to be not my mother and my mother at the same time. I have endured enough under your care and I do not see myself suffering again."

She takes a deep breath.

"Onyiye..."

"I'm not done," she looks at Sisipho.

"Your mother lied to me about my paternity because she is a selfish human being. Your mother is ashamed of her actions and would rather let me suffer than place blame on herself. She lied about how I was conceived. She lied on how I was never wanted by my own father, my father loved me when I was still in her womb. You know what's worse...the day you guys forced me to be in your friends house to be a slave. You know what happened? That man use to grind me like a useless prostitute because he knew I had no mother, no family! It was just only me and my kids! That man would toss and turn me around like a piece of garbage and feast on me even if it's for the whole night! Good thing your friend is dead and I feel no remorse."

Her mother looks at her shocked. She wants to say something but her voice is failing her.

"I know I've hurt you because of my mother actions. You know what's funny. I'm the one who is the product of rape here not you. And let me tell you how it feels like. I feel..."

"Sisipho, this is not about you. I'm trying to bring my child back home."

Sisipho chucks bitterly and roughly stands up pushing the chair backwards. It slams on the ground - she walks out and bangs the door.

"I don't think coming back here will ever do me good. I do not have good memories of this house. I love my own house that I live in and I'm happy with my father's family. I found a mother in my father's wife."

"You met her?"

"Yes, she is the sweetest. She found me after I escaped aunt Sandy's house."

They both kept quiet. Sisipho comes back in and sits down on a chair and keeps quiet for a moment.

"I want to know my father. Even if he is or was a drunkard I don't care."

Her eyes are swollen from all the crying.

"I don't think that is a good idea." Her mother responds.

"Why?"

"He is not good enough."

"And you are good enough?"

Her mother keeps quiet. Onyiye looks at them going back and forth. She never knew that one day she will watch mother and daughter fighting each other.

"I should get going. I left my kids with someone."

Her mother's face brightens up a bit.

"When am I seeing my grandkids?"

Onyiye pauses breathing and looks at the woman in front of her eyes. Is it her over seeing things or is this woman losing it?

"I don't know." Never trust a snake.

AT THE STATION

An unpleasant night under a smelly, crowded, no privacy whatsoever, boring, tense. Being likely that someone will know more about your business than you want, and likely that, even without trying, you will know more about other's business than you want, too. It is a dangerous and terrifying under some circumstances, and filled with great uncertainty. It is also extremely depressing and mind-numbing. It is also, above all, uncomfortable! The whole night without the woman he loves beside him. Without his family.

Sthembiso sitting quietly in the interrogation room with his head looking down.

"I want you to start from the beginning and tell me what happened." The lawyer says pressing on a tape recorder. It's only two of them.

"I use to work for Khoza as a security guard in Durban. I am an IT guru. That is what they would normally call me. I didn't know that Khoza was marking my steps and calculating me.

One day he approached me by kidnapping me and made a deal with me. At first I refused and later agreed into it. We started by withdrawing moment from ministers, and board members of the government. We stopped, and I decided to also open a security company called Mlungwana. I registered it and now have an office in Durban." He says and closes his eyes.

"And the lady you knocked down?" He asks.

"I didn't see her, I swear. She just came out of nowhere and that is when I hit her not even knowing I knocked a woman."

"And the people you killed?" He exhales loudly.

"We burnt the car, but no one noticed. The road was quite."

"The cameras did. That was the mistake you guys didn't clear out. I don't know how because Khoza is always ahead but this...I don't know how it will look on your case. Everything is visible on that tape."

"So, that means I will be arrested?"

"The case is strong. But will see where it leads us. You just need to plead the not guilty card. This is all for now, remember...if

they bring you for questioning. Do not answer without me being present."

After the questioning he was sent back to his cell. The gates are locked and he sits down feeling empty.

He wants to see his babe mama so bad.

"Tah, move my place." One of the men say moving Sthembiso. He quickly stands up without saying any word.

He sits on another spot but he was roughly pushes against the wall. Still he doesn't act nor respond to anything.

He tries standing but the three men make their way towards him. He knows trouble is lurking.

One of them take out an okapi from his pocket and slides it on his face.

"Biggie, was my little brother." He says. Sthembiso's throat dries up in fear. He will not fight them nor respond. Without warning he shoves the knife twice within a blink of an eye in Sthembiso's throat. He gags failing to breath. He falls on the ground holding his stabbed neck with blood gushing out.

"The plan was not to kill him." The last words he hears before closing his eyes slipping into darkness.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She slides down on the floor. She pulls her t-shirt failing to breath. If she didn't go to that woman's place her man wouldn't be stabbed. Seems like that woman only contains bad luck.

"Breath Sisi," that's Sbahle hugging her tightly.

"What happened?" She pulls out from the embrace and turns her head to look at Khoza who was looking down at her.

"I don't know. All of this looks like a setup and I believe Zulu and Dumisani are behind it."

"Why would Dumisani want his brother dead?" She ask.

"Because he wants you." Khoza.

She keeps quite for a while and remembers how Sthembiso pulled her by the ear.

"What's next?" She asks standing up. Khoza and Sbahle arrived late in the evening.

The parents booked themselves into a hotel with the kids crowding them. Mam Philisiwe couldn't take another day without seeing her grandkids. She got way too emotional over

them - one would swear that, that they were gone for too long.

"Will pay someone from the inside to steal the docket and case closed."

"Tazz, that will make it obvious - don't you think?"

"Then fake his death, simple." Tazz adds making Khoza to chuck.

"Relax, I know just the right plan. Sthembiso, will have to forgive me for this." They all look at each other and wonder what Khoza is up to. No one is dare to asks - isn't that answer obvious.

"I want to go see him." She say wearing her flips flops.

Sthembiso's two bedroom house is crowded by the guys and she doesn't mind it at all. They are the only family she knows. Atleast, Sbahle will be left behind, things won't be that awkward now that she thinks that Dumisani is behind the stabbing of her love.

She's looking at him sleeping peacefully under those beeping machines.

She caresses on his face and smiles emotionally.

"Get better soon. I'm lonely without you." Her soft voice - he blinks multiple times before fully opening his eyes. He looks at her and a small painful smile creeps on his face.

"Ndoni," he tries sitting up but the pain pulls him back down. He groans trying to hold his neck but his hand is being tied to the bed with cuffs. He sighs in disappointment.

"How are you." She holds his hand through those cuffs and smiles.

"Now that I've seen your face, I'm good." He wants to kiss her so bad.

"No touching," one of the officers say looking after him instruct.

Onyiye slowly let go of his hand and steps back. She looks at him with so much admiration.

He smiles blushing. "I miss you."

"We miss you too. Khoza said he will fix it." She says assuring him.

"I know babe." They both smile.

She's passes by the chemist for skin care products for the kids. It's that time of the month, she can feel her girly girl wet and

right she knows her periods have started. Girl has upgraded - no more pads for her. Tampons are the best.

She walks out of the chemist and gets in the car with Tazz being her Chauffeur. "You should learn how to drive. I'm tired being your driver." He chucks.

"You are tired being uMalume? You will take the kids to school once they start schooling."

"Wee, khohlwa! And let that killer in my car? Is it true that Ndimu killed all Majiyane's chickens?"

Onyiye burst in laughter. "Ndimu is exactly like his father. He is indeed his father's son, son's father. Aysuka, Kona lokho!" They laugh.

She arrives home and takes a quick shower. She feels fresh and now she has to go cook for the family. Atleast Sbahle is around.

Lazing around the kitchen with Sthembiso's mother watching them cook.

"It's nice to have people in your kitchen and cook for you."

"Sthembiso should hire a helper for you."

Sbahle suggests.

"I don't want any tikiline near my husband." They laugh.

"How is Sthembiso doing." Onyiye clears her throat. The fact that she doesn't know that he was stabbed makes her stomach knots.

"He is fine mah. That woman was drunk crossing the road. Atleast she is not dead. Right Gift." Sbahle smiles and poke her.

"Erm, yes."

"They should release my son." They both keep quite and they continued to cook..

Later that evening they were both sleeping in Sthembiso's room. The door makes a squeaky sound - Sbahle flung her eyes open and lifts her head under the dark. She sees a shadow across the room.

"Gift," she whispers shaking her.

"Mhmm," she turns to face her.

"Someone is in here." She whispers making Onyiye to sit up straight.

They both hold each other not knowing what to do next. The bed dips, a hand trails on Onyiye's legs making her to scream. A huge body jumps on her tiny body closing her mouth spreading her legs apart. She bites his hand and the man groans letting go of her face. He tries taking the pyjama pants off but she

manages to knock his balls making him to roll over. Sbahle jumps off the bed and pulls Onyiye off the bed.

Onyiye grabs an object she doesn't even know what it is. She begins hitting the man in the dark wherever she can multiple time. Sbahle fiddles with the light until she manages to find the switch. She turns it on and Onyiye freezes looking at the figger on the bed.

"No, no, no." She drops the sjambok on the floor and kneels down looking at a bloody man on the bed.

Sbahle searches for his pulse, "he is dead." They look at each other shocked!

AT THE HOSPITAL

Everything in her seems to be fading away slowly but surely, the current trends that lead to the risk of losing the tactile connection with others as well as with nature. She lies awake on the hospital bed but definitely dead on the inside.

She sighs sadly, turning to the side to look at the window.

"Time for your medication Sisi." The most welcoming nurse ever. She smiles sitting straight up with black rings underneath her eyes.

"He is awake? He was here with me yesterday. You know what he said? He said he loves me and will forever be in his heart."

"Is it?" The nurse looks at her sympathetically.

Lindiwe nods her head, she smiles and blushes covering her face with her hands.

"But he left and said I must come with him. Yoh! He was so handsome."

"Then why did you not go with him?" The nurse asks sitting next to her.

"Well, he said I should take care of the - our baby and he will forever be watching over us." She swings her hands to the side in excitement.

"What else did he say?" The nurse asks.

She keeps quiet for a bit and thinks, "he told me to let Mpilo in and we shall raise the baby together. I hate Mpilo," she sulks pulling the hospital gown.

"I think you should listen to him and do what is best for the baby and you. Who is Mpilo by the way?"

"My ex. Can I go see Sizwe, I know he is waiting for me wherever he is?" She smiles with her eyes twinkling in stars making the nurse to smile.

"Drink your medication first and I shall take you to him,"

She gulps down the tablets without wasting any time. She burps and shows a disgusted face. The smell of it is just another taste

imagining the taste of a bitter taste. She immediately gets drowsy. Once the family gets here, she will be back in her senses – for a little while until the rest of the family gets here. She will need all the strength. The nurse thinks to herself. She shakes her head and sadly sighs feeling some kind of way for her. She is way too young to be experiencing such in life. The doctor comes in and smiles admiring her.

"How is she?" He asks how she is feeling? He feels her temperature and thinks briefly. If she does not pick up after this then I am afraid she will need to be admitted to the psychiatric hospital."

"I am sure she will heal Doc." The nurse tries to assure the doctor but the doctor has evaluated her enough and he knows the damage that is about to be caused to Lindiwe's brain.

"There is no come back after this trust me. Once she wakes up and hears that he is no longer with us, that will take her straight

into that hell hole that I am afraid it will take time for her to be out.”

“She said she was with him yesterday.”

“See what I mean. We still have a long journey with this young lady and I am afraid that she might even lose the baby in the process. The medication will be too strong and she is still in the early stages.”

Lindiwe was given time alone to bid her farewell. The doctor agreed for her to spend more time with him before the machines get to be switched off. She is standing there not too sure where to even begin talking to him nor what to say.

She sits on the chair with a heavy heart, this man loved her when she thought love has failed her. There was Lungisani who tore heart apart, that torn heart was mended by a psycho Mpilo. Mpilo grinded her heart again and it was mended by this beautiful soul she is about to lose. She caresses her flat stomach with tears escaping her eyes.

She smiles thinking of the times they shared, the love that they made, the special moment that they have together. Maybe she was not cut out for this department called love.

“Thank you for the love you showed me. I still remember the day we met.” She then begins to sing for him Even in death by Evanescence...

“Give me a reason to believe that you're gone I see your shadow so I know they're all wrong Moonlight on the soft brown earth It leads me to where you lay They took you away from me but now I'm taking you home

I will stay forever here with you My love The softly spoken words you gave me Even in death our love goes on...”

She burst into tears holding on tight onto his hand. She continues to sing through the painful sobs.

“Some say I'm crazy for my love, oh my love But no bonds can hold me from your side, oh my love They don't know you can't leave me They don't hear you singing to me

I will stay forever here with you My love The softly spoken words you gave me Even in death our love goes on

And I can't love you any more than I do...”

She cries even louder with her voice echoing along the passage. The nurse stands by the window watching the whole ordeal, she frowns with tears threatening to come out.

She decided to lay on the bed beside him, she places her head on top of his chest and snuggles herself next to him so close that she just feel his touch one last time.

“You know I was once told that when someone you love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure. We must embrace pain and burn it as fuel for our journey. If the people we love are stolen from us, the way to have them live on is to never stop loving them. I promise to never stop loving you even in your next life. I love you Sizwe and I will forever cherish the moments we had. The love you showed me was beyond magnificent. You picked me up when I was down. You made me smile when the whole world turned against me. If given a chance to love you again - I would love you again from the beginning.

Sizwe's mother is standing beside her son's bed staring at his lifeless body. A son that she loved with her all. A son that never disappointed the family. A son that was always there for each and every family member. She is not ready to bury her own son – let alone killing her own son! Tears blind her vision as she takes a deep breath.

“Can we pray,” The pastor says holding the bible. They all bow their head down in respect....

“Giver of peace, I intercede for this dear one, asking that You would grant him a peaceful death. Give him comfort in his soul that you will raise him up in the last days. Ease his fears of death and ease any pain he might have. Ease his concerns for those he is leaving behind. Blessed Lord, give our dear one peace as he transitions from the land of the dying to the land of the living. Give him hope of seeing the goodness of God in that land. May he draw strength and peace in these last few days of this life by walking by faith and not by sight. Bless this family ow Lord in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.”

The room becomes silent – his mother closes her eyes sharply saying another prayer within.

“It's time.”

The room becomes even more silent and they all look at each other. Sizwe's mother stands behind her husband shaking her head NO vigorously.

Melusi looks at Lindiwe who was still holding on tight to Sizwe not wanting to let go. He knew that he couldn't ask her to take such a huge risk and she looked mentally not fit to do this. How does he tell her to move, it's time to kill his brother who happens to be the love of her life. He takes a devastating sharp

breath and folds his shirt trying to pass time hoping that maybe – just maybe a miracle will happen to his baby brother. His baby mama brushes his back for support and looks at Lindiwe not too sure how to console her.

“Lindiwe, woza Sisi.” Sizwes father tries to get her off the bed but she refuses. Her tears have dried out. Her pain is unbearable, making her numb from it.

“He needs me baba,” He tired voice responds. “He promised to take care of me, right now I want to take care of him.” She shyly smiles lifting her head from his chest. Three hours of sleeping on his chest is just not enough for her. She wishes that this could just last forever – but unfortunately God has other plans for their love story.

The doctors ask the family to leave the room briefly, while they turn off the alarms on the machines and remove the breathing tube. Removing the tube causes a gargling sound and trigger some reflexes. His breathing alternates between loud rasping breaths and quiet breathing. His facial muscles relaxes and the jaw drops. A brief smile creeps on his face but quickly dissolves making his whole body to relax.

Once the life support has been turned off and tubes removed, the doctors leave the room and invite the family back in.

No one is saying anything, his mother fails to contain herself. She wails out-loud with a painful sob escaping her mouth. She can't breathe, everything is too much. A son she carried in her womb for nine months is gone just like that.

Lindiwe looks at them confused.

Her legs carry her towards the bed, she looks at him and caresses on his face.

"Babe, wake up. I'm pregnant." She pokes his nose and laughs a bit.

"Sizwe babe," she shakes him lightly but still no movement.

"Are you still sleeping?" She whispers with her pained voice. A lump stuck up on her throat making her to cough a bit.

"I think he it thirsty." She runs out of the room to look for a glass of water. She finds a bottle of water in the bin. She runs to the toilet and digs inside the toilet getting water. She runs back to the ward.

She tries lifting his head but Melusi stops her before she could even help him drink.

"Lindiwe!" He pulls her by her gown. Mistakenly, it unwraps and her whole behind is showing.

"He is thirsty." She says trying to wiggle herself off from his arms. But he has held her way too tight.

"Sizwe is gone! He is dead and never coming back!" He half shouts in frustration. Tears roll down his cheeks. He lets go of Lindiwe puts his hand across his face and wipes his face.

Lindiwe turns to face him with a frown on her face.

"You are lying." She says. She lifts the bottle up and shows him filled with brown water inside. "He wants water. Why can't you see that?" She asks taking steps back. Melusi sighs noticing that there is no point talking to her. He turns her around and ties her hospital gown.

His parents are still standing on the same spot frozen. His father hasn't said any words ever since they got here.

His mother - that woman has been crying and failing to contain herself. On another hand Lindiwe is loosing it bit by bit.

Melusi's baby mama couldn't take all the pain. She excused herself and said she will wait for them outside. The only sane one here is Melusi and he is slowly sinking in. The doctor comes in to confirm that there is no heartbeat. Then the family is told to take all of the time they need to say goodbye. It the strike on Lindiwe. Sizwe is gone and never coming back.

The back of her head strikes painfully making her to groan. She feels dizzy...

She closes her eyes still standing. Melusi tries helping her sit but she not having any of it.

She gathers her strength forcefully out of nowhere and runs towards the window from the high floor.

"Lindiwe!!!" They all look at her in shock as she runs towards the window ready to jump!

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"I killed him, I killed him." She whispers biting her inner cheek. This cannot be happening! She can't go to jail.

Sbahle pulls her up and makes her stand on her feet. She cups her tiny round face...

"Look at me, we will pull through. We will be together. No matter what happens never admit of killing him." She nods her head. She feels scared and stressed out, she's trying to find reasons as to why she did it. Immediately she becomes numb, and she begins to feel...well she cannot explain the feeling she is feeling.

Sbahle is pacing up and down with her phone pressed against her ear. She drops the line and blinks multiple times running out of words. She looks at Onyiye sitting in a corner with her head buried in-between her knees.

"I am going to jail." She rocks herself back and forth. This is not what she expected. This is not how she imagined her life to turn out.

Sbahle picks her up and gives her a hug. "I am here with you. We will pull through. We will die in this together."

Onyinye burst into tears out of fear. She shivers as warm liquid gushes down her legs. Her brain is coded for compassion, for guilt, for a kind of empathic pain that causes her inflicting harm to feel a degree of shame. Did she just murder someone? A slight knock on the window making Onyiye jump a bit holding on tight to her sister. Sbahle sighs letting go of her but she looks at her with those lost, hope eyes...

"It's Tazz and Khoza." She tries assuring her but she does not have any of it.

"Don't leave me alone, with him." She pleads. Sbahle holds her hand and goes to open the window letting the guys in.

They do not bother asking as to they do know what has happened.

"Where is the weapon?" Khoza asks to let go of Dumisani's hand. Sbahle points it out. It is there on the floor and the blood is almost drying out.

"I will take Onyiye to the bathroom." Sbahle pulls her by hand and takes her to the bathroom for her to take a warm bath. Maybe it will flush away the picture of Dumisani's open skull.

She helps the guys clean around the house wiping every trace of blood.

"The blankets will need to be burnt and this sjambok buried."
Tazz suggestion.

"What about the body?"

"We will drop that one outside the gate and behave as normal like nothing happened. I don't know how will Onyiye cope."

"I will take care of Onyiye, you guys take care of this whole thing." Sbahle leaves the guys busy. She doesn't even want to see how and where they will dump the body. She has seen too many documentaries and the cases she has dealt with previously and this is not the one to watch. She is done with that life and being a cop was a serious drain.

She waits for her to finish bathing and helps her to wear warm pyjamas. She tucks her in in bed as stiff as she is and brushes her back waiting for her to fall asleep which she did after a very long time.

Its morning and already his mother is running around calling every neighbour to see what has been dumped in front of her gate. Sbahle wakes up and looks at the sleeping Onyiye and immediately her heart breaks for her little sister. She puts her

flips flops and wears her gown and steps out of Sthembiso's house.

She spots three women outside the gate with their hands on their waist. Sthembiso's mother is not amongst them. The police have crowded the place taking pictures and already the house is a crime scene.

She slowly turns to walk away but one of the police men stop her.

"Excuse me miss." Her heart skips a beat. She turns around and puts a brave face on.

"Do you have any idea what happened to that young man?" She swallows hard but relaxes her muscles.

"I don't know – I've just woken up by the noise."

"And it did not occur to you to come have a look?"

"I don't live here. I do not even know the people living in this compound phoyisa. I am just a visitor. If you have any questions, kindly do ask the mother of the house."

"Where is she? The mother of the house?"

"This way, hope she doesn't kill me for letting a stranger in." She walks Infront of the cop with him scanning his around sharply. He notices a blood stain on Shahle's gown and frowns, looking closely. The blood is still fresh.

“Are you hurt miss?” He asks making Sbahle to turn. Dumisani’s mother comes out with a bible in her hand and a whip on another hand. Sbahle pauses answering the cop and looks at the woman walking past them without saying a word.

“That is the mother of the house.” Her heart is almost ready to jump out of her mouth. She pushes down her anxiousness...

“Please wait here, do not move.” He runs after the mother. She waits for the cop to run out of sight. She takes her gown off and indeed it is blood.

“Shit!” She curses and rushes to the kitchen. She needs to think of a plan fast. She opens the fridge and comes out holding a bottle of beetroot. “Perfect!” She opens the bottle and dips in her finger and rubs it on the small spot – on top of Dumisani’s bloods. She seals the bottle and replaces it back into the Fridge. She walks out of the house to go stand in the same spot like she has been all along. She notices the cop coming back, she pulls herself together.

“Turn around.” He instructs. She turns around and let him caresses on the wet stain on her back. He rubs the tip of his fingers together and smells.

“What were you doing so early with beetroot in the morning miss.”

“I love beetroot juice. Maybe it spilled and I did not notice. She prays that Onyinye does not walk out of that door because all of this will be a –

The door cracks open, Sbhale exhales out loud. Basically, she has short herself in the foot!

LINDIWE NGOBESE

Before she could even reach the window, she fell down and collapsed on the ground. Melusi rushes towards her to pick her up but struggles at first – eventually manages to pick her up.

She is facing extreme confusion, distress and dissociation from oneself. It is so overwhelming that it leads to anxiety and panic attacks. Her chest is dully closing to a point where she cannot inhale any air from her lungs. Melusi places her on the bed and rushes out to go look for the doctor to help.

"Doctor, please help her!" He pants pulling the doctor by his coat. "What is the matter?" He asks wondering.

"Lindiwe, she can't breathe!" And then it dawns to the doctor. They rushed to where Melusi dumped her. Without waste the doctor takes an injection and injects her arm. "What are you injecting her with?"

"Brexanolone, is a drug indicated for the treatment of postpartum depression. I am just trying to keep her down before she harms herself. I know you have a lot on your plate at the moment. Losing your brother and your sister-in-law falling into depression all in one day is a lot. But we have to consider the soul she is carrying.

"Will she survive? Are we allowed to visit her?"

"It will depend on the situation she is in. If seeing you will set her healing, then unfortunately you will not get to see her."

"I hope all of this will go away." He is stressed to the point that he is losing himself also in the process.

"It will but keep it in mind that anxiety causes a lot of different emotions, and the feeling of going crazy is one of them. Many of those suffering from intense anxiety have this feeling of going crazy that comes from the extremely high emotions, a rush of adrenaline and stress, and the overwhelming feeling of losing control. You will have to book her into this facility before she harms herself. This is where everything is leading to."

Melusi sighs running out of words.

"I will assess and examine her and give you a referral letter. Apply for admission and we will take it from there. I will check up on her from time to time."

Melusi nods his head. He walks out of the hospital finding his baby mama still seated on the benches. She stands up with her puffy eyes and welcomes him with a warm hug.

"How is she holding up?" she asks pulling off from the embrace.

"It's hard being the first born of the family. She is not doing good at all. The doctor said she needs to be admitted to the mental health institution for evaluation before she kills herself. She is suicidal. She literally wanted to jump out of the window."

"Ow my God!" She exclaims in shock.

"Yea, let's go." He entwines his hand with hers and walks out for the hospital exit leading to the parking lot.

"I will drive, you are not fit to drive." He does not dispute. He agrees to it. He hops in the front seat and adjusts the seat making it lean backwards and exhales out loud in stress.

She reverses out of the parking lot and drives to the destination she's being directed to.

MYEZA HEALTH INSTITUTION

They arrive – they both step out of the car and walk towards the entrance.

They stand beside the receptionist area and wait to be assisted. Forms being filled out...

"Lindiwe Ngobese." Blessing reads on the card and smiles. "She will be admitted tomorrow and the doctor strictly stated that she is not fit to attend the funeral. Once she heals, she will then be taken to his grave and pay her respect."

"Thank you" He smiles

They both walk out with pamphlets in their hands and bump into a man singing.

"Eish, sorry." He walks in being followed by a group of girls.

"If

those are his kids – damn he sure does have a lot of them."

The family walks inside with the girls following their father. Blessing freezes looking at her husband walking past her without even acknowledging her sight. She shakes her head smiling and continues to work. She wonders how did she married to a man like him. Having eight girls and one boy is a lot of work. Worsley if they are in high school and some in varsity.

Spikes stop half way remembering something.

“Your son dropped out of varsity.” He says putting his hands in his pocket. Blessing frowns looking at him.

“Which son?”

“Mpilo,” He continues with his journey like he did not say anything. Blessing takes out her phone and makes a quick phone call.

“Is true that Mpilo dropped out?”

The mother on the other side exhales out loud.

“I tried everything I could but this child keeps on giving me heart attacks. If it's not his father with his doggy ways and dogging bullets it's his son and his attitude. At first, I thought that maybe it was a curse but I was wrong. It is something that is just in these men. If you have a son that has the blood of Myeza, just know that, that son of yours will run after money.”

“What is the plan for him then?”

“Him running his father's business.”

“So, he wants to be in the taxi business?” Blessing asks with her heart pounding. She has noticed that her son is never concentrating in school and she has been called multiple times and advised that he does not concentrate. He is in grade 12 but the boy is just on his own world.

“Looks like every male is following that path.”

They conclude the call by promising each other to be out on a vacation with everyone, something that they get to do once every year. She continues registering her client not wanting to think much of what lies ahead with these children. Talk about men that have no further!

MPILO MYEZA

He parks his father's quantum in the hospital parking lot and steps out. His cologne fills up the air, he closes the door making sure to lock it. He looks at his Timberland boots, up to his denim reaped jeans, his white denim t-shirt and a black hoddie. He puts on the hat and walks inside the hospital. He passes by the receptionist with his head bowed down and heads straight to Lindiwe's room. He enters and closes the door behind. He finds her peacefully sleeping.

"I wish I could go back and fix every mistake I made. I had no intention of hurting you. I shouldn't have killed him but his stubbornness lead me into doing it. I hated how he made you look at only him forgetting about me in the process. After I heard about the news of you killing my child, I lost it and I lost you in the process. I now realize that you are mine alone, not ours. So, I will eliminate everyone who is standing in my way.

You will be seeing this ugly face more often.” He bends over and kisses her cracked pale lips. He takes out his Labello and polishes her lips. ”You look better now.” He sucks her lower lip and smiles stepping back. He walks out of her ward bumping into Melusi. He looks down and continues with his journey. He walks out of the hospital heading to the parking lot. Unlocks the quantum and hops in. A call comes through and he sighs looking at the caller.

“Zandile,” He answers pulling his cigarettes from the dashboard, He lights it up with his lighter and puffs through.

“I'm done. You can come pick me up.”

“Okay, I'm coming.” He disconnects the call and puffs his Stuyvesant cigarette. He smokes until satisfied and throws the sponge. He pulls out for his minty Tic Tack.

He brings the engine to life and drives off at full speed. He spots Zandile from afar and sighs slowing down. He parks next to her and watches her as she hops to settle in. She closes the door and leans over for a kiss. He kisses her cheek making her blush.

“How is my baby doing?” He asks.

“I am doing just fine and you?”

“Not you, I meant my baby – daughter.” He briefly smiles but the smile quickly vanishes.

“I am not even 4 weeks pregnant and already you claim it is a girl.” She chucks shaking her head taking out a packet of nicks in her bag.

“I know, trust a father's instincts.” He shrugs his shoulders and continues to drive. “Where are you taking me?”

“Your home.” He focuses on the road.

“I thought that maybe we are going to your flat.”

“Why? I just need to be alone.”

“Why are so cold?” She asks, looking at him. He chooses not to respond but drives directly to her house.

“Don't call me - I will call you.” he says, making her gasp in shock. She looks at him briefly and nods her head, she steps out of the car and closes the door banging it. He clicks his tongue and drives off at full speed.

A call comes through his phone, he connects it to Bluetooth speakers and retrieves to answer.

“Come home right this minute!” That is his father. His heart beats a bit. He wonder when did he got here? He makes a U-turn and drives to where they used to live before the family moved down to Eshowe.

He takes a deep breath before driving through the drive way. He parks the car and steps out. He knocks before letting himself

in. A mean punch lands on his face unexpectedly making him stumble backwards. He tries to register as to what is going on, another punch lands on his other cheek. He runs to go stand behind his mother...

“Is this how I taught you to treat woman? Is this how I raised you to toy with woman's feelings?” His father Anathi is mad as hell. He pushes his dreadlock backwards and takes a deep breath.

“Let's go have a man to man talk. In my office now!” Mpoilo looks at his mother for support but Zamadalwa just looks at him blankly. He blinks multiple times but woman chooses to walk away. Meaning, he is on his own!

He sits down across his father and entwines his finger together looking down.

“I just want to know why?” his father asks. Mpilo swallows looking shamefully down.

“I love her baba.”

Anathi chucks and looks at him not believing. Clearly his son does not know what the word love means.

“Let me tell you something son, when you're in love, you tend to be on your best behaviour and expect your loved one to do the same. Loving someone can survive life's ups and downs. When you love someone, your relationship is strong enough to

overcome life's challenges. Being in love with someone means you want to spend as much time with them as possible. Even if you're busy, you probably find yourself arranging your schedule to see your partner. This might also involve a desire to get to know more about them by exploring their interests. You see that woman I married."

"Yes,"

"I loved her the minute I laid my eyes on her. We have been married for as long as I can remember. We were married when you were just five years old. How old are you now?"

He keeps quiet and counts from the inside.

"In all those years never have I ever toyed with your mothers feelings or even make her cry out of my selfishness?"

"No," Mpilo responds still looking down.

"Why did you do what you did? You can't leave someone and later decide to take the only thing that makes her happy. What are your plans with that young lady?"

He keeps quite for a second.

"Put your life together before I put it in line for you." He stands up and leaves him thinking hard.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

The door slowly opens and she walks out with puffy eyes. She turns to face the other way fastening her gown. Sbahle swallows hard and slowly shakes her head no, but she is too slow to notice. She frowns looking at Sbahle who was looking at with her eyes wide open. The cop moved from Sbahle to her. She stands still frozen with her mouth partially open. She has her phone in her hand...

“Halo, halo...” the person on the other line shouts.

Onyiye comes back to her senses – she places the phone back on her ear.

“Mah, I will see her today.”

Her lips quiver and burst into tears sitting down. Sbahle rushes towards her and sits next to her.

“Hei, what is it?” She’s worried. The phone call she got put her back to square one.

“Lindiwe - she has been admitted to the mental institution.”

She talks in-between the sobs. Sbahle holds her tightly. The cop looks at her and notices her puffy eyes. Surely this person was crying all night.

“Have you been crying all night miss?” He finds himself asking.

Onyiye tilts her head and looks at him. She snorts her mucus

and takes a deep breath. She can literally feel Sbahles's heart beating abnormally and this time around she put two together.

"No, I just have a terrible headache. Where are the kids?"

"Ow shit!" They both run to the house. They find Ndimu sitting on top of Ngimu's face. He laughs out loud clapping his hands.

"Ndimu!" he gets startled and moves off the crying Ngimu. "I will hit you!" She pushes him roughly on the ground.

"Gift no, take time off the kids and go have some sleep." Sbahle takes the kids to the kitchen to make them breakfast.

She is looking at her bloody hands shaking. She cannot believe she did what she did. Did she kill a human being? A man who is a brother to her baby daddy. Speaking of him he hasn't called her today. He doesn't want her to see him in that state. She closes her eyes feeling the pain that maybe he now knows and he doesn't want to do anything with and about her. On the other hand, her best friend has been admitted to a mental what, what. Maybe seeing her friend will do and make her mind blow off this.

She decides to take a bath and go out for fresh air. Everything for her is just too much for one day.

Looking at her friend talking to herself did not make any sense. Her eyes are filled with sudden pain and hurt. She has lost a massive weight. Those dark patches beneath her eyes.

“Sthuphethu sami.” Lindiwe smiles looking up to her.

“Where is Sizwe. He told me he is coming back.” She tries getting off the bed.

“Uyaphi manje?”

“Where is Mpilo? I have a message for him.”

“Huh?”

“Call him, Sizwe wants to talk to him.” She looks at her friend lost. Has she been a bad friend that her own friend has turned into something she doesn’t recognize? She takes her phone out and dials Psycho. And for her to still have his contact...

AT THE HOSPITAL

Sthembiso lazily opens his eyes hoping to find Onyiye looking at him but finds Khoza and Tazz staring at him.

“When did you get here?” He asks trying to sit straight.

“Long enough to hear you moaning your woman's name.”

Tazz.

Sthembiso smiles in embarrassment and looks down. He admits

– he was having a wet dream. That pussy is way too sweet for him and he misses it so badly. “How is my family?”

Tazz and Khoza look at each other briefly. Tazz scratches the back of his head and sides smile not too sure how to respond. Khoza on other hand – he looks around trying to spot if anyone is looking at them but none.

“Eish, I have no better way to say this.”

“Are my kids and woman, okay?”

“The kids are fine but Onyinye...”

“Can you get to the point!” He half shouts with his throbbing stitched throat.

“She killed Dumisani and the police are invading the place.”

He closes his eyes trying imagine how she did it and what was the cause of her killing his brother.

“What happened?” he asks through his aching throat.

“Apparently, he sneaked into her room when she was asleep and tried to have his way with her. In the dark she woke up and grabbed your sjambok gave him one hell of a hiding and smashed his head breaking his skull.”

This cannot be his Ndoni, not that sweet little innocent jet neg.

A smile creeps on his face – he fails to contain his laughter.

Through those pains he pushes his hyena laugh. He felt one of the stitches crack pains – it's painful but the laugh was truly worth it.

“This is not laughing matter because she a mess at home.”

He clears his throat and sighs - "how bad is it?"

For someone who lost his brother he is very much unbothered about his spirit at the moment.

"For her, I tried hiding all the evidence. The sjambok was burnt and buried." He nods his head listening to Khoza explain. "One dog on the way – one more to go." If only he could get Zulu off their backs, it would be the best craziest move since he is the one who has been tailing them nonstop.

"I think I am liking the new Sthembiso – not the sissy one that used to cry for everything. " Tazz teases.

"Life changes you to do the worst trust me. Dumisani has always been a thorn in my life ever since I can remember. That snay wanted to eat where I dip and lick? Shame he messed up with a wrong woman. Awusukanini madoda, I have been lenient with this champ for far too long not once has he ever decided to take a step back. So, what he got is smaller than what he is still to get, in hell."

Spending time with his close friends made him have trust in them – even though they did not tell him what the plan was, but he knew they were working on it.

He is left all alone, wondering how is his Ndoni doing. It is morning and he prays that she doesn't get to do something drastic. He knows how bad she can get – she is not good at

holding secrets.

A nurse is here to check up on his stitches. Looks like they are healing well. "Ntokazi,"

The nurse turns to face him. She is cute yes, but nothing like his black Ndoni.

"Yes," She responds taking off her gloves.

"Can you lend me your phone? I need to make a quick call."

"I can't, you will get me into trouble. I was advised to never do any favors for you."

"I will reward you – R10K?"

The woman sighs stuck in-between. She looks around and takes her phone out of her pocket and sneaks it to him. He takes the phone and dials the numbers luckily, she responds.

"Mamazi," her sobs are breaking his heart.

"I miss you." It's funny how he didn't have to explain but she already knows its him.

"Listen, I want you to be strong and try not to think about the situation. If you panic everyone will know and you will be arrested. Deny everything and put a strong face on. I love you."

"I love you too," she sniffs.

"Can you send me R10K – instant money to this number. I will be communicating with you for the time being while I'm still at the hospital."

Luckily, she agrees without asking any questions. That is because she is not herself. She is just on the grieving phase. He

hands the nurse back her phone and smiles back.

Within minutes a notification pops through and a message follows shortly. The nurse reads through and gasps in shock. She looks at him and smiles, not believing.

“Wow

thank you. I thought that you were joking.”

“I keep my promises sweetheart. You should ask my baby mama; she will tell you.” He winks at her. She laughs at his cockiness and gathers the first aid kit that she was using. A policeman comes through and stands beside the bed.

“Happy place, I see.”

Sthembiso rolls his eyes and turns to look on the side. The nurse hurries out with the first aid kit...

“I do not know how you control the law, I don’t know how you get to turn this world upside down and turn it into a crime scene and get away with murder. How you managed to locate the docket? I do not know. Just know one thing, I am not asleep. I have eyes and ears everywhere. God is watching you. Continue committing crime, all of this is piling against your name and trust me once the law decides to do right. The day you will surely lose your sanity will be the day this world we decide to play the card right by locking you up and throwing the key as far away as possible. I will do as you wish Mr Jiyane, but know that nothing lasts forever. That innocent woman will not rest until you are behind bars and I will not rest until I get to

retrieve the evidence you and your team tempered with.”
He roughly uncuffs him and makes him stand. He throws his belongings on top of the bed. Sthembiso looks at him with a smirk on his face and grabs his plastic. He walks past him slowly and whistles while going to the toilet to change.

STHEMBISO KHOZA

He is waiting for Khoza outside the hospital – finally he comes and parks right Infront of him. He hops in the back seat and sighs groaning in pain.

“You good?”

He shakes his head yes. Sleepiness is taking over. He closes his eyes and immediately dozes off.

He is looking at her sleeping peacefully – she is sweating... she gasps when waking up and exhales out loud holding her chest. Her eyes shot open with her eyes landing on him. She stands up in full speed and attacks him with a bone crushing hug. He groans taking the pain as a man and smiles realizing how much he has been missed. She sobs out loud still embraced in his arms.

“It is okay - I am here mama.” She cries even louder.

"You don't hate me?" she asks stepping back surprised.

"Why will I hate you?' He caresses her cheeks and smiles pulling her chin - for her to face him. She plays with her fingers and sniffs. She turns to look on the side with glossy eyes.

"I...I..." she takes a deep breath.

"I know and trust me I am very proud of you for doing it. I know I may sound cruel but he was messing with my life. I couldn't do anything because he was my brother. The defense you took really helped me in the future. Maybe after this there will be no drama that will be accruing around."

He looks at her swollen innocent face and sadly sighs. He carefully sits down on the bed and he pulls her to sit on top of his lap.

"Ndoni, I will never crucify you for defending yourself. You were protecting yourself. Who knows what he could have done? The power you had doing all that made me very happy and that shows that you can actually fight for yourself. And for that I actually love you more."

"Are you serious?" a small nervous smile creeps on her face.

"Yes, I wish I saw how sexy you looked bashing his big brainless head." They both laugh. He groans holding his neck. "I am proud of you for standing up for yourself. Now stop sulking and give your man a kiss."

"You haven't even taken a bath and yet you want a kiss. I am in Japan – cannot service you."

“Japan?” He is defiantly confused.

“Periods dummy,” he chuckles shaking his head. What's up with women and these slang languages.

“Who said I want your tiny pussy?”

“I know you.”

“Shame sorry miss. I don't want your pussy that was made in China.” He pushes her slowly off his lap and stands smiling. He kisses her nose sucking it and walks to the bathroom.

She stands still there in shock. So, her Vijay is being compared with a China mall?

He is done bathing and here he is wiping his hair with the towel with the water flicking all over. He rubs the towel down onto his face and wipes his whole body. He digs in between his arse wiping it dry as well as his balls.

“Why do you always wipe yourself like that?” She asks.

“It's called cleanliness.”

“Mxm,” she gets off the bed but he pushes her back down. He gets on top of her smashing his lips against her. She responds enjoying the moment.

“I love you, do not forget that.” She nods her head. “No matter what happened you are my happiness I cannot explain.”

“I love you too.” She blushes and turns to look on the side.

“Sthuphethu sami madoda.”

MYEZA HEALTH INSTITUTION

Lindiwe is laying on her back smiling looking at the roof. The door opens and Blessing walks in carrying food on a plate. She smiles placing it on top of the table.

“A little birdy told me that you hungry,” she smiles.

She wakes up with a large grin on her face. “Is he here?”

Blessing looks at her not too sure how to respond. The poor girl is hurting and Mpilo is responsible.

“Let's eat first then I will tell you what he said.” She grabs the plate and begins digging without stopping. She smiles looking at her.

“Time is not exactly a healer, it can have healing purposes. Ultimately, though, it's up to you to find ways to achieve healing during the time that passes after experiencing a wound and trauma. Try not to guilt yourself if you heal slower than you want to. Time is not a healer. The passage of time may take the edge off of acute pain, but it does not heal pain. On the other hand, time can be used well for healing purposes. Our bodies become lighter, our minds sharper, and our spirits lifted. When we undergo healing, we are more equipped to help others heal since we are going through the process. We can speak from places of love and light more fully instead of just places of trauma and despair.”

“Does love heal all wounds?” Out of the blur she asks. Blessing

pauses a bit looking her shallow eyes. At least she is better than yesterday. She is actually not crying but deeply in pain.

“Love has unbelievable healing powers, literally. Believe it or not, positive relationships and love can make flesh wounds heal much faster.”

“Will I be crazy to say I never healed and moved on from my ex? I loved Sizwe and still do very much but the love of my ex still occupies my heart. As crazy as I may sound - I think I still have strong feelings for him.” Her eyes are filled with tears. She takes a deep breath to prevent herself from crying. “Am I a bad person?... I...”

She burst into tears.

“No, my love you are not wrong at all. Let yourself grieve. There's no way around it. Grieve and allow yourself to heal first. I want you to do me a task.”

She pulls out a diary that is in her bag. “I want you to write Sizwe a letter. Tell him how you feel. Tell him what your heart feels. What your mind tells you. Pour your heart out even if it is hurtful.”

Lindiwe nods her head and sighs. She places the plate aside. She looks at the white book and smiles through the tears and begins writing.

“Dear diary,

13-06-2022

On this day I am here with my heavy heart. I am alone with no

one to share what I feel in my heart. I am a wounded soul that seeks your attention, love, touch and that smell of yours. You left my heart bleeding and left it into pieces. How will I mend it after this? You know, there was a time when I pictured us living happily ever after. Us growing old together. Having the best time of our lives. Us living our lives to the fullest with our kids. I may not understand what went wrong and why it happened. You made me believe in love again. You loved me when I had doubts in myself. My size was always a problem but you made me embrace it to the fullest. I remember the day we met; I still remember it like it was yesterday. I was a lonely girl depressed in the library. You approached me after a shameful scandal and you were there with me through it all. You held my hand without fail. You showed me to the public even after criticism you will get. I'm missing you so much it hurts, and I hope you're missing me twice as much as I do. I love you more than you can imagine. Everything was OK when you were here, but just one day of your absence has been like hell for me. I want you to stay with me forever..."

"This is it for now. Tomorrow we will do something else. Something that he loved the most."

Blessings walks out leaving her staring into thin space.

MYEZA HEALTH INSTITUTION

She is cold and shivering. Teeth clashing against each other. These blankets are not making it any easier for her. She is locked up in a room with white walls surrounding her. Just a television to pass time. No phone...

She hears whispers outside the door. She pauses her breathing and listens attentively. She gets off the single bed and tips toes to the door. She presses her ear against the door but all she can hear is echoing voices. A brief smile cracks on her face when the door is slightly opens. A tall well-built man walks in with his dread locks neatly twisted. Lindiwe gasps in shock when she sees a face mistaking it for another. She jumps onto the man kissing his face all over. She wraps her legs around his waist...

The door is being shut closed and locked behind. It's just after 23:14 pm. The man smiles pushing her towards the bed. He carefully places her on the bed – he squats Infront of her and smiles.

“You came!” she defiantly wants to scream for the whole world to hear.

“Babe, don’t make noise.” He closes her mouth with his finger.

“Do you want them to chase me out?”

She shakes her head no and smiles.

“Good. You are so cold woman.” He hisses, taking off his jacket and helps her put it on. “Get in bed.”

She still has that goofy smile on her face. Her eyes haven't left the young man. She gets in bed and sleeps facing the wall.

“I have been waiting for you.” She whispers and turns to face him. He also gets in bed and lies next to her on the single bed.

“Really?”

“Yes, you are late sir.”

She whines making him chuck. She covers face with her hands and shyly smile.

“I have something to show you.”

“What is it?” The man asks out of curiosity. He raises his eyebrows and awaits...

She takes his hand and caress it on her stomach. He looks at her confused.

“Little Sizwe is in here.”

“Y... you're pregnant?” The shock on his face has her biting her nails. He sighs, calming himself down, noticing that he is scaring her. “Wow,” he swallows hard. He slides down on the bed making himself comfortable. He lays on his back making her

sleep on top of his chest. As much as he noticed how much he has hurt her he cannot even begin to think of the damage he has caused her.

“You smell different. Did you change your perfume?” She sniffs him like a puppy.

“You smell different too.” Indeed, she does. She stole Sizwe’s perfume some time ago. They always had a fight over his cologne. She prefers his smell than her own.

The young man does not respond but rather hold her tight. He flips her over making her sleep on top of him.

“How far are you with the pregnancy?”

“Three weeks,”

He nods his head and looks in her empty eyes. The intense eye contact - very meaningful, he is holding the gaze for longer than usual. The energy connection with their eyes. His brain gets a boost of these chemicals - he is sexually and romantically attracted to her.

“You beautiful.” He pulls the back of her head towards him.

His breath picks up failing to contain himself. His member seems to be growing by the second filling his jeans. The button

jeans pop out falling on the bed. He flips her and gets on top of her.

“I want you.” Her eyes become teary. “Please take the pain away.”

“We can't do this. I cannot take advantage of you when you are at your lowest.” He whispers through his throbbing dick. His throat dries up trying to contain himself.

“But I want you.” Her tears...

“But...”

She pulls him by his face smashing her lips against his. He melts on top of her with his body reacting to the kiss. Her cracked lips are soft...

She lets go of his face, her hands trail down to his pants. She unzips his jeans and pulls them below his butt.

“Lin...” He shivers on top of her. She takes his pumping dick out and begins massaging it. He moves up and down rhyiming with the massage that is making him insanelly insane.

“Let me take off my pants...”

He is looking at her naked body. She has lost a lot of weight but her body still looked good. This – her losing so much weight, it's

all his fault. He made her like this because of his selfish reasons. He swallows hard...

He gets on top of her and spreads her legs apart and aims for her bushy entrance. He pauses, placing his tip in the entrance. She closes her eyes and presses her lips into a thin line. He pushes in making her gasps holding on to his waist. He pulls out before he can even further enter and looks at her...

"Must I stop?" He asks.

"No. Please, I want this." She says moving her waist up and down rubbing herself against him. He groans looking at her.

"Lindiwe." He takes a deep breath looking at her empty eyes.

He positions himself, lowers his body and continues to kiss her. He slides it in as she gasps opening her legs even wider. It feels like something sliding in that was always meant to be there.

It feels like a really good stretch. Like when her muscles are tense and she just reaches out and feel things open up and release tension.

Then fullness. It's weird to describe, because without sex her vagina definitely doe feel empty, but during sex fullness is the main sensation to her, especially with this man. It just feels like a warm stretch, like being full after a nice meal and feeling your tummy expand... but in a sexy way.

On the other hand the man is feeling snug, perhaps even a bit of a squeeze to push his boundaries as it were, just the right amount of wetness without being sloppy, and it feels so damn right. Made to be. Tingly in a good way. She's a perfect fit, like a glove as that's the most comfortable and fulfilling, literally and in terms of pleasure. Moving in and out of her - It's like getting massaged in a skin-tight hot tub. It vary alot. The strongest sensations, wetness and the texture of her walls. Some women are ridgier than others. When it's finally all the way in future in, he lets his whole body go limp and just stay in there. His favourite feeling is being clamped down on as she's coming. She smiles in-between the kisses.

She begins to move her pelvis in a circular motion. She's playing with going slow, feeling each part of the circle. He fails to contain himself due to the heat then he goes faster, really shaking it up! With the bed moving back and forth. He pulls out relaxing himself then pushes through her slippery wet folds.

"Don't stop, even if I beg you to." She says holding him tighter with her hands around his waist.

Deeper penetration provides multi-sensory stimulation to different erogenous zones on her body, including more friction on the clitoris.

"Ow God." She whimpers moving underneath him.

"Babe," his thrusts go deeper making her to gasps rolling her eyes back. He fiddles with her breasts still giving her hard strokes.

"Fuck," he lifts one leg up spreading her legs apart. He looks into her eyes and those tears, tears of pleasure. He sucks her toe and plays with her clit. He strokes her with varying degrees of pressure, she becomes sexually aroused which ultimately leading her to orgasm.

"Sizweee!" She whimpers. He clenches his jaws and let's go of her clit.

He forcefully pushes in deeper making her to scream.

"Shit." He goes even deeper making her to pull the sheets and screaming her lungs out. This is what she wanted!

He is watching her sleep and wonders as to why the hell will he put such a beautiful young lady into such depressions. She is now pregnant and she is now carrying the child of the man that was a thorn in his happiness. What about Zandile? He is just with her because she is carrying his seed, once she gives birth, he will have full custody of his child and focus on the woman that owns his heart. He was no in a relationship with Zandile because wanted to see Lindiwe depressed but mother fucker had to ruin all of his plans just like that. He loved her when he

dismally failed. He loved her when she was at her lowest. He stayed when the world was crumbling down – he held her hand and made her believe in love again. But here he is destroying the woman he claims to love. Does it hurt that she moaned Sizwe's name during their intimacy? Hell yes! It definitely hurts like hell and he cannot compare the hurt he is feeling to any other.

"I still love you." He pecks on her lips. His heart is heavy, tears blind his vision as he stepped off the bed to wear his clothes. He sends a quick text and waits for the door to be opened.

"Nduna," The security guards greets as he locked the door from the outside.

"Sure, will be back later on." He puts his hat on and walks out of the facility. He steps in his quantum and reverses driving out. His phone rings and he looks at the screen. Zandile's name pops up. He sighs in annoyance as he picks up. If he knew she was going to this clingy, he would have never dated her in the first place.

"Zandile,"

"Mpilo, I have been trying to get hold of you. I am outside your flat!

"What are you doing there? Did I not tell you to not call me I will be the one calling you?"

"You did. I missed you." He sighs, not knowing how to respond.
"I will see you in a few." He drops the line shaking his head and drives along

.

MPILO'S FLAT

He parks the quantum - grabs a packet that was on the driver's and steps out before locking it.

He hopes in the lift and presses on his floor button. The lift pings openly and he steps out. Here she is, Infront of the door sleeping on top of her overnight bag like a street kid. He clicks his tongue waking her up roughly.

"Why are you this stupid? Did I not tell you to come unless you are being summoned to? Why are you all clingy? Don't do this, I hate it. Pick your bag up."

He unlocks the door and walks just right past her. She looks at him with glossy eyes while she picks up her bag. She wipes the tears off her face and enters closing the door behind her.

"What are you doing here Zandile?"

"My family chased me out. My mother found out that I am pregnant."

He turns to look at her angrily

"and you thought coming here will solve all problems?"

"I was stressed okay! I didn't know what to do and you were not picking up! What was I supposed to do, huh?"

"Don't you dare fucken shout at me! I am not your husband. You carrying my child does not mean we owe each other anything!" He shouts back making her startled with his outburst.

"I need to sleep. I am tired." He takes off his clothes and gets into bed facing the other way. He hears her sniff and eventually bursts into tears. He is beyond annoyed but calms himself down.

"Zandile, I am very tired. I have been on the road all day. Can you come into bed and sleep before my baby catches pneumonia..."

She gets into bed and snuggles herself next to him. He sighs, turning around and wraps his hands around her waist. He kisses her back...

"Goodnight."

"Goodnight, I love you." He ignores the part and pretends to be sleeping thinking of the splendid night he had. How she begged for him to fuck her harder. How she cried those tears pleasure. Her biting him and screaming out loud has him being turned on again. Zandile moves her butt close to him, she tries grabbing his dick but he holds her hand before her hand could even reach his dick.

"I'm tired, sleep." He instructs. He continues smiling while having flashbacks of her sweet bushy cookie.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

Sisipho holding her phone wanting to make that phone call so bad. After having a one on one with her mother, she realized that her sister had nothing to do with this, in-fact she is the one that should be hated on.

Her eyes fill up with tears looking at her profile picture. Everything about her is just perfect, perfect to a point that she wanted to know how she does it. She wants to talk to her without anyone being around. Without anyone knowing what they are going through.

She finally has the courage to give her a call. She picks up in her sleepy voice. Her heart pounds in fear realizing how late it is.

“Onyiye, its me.”

"Hai,"

Sisipho swallows hard not knowing what to say any further.

“Is your mother, okay?” She asks.

"Yes, mother is fine. Look, I know it's late but I need to see you." She slaps her lips together and holds her breath.

Silence!

She has just made a fool out of herself for contacting someone she was never sisters to begin with. What a waste of sisterhood she had done to herself. Tears roll down her cheeks unexpectedly, she sniffs and takes a deep breath.

"When?" Finally! She asks something.

“Tomorrow if possible. I really need to take some things off my chest.”

The phone call has been concluded by their meeting tomorrow in town. At least, today she will sleep with a relaxed heart. Now she will have to prepare herself for the next day.

The next day came and she's more than delighted to see her sister. She is looking at herself in the mirror not too sure if she's pretty enough.

She has taken out of her favorite dress that she normally wears in church, fit and flare maxi dress which is black in colour, accompanied by sandals - and for a change she feels alive again and lively. Her hair is something else, a mess for that matter but hey, no penny under her name.

“How do I look?” she asks doing a spin around for her mother.

“You look beautiful. Greet Onyiye for me. Tell her to visit me at times.” Now this woman wants to cry and spoil everything!

“Mum, let her heal. Once she is sure that her heart has forgiven us then she will come around. Let us not be a pain in the butt.”

“You are right, but do send my greetings child,”

Her mother pleads. She has eaten, bathed and taken her tablets. She knows that she will last for about three hours by then surely, she will have been back.

She steps out of the house and smiles, putting her shades on. Shades that were bought by her ex Lungisani. Does she miss him? Not anymore.

She is standing at the side of the road patiently waiting for a taxi. A car parks next to her almost knocking her. She runs to the grass holding her dress making sure not to trip on it. Now she has dusty feet!

“Bloody hell!” She half screams stomping her feet.

“I was told to fetch you.” The man says in the black BMW.

“By w...” She looks at him closely and her heart skips a bit looking at her crush. Her throat dries up, speechless she is.

“How will I know you will not kidnap me and make me a prostitute in...

“It's either you get in or I leave you behind.”

She looks around – no sign of taxis. Plus, she will be saving that R11,00 for tomatoes later on. She is hesitant, she takes a deep breath and opens the backseat. She dusts her feet off before getting in. Tazz looks at her feet and looks at his clean black car.

“Wait,” he says before she could even step her foot inside. He takes some wipes on the dashboard and hand it to her.

“Wipe your feet with these.”

As much as it hurts thinking that she is dirty and not wanted in the car does not sit well with her. She gladly takes them – she wipes her feet with them and her feet are sparkling new. She even wiped her slippers.

This car is not going to town as she thought. Her heart pound as the man drives through the bushes.

“Where are you taking me?” The panic in her voice made the man smile.

“Somewhere.” The sound of the doors locking makes her shiver.

“Buti, please tell Onyiye that I am sorry. I will never ever be a nuisance in her life. Please, don’t kill me I am pregnant and the father denied the pregnancy. My mother is suffering from a stroke and she depends on me. I am not working I am very poor. Look, you can take the last R24,00 I have. I will no longer be buying tomatoes for dinner today. Please...” she pleads with her eyes closed.

A hooter honking makes her scream with her eyes still closed. Tears drip down her face...voices approaching. She shoots her eyes open and notice three women approaching.

She tries unlocking the door but the door is locked. Tazz unlocks it for her – without waste she runs out of the car running towards the three women.

“Sanibona. I...”

“Wuye umakoti lona? Awubakithi akasemuhle.”

“You can never tell with Sbaniswezwe. That one is frustrating me. Why are you crying young lady?”

“That man kidnapped me. Please help me.” The ladies look at each other and burst into laughter.

“You mean my son kidnapped you? Don’t be silly. Go fix your issues with your man and stop running around like a teenager.” They continued to laugh. She looks at them confused.

“But...”

“Tell Sbani to take these women to church I will come later on.” She turns to leave them and Sisipho stands there still frozen.

“Makoti, take us to your husband.”

She flinches pinching herself just realizing she has just made a fool out of herself! She slowly turns to walk towards the car with the woman following behind.

She wanted to get in the backseat but Tazz instructed her to take the front seat.

“Are you done being dramatic?” He sides eyes her and dives off with her looking outside the window. The most awkward ride ever of being complimented by strangers. If only these women knew that she has a very huge crush on him!

She hops out of the car and Onyiye’s car parks right in of her eyes. Her heart even beats abnormally faster than previously. She steps out of the car carrying her last born – she assumes.

The red riding hood also steps out with a bandage around his neck. They kiss briefly before being given a card.

“Wow,” girl is living a soft life. Her inner self screams.

She looks at herself and she looks at the dress she is wearing. Now that she is standing under the sunlight – the colour is starting to wear off. Her hair is a complete mess compared to Onyiye’s.

“Please buy something to cook for dinner today.” Tazz hands her money rolled into a ball. She looks at him in shock.

“You are joking right?” She wants to cry to so bad.

“I may joke about other things but not when it comes to money.”

She throws herself into his arms and sniffs, imagining the food she will be bringing home later on. She shamefully steps back and looks down. Tazz laughs a bit understanding. He gets into his car and drives off.

They are both staring at each other failing to start a conversation.

Sisipho clears her throat and sighs nervously leaning back.

“I'm sorry. I believe I am having a slow down.” She speaks.

“It's okay,”

“Where do I even begin. Onyinyi, I am an imperfect being, but this does not justify the mistakes that I have made to you. I am so sorry. I know that what I did was wrong and I know that it hurt you deeply. I'm not sure what I was thinking, but I do know that I never wanted to hurt you. I wish I could take it back, but I can't. You are such an incredible sister and I just kept on pushing you away and again I will not hide from my mother's sins. I'm admitting my faults and I am willing to work on them. Please.”

Onyiye looks at her without saying a word. Her heart doesn't hold grudges. An apology was all that she needed from these people.

“Since I know what really happened and what was the cause of it. I forgive you.” Sisipho pushes the chair back and kneels down bowing to kiss her feet.

“Don't you dare embarrass me like that! Please, stand up.”

She stands up and burst into tears. Onyinye stands up with her glossy eyes. For the first time in her 20 years of existence – the first time and day to be finally be hugged by a person she calls her sister!

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Looking at her sister going all crazy in store looking for outfits to wear. One would swear that they have been best buddies for quite some time and it is a crazy feeling. She agreed and suggested they go shopping and get something to eat... She has been hugging her non-stop again and for the first time in a long time it felt genuine. Sisipho is someone you can't get rid of. As much as she thought she hated her, deep down she longed for this kind of friendship.

“How about this one?” She asks looking at a very short floral dress. Pink dress with pink flowers? Like, really? Is this girl trying to embarrass her or what!

“Take nude, it goes better with the complexion of your skin.” She says.

“Are you sure?” She frowns looking at the dress.

“Yes, dummy, I am sure. Go fit it on.” She squeals in excitement and runs to the fitting room to fit the dress. She comes out and, Yeap as she has anticipated it fits her perfectly fine.

They continue shopping running around the Eshowe mall. She is definitely tired; she never knew that Sisipho could run around

town this much. Let alone go crazy over shopping. They first had to buy groceries for their home and then shopping for clothes.

They pass time by having ice-cream.

"I don't even know what..." Sisipho eyes are being fixed on something. Onyiye turns around to look but she's just seeing people walking in and out.

Sisipho take a deep breath closing her.

"Are you okay?" She asks.

"Yes," the couple walk right past them holding hands.

"Okay..." She looks at her with her eyebrows raised. "I know we are not close but you tell me what's eating you."

"That's Lungisani my ex. We dated for four years, he recently got married while he was still with me and he left me with a child." She chucks letting her tears flow. "He even gave me money for abortion." She leans back with tears rolling down a marathon race.

"He is not worth your tears. Now that you know, move on with your life and forget about him. Find yourself another man and take care of your child simple." She's pregnant and again another shocker. She will not judge.

"It's not as simple as you say."

"Are you trying to tell me that you are holding back onto him praying that he comes to his senses? Girl, dust yourself and move on. Don't block happiness for a man who is not worth it."

Sisipho keeps quite for a second thoughtfully. She needs to let her heart heal. Minutes later Tazz and Sthembiso walk in and spot them chilled by the side eating ice-cream.

Sthembiso sits besides Onyiye and kisses her forehead. Tazz sits next to Sisipho.

"I now believe you inlove with crying." Tazz.

"That's not true." Sisipho sighs looking down. She wipes the tears still looking down.

"We should get going. I'm sure my mother needs me for her personal needs."

"I understand. Maybe some other time." Onyiye.

"Thanks you once again. I now feel lighter getting some things off my chest."

Onyiye nods her head and smiles.

Sisipho stands up, she slips and sits on top of Tazz.

"Ouch!" She hisses looking at her ankle.

"Are you okay?"

"I hurt my ankle."

"Let me take you home." Tazz says helping her stand. She limps unable to put her foot down.

"It hurts."

"Pick her up Tazz." Sthembiso instructs. Tazz picks her up in bridal style and walks out carrying her. Onyiye spots the so cold ex staring their direction. She picks their shopping bags up with the help of Sthembiso.

They help Tazz loading the plastics in the car with Sisipho still massaging her foot. "Will you be okay?" Onyiye asks worriedly.

"I believe so. I don't know how I slipped."

"Askies. Tazz will leave you at home and also helps you with the plastics."

"Thank you for everything. You have no idea how much this means to me." Onyiye nods her head smiling.

"I had fun too. I would like you to meet my other sister."

Sisipho's face lighten with a bright smile on her face.

"Really?"

"Yes, will talk though. But it will happen before I go to back Durban."

She's looking at the pictures they took.

The first time she gets to have quality time with her sister! Is seems so serial and different."

"I've been waiting for this for 20 years. So you have no idea how it feels like."

She sighs.

"It's like a huge burden has been removed off me. I don't know but my heart seems happy."

He nods his head. "I'm happy that you are happy munku wami. I just hope she has no agenda hidden behind her. Phela babe, a snake never changes its colour. You should always keep that in mind."

That she knows and she's something she's aware about. She smiles and continues to scroll through her phone.

They arrive home and they find the yard buzzing with people.

Her heart skips a bit in fear.

"Be yourself babe. Don't let Dumisani get to you even in death."

"I just keep seeing his open skull."

"Eventually, all of this will go away babe. Just be you and act normal like the mother of my kids."

"Okay babe." She nervously smiles. They both step out of the car. They walk towards the house holding hands. Sthembiso freezes looking at MaZet sitting on the mattress. Onyiye looks closely and she knows this woman!

She looks at Sthembiso with her mouth partially open.

"Is it her?" He asks. Onyiye nods her head with her eyes glistening with tears.

"What is she doing here?" She whispers.

"She is pregnant with my brother's baby." He chuckles shaking his head. MaZet tilts her head but quickly looks down when her eyes meet Onyiye's. Sthembiso lets go of her hand and kisses her cheeks.

"I'll go check on the babies." He squeezes her butt a bit making her shyly smile. She carries her legs to the kitchen to assist and mind her business.

It's funny how Dumisani is not even missed, even his parents do not want to mourn him. He died just couple of days ago and already they are ready to bury him. It's like they are trying to get rid of them.

The funeral is today and that is very much surprising. His mother is acting normal and there's his father who is also busy

with his kettles - with his grandkids following him behind everywhere he goes.

Sbahle on the other hand - she is just as shocked as to why they are doing things this way.

Apparently Dumisani is married and he told no one. It's funny if you tell their pathetic story. Come to think of it. She doesn't care! What would have happened if she didn't fight for herself?

"Still good? Don't over work yourself." Sthembiso the carrying boyfriend. "Don't let these women over work you." He sides eye his aunt. They never got along. They always favoured Dumisani because he was always the quietest and him, always the loudest and doesn't sugar coat or licks any bodies arse.

"Is that the way to talk to an elder Sthembiso?" She asks ready to murder him.

"Sthembiso, can you please feed the kids."

Onyiye can see where this is going. She picks the bowls up and leads the way to the sitting room. Ngimu being the man of the house - he is definitely behaving like one.

Onyiye smiles looking at her muddy son.

"I swear this child wants to kill me before my time."

Sthembiso's mother says picking Ngimu to give him a quick

bath. Sthembiso sits opposite MaZet unbotheredly feeding his son.

"Makoti bakithi."

He just wishes that these aunts could leave right this minute.

"It will be fine my child. We should have a meeting as a family."

"About what?" His mother asks giving Onyiye her now clean son.

"About Makoti here." One of the aunts speak.

"What about her?" She sits down and exhales out loud annoyed. She is also bored by this.

"Since Dumisani has already paid for her bride price. We think as a family it will be very much convenient for Sthembiso to fill his brothers shoes and take her as his wife, since she is already our wife." This aunt surely knows how to spit nonsense.

"Who paid for her bride price?" MaJiyane asks.

"Dumisani Sisi."

"Well, as his mother. I was never informed. Seems like she's your wife not mines. If you want for her to continue being a wife, you can pass her to your son. Sthembiso here has his own family to take care of. You see that woman sitting over there..."

She points out at Onyiye. "That is his wife. The wife that we know as a Jiyane family. She wasn't made in China."

"But sisi..."

"Cha Mabusi no but. I'm sick and tired of each and every one of you trying to dictate my household. I run my household the way I see it fit. The nonsense you are spewing will never happen. Sthembiso will never take a second wife as long as I live!"

"Buti, you can't let you wife talk to us like that." This woman is not backing down.

"Mabusi, since you want this young girl to continue being in the Jiyane family, you can take her and she can be your own daughter-in-law. She can fulfil the duties in your household not in my house. We don't even know who was there for that bride price and how it was done. Don't involve us in your mess."

The room becomes silence.

"My parents have spoken. If you ever

I mean ever think of forcing that thing down my throat, trust me I will burn each and everyone of you. I love my woman alone without any mixit. MaZet left me for my brother and trust me I am not bitter at all. I'm very happy that I dodged a bullet. I'm very much happy with my Ndoni trust me."

"Sthembiso, I'm sorry. I now realise my mistake." MaZet tilts her head and looks at Sthembiso. "I am ready to rectify my mistakes and..."

"Woah, sisi. I belong to someone. My heart is fully occupied and trust me I do not need a third wheel." He clicks his tongue standing up. He pulls Onyiye by hand and leaves the room heading to his outside bedroom. Sbahle follows them shortly.

"Don't worry he will come around. Once the funeral is over you will sleep in his bedroom like a true makoti you are." She nods her head sniffing.

After the burial most family members went to their respective homes. The devil was still around calling the shots. Onyiye is in the kitchen cleaning up with the help of Sbahle and the Jiyane cousins.

"Don't let my mother get to you. I am her daughter and trust me we do not get along because of her controlling ways."

"I will try." She smiles and continues to wipe the dishes.

Sthembiso left with Khoza - he didn't even bother to see what happens next after the burial. She's tired and all she wants is to sleep.

"I'm off to sleep."

"I will come with you. I'm leaving with my man today." Sbahle says following her behind.

STHEMBISO'S OUTSIDE BEDROOM

They go to the outside bedroom, she opens the door. The door wasn't fully closed. They find MaZet sitting on the bed half naked. Onyiye frowns looking at her huge stomach.

"What are you doing in my bedroom?" She asks.

"Before it was yours, it was mine first. I'm just taking what's mine now." She smirks.

"Okay. You can take the bed sisi. We will book in the hotel." She takes her suitcase, Sthembiso's as well as the kids. They load the luggage's in the car and they drive off without even bidding farewell.

Sthembiso arrives shortly and pauses looking at the figger sleeping on his bed. This is not his Onyiye.

He yanks the blankets off and finds MaZet naked on his bed.

"What are you doing here?"

"Your parents said we should share a room since I'm now becoming your wife."

"My parents or aunt?" He asks with his eyebrows ached.

"Your aunt."

He nods his head and looks at her without blinking. She smiles shyly and pats on the space next to her.

"You have been up and down all day. You need to rest." She says.

"No, thank you MaZet. The only thing I want is my woman and kids." He turns to leave but she screams her lungs out.

"I think the baby is coming!"

"Okay, let it come. It's not mine anyway." He shrugs his shoulders and turns to leave annoyed. He goes to his mother's house and finds his aunt eating scones and tea.

"Where is Ndoni?" He asks calmly.

"I don't know. Your wife is in your room. Did you see her?"

"Yazi I don't know what kind of a human being you are. Are you sure you are okay upstairs? Why are you making my life a circus? Mabusi, I have been patient with you for far too long and you are starting to annoy me. I want my family. The mother of my kids."

"They left Buti with their bags. I think MaZet chased them out." Sthembiso's face immediately turns red. He marches towards

his aunt and strangles her. She lets go of the tea - it burns her thigh and she screams loudly. The parents come running and they find Sthembiso on top of his aunt.

"Sthembiso!" That's MaJiyane. MaZet comes in running with her huge stomach and pauses looking at the scene.

He stops and steps back.

"If anything happens to my family, trust me - ow God help me you will never see dawn." He walks out and pushes MaZet aside. She slips hitting her stomach at the corner of the table. She screams holding her stomach and drops down to her knees feeling the pain. Blood begin to flow down her legs.

"Take her to the hospital!" The aunt is on her feet with her shocked face. She's rubbing her throbbing neck.

They all look at her without care - everyone went to their bedroom leaving just the both of them.

AT THE HOTEL

She's looking at the kids sleeping peacefully.

"Maybe if I didn't kill him we wouldn't be here. They would have not be forcing MaZet down Sthembiso throat." She sniffs throwing herself on the couch.

Her phone chimes again and she continues to ignore it.

"His mother is calling you." Sbahle tells her.

"At this moment I don't care about anything or anyone. I'm sure Sthembiso is diving in her pussy as we speak." She takes a deep breath closing her eyes. He hasn't even bothered contacting her and it hurts. Maybe he is agreeing to all of this and he was just acting out in front of her eyes.

The day started off fine and turned out to be a horror movie.

A loud bang on the door... He walks in with a frustrated look in his face.

"How did you find me?" She asks standing up.

"That's not the case. Are you guys okay." He pulls her into a hug.

"We good just not emotionally okay."

"I'm sorry babe."

Khoza comes in to get what's his.

They leave the hotel leaving Sthembiso and Onyiye behind.

"So you really thought that I would look at another woman?"

"It's not about you looking at another woman. It's about me not having the energy to deal with drama. I don't have the time to deal with bitter ex. I know my worth."

"And I love you for that." He pauses looking in her eyes.

"What did you do?" She knows him better than anyone.

"Nothing," he takes off his clothing getting in bed. She sighs and jumps in bed also with the kids in-between.

ONYIYE'S HOME

She's fitting each and every clothing. She's beyond happy and she cannot express how she feels. The amount of food that they have is something she has always longed for. Look at her mother eating sausage roll, something she last eat months ago.

"I'm happy that you and Onyiye are working on your life." Her mother says with a mouthful.

"I'm happy too. I never thought that one day we will be this close. I know it's still early to say but I have a positive feeling about everything."

"I'm sorry for turning your lives upside down." She sadly sighs.

"She will forgive you. Just give her time. You should see the kids! They are so adorable. You know..." Her phone rings. She frowns looking at unsaved number. She doesn't recognise it.

"Hallo,"

"I'm outside,"

She recognises the voice. Her heart skips a bit. What does he want? Is he going to be another Shane? What was she thinking! Nothing comes cheap in these streets. She wears her flip flops and step outside the door.

She takes a deep breath. There is the red Tazz parked right in front of the gate. She steps outside the gate and closes it.

Tazz steps out of the car and leans against it.

She limps standing in front of him, "Buti, I don't have the money to pay you. I will find a job and pay each and every cent I owe you."

He chucks. "Hei Sisipho. I was just in the neighbourhood and I thought I should pass by and say hei."

"Ow, not because you want me to pay you?"

She's confused. If a man does something for you. They definitely want sometimes return.

"No. Can I take you out tomorrow?"

She shoot her eyes open. She feels her body getting goose bumps.

"As in, out on a date?" She asks.

"Yes, out on a date." He smiles.

"I'm pregnant."

"So? Will your pregnancy prevent you from going out?"

Her knees immediately get weak. Her stomach grumbles.

"Okay," she wouldn't miss this opportunity for the world!

"How is your ankle?" He asks.

"The ointment you gave me did magic. That you." She smiles.

The pain is still there but better.

He steps closer and gives her a hug. She's hesitant, but follows his lead. She hugs him back tighter closing her eyes. They pull out of the hug - their cheeks rub against each other. His beard rubbing her cheek making her clit dance Sarafina.

His lips rubbing against hers. Mukhulu uJehova! She wraps her arms around his neck with him holding her waist. She pants in his mouth. That weed smell in his mouth mixed with guava. Surely he was drinking guava juice.

She's sleeping on the bed thinking of the events replaying in her head. She's holding her chest, touching her lips not believing.

She sends a quick text to Onyiye praying that she responds. She wait anxiously but no reply. Maybe she is being forward with this sister relationship. She feels discouraged, her input would have made a difference. She tries closing her eyes but sleep feels invaded. Her phone vibrates. She jumps sitting up straight and reads through the text.

"He is a good man. If you feel him give it a shot."

She smiles widely and begins to scream jumping up and down.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

She turns to look at herself in the mirror one last time and smiles feeling satisfied. A jumpsuit, off shoulder bodycon maroon in colour. Her white Nike sneakers along with her black purse. Her and a curly weave, she never imagined herself with such on her head. All thanks to Onyiye. She practically gave her a weave that was brand new – without even having doubts. She takes a few pictures and sends them to her.

“I look so sexy because of you.” she clicks send. One tick. It's so unlike her to switch her data off. She sadly sighs logging off. She puts her maroon lips and smiles emotionally. She takes a deep breath and waits for his phone call. Her phone rings and it is an unknown number. She frowns looking at the screen debating whether to answer or not.

“Halo,”

“It's Onyinye. How is your ankle?” She wants to scream for the whole neighbourhood to hear that her sister just called asking her about her ankle!

“I'm still limping but it is better than yesterday. Buti Tazz bought me some ointment.” That smile...

“Buti Tazz,” she laughs a bit. She hasn’t noticed, she really has that cute tiny laugh.

“Yes,”

“The same Buti that is taking you out on a date?”

“Do not make my mind dirty please.”

They both laugh.

“Thank you for everything. I did think about what you told me yesterday and I think it is about time that I moved on.”

“Yes, that is the spirit girly. I have to go before the kids wake up and harass me. Enjoy your date with Buti Tazz.”

“Babe, I need a dick massage!” A man shouts in the background. The line goes dead before she can even respond. This man has no filter and that she has noticed. He made her a laughing stock when she was still a cashier at the Cambridge store. She chucks thinking of how much of a total disaster that man was. Again, he humiliated her in church!

She posts a few pictures with no caption. She clicks on exist as usual. She is not a fan of logging out, she never has been.

She sinks down on her bed and waits for the call but nothing comes through. She is checking her phone constantly every minute. And when every minute passes, it feels like an hour. She sighs in discouragement. She lies on the bed on her side

with tears threatening to come out. What the hell was she thinking? A man like Tazz falling for a girl like her. Her heart is heavy and she has no words at the moment. Her eyes immediately become heavy and she agrees to sleepiness taking over.

Her phone wakes her up from her heart heavy slumber. She squints her eyes and rubs them gently. She yawns – takes her time to pick but eventually does.

“Halo,”

“I am so sorry to keep you waiting. I am outside.”

She jumps off the bed and looks at herself in the mirror. The make-up is all over the face, she slept crying, her eyes are swollen. She limps to the bathroom to washer her face and apply ponds. No make-up now, sighs!

She grabs her purse from the bed and limps towards the door. Her mother is still asleep. Medication. She kisses her cheek and walks out.

Tazz steps out of his BMW and smiles approaching her. He opens his arms – he welcomes her with a very warm hug.

“Sorry I'm late. I promise to make it up to you.” He says stepping back. “Shall we?”

She nods her head and looks down.

“Where you crying?” He asks scanning her face.

“No,”

He looks at her for a second. “Let's go.” He holds her back and leads her to the car, making her comfortable.

“You look beautiful by the way.” He starts the car and drives off. She knows this route because Lungisani always fetched her whenever he was around just to spend time with her. And indeed, they are in the neighbourhood.

“And we are here,” he parks his car on a big house. She always wondered who lived here and today she will ask.

“Who lives here?” she asks looking all amazed.

“I do. Come let's go in before the food gets cold.”

He steps out of the car and opens the door for her. She steps out with her mouth half open.

“Wow,” he pulls her by hand and then walks inside the house.

They are in the backyard sharing what they have been through and what she has done – which she is surely not proud of. There was a point in life when assured herself that Onyiye will always be that good for nothing in the future. Little did she know that God has other plans for her.

“I already know.”: He says and sips on his beer.

“How?” Her heart beats rapidly. Imagine being asked out on a date - and your date finds out how evil you are. Shameful!

“I think it will be better if we drop this. I don’t want you being all emotional on me now.” He flashes a big smile.

“I understand.” She sniffs bloody tears! He looks at her with a frown on her face.

“Who is the father of the baby you are carrying?”

“Another bimbo called Lungisani.”

“Which Lungisani” He asks.

“He lives down the street.” She sighs sadly.

“And he denied the pregnancy? Just like that?”

“Yes, I think he judged me based on the past life I used to live. The life of hate that was in me, that made him take advantage of me. He gave me money to abort.”

“And you didn’t?”

“No. I may have a dark past but killing was never one of my dark sides.”

He nods his head and smiles. “I am so proud of you.”

“It's going to be hard though. I will have to look for a job so that my baby can have a normal life like other kids.”

“He will have a normal life. Is he a boy or a girl” He asks out of curiosity.

“What! I'm not even two months yet!” She laughs loudly and he just looks at her with those eyes that makes her -...

“Do you have any kids of your own?” She asks.

“I can't have kids. I have very low sperm, so me having kids on my own is...”

“I'm so sorry.” She keeps quite a bit. “So, what will happen when you get married?”

“I have one that is on the way.”

“But you said you can't have kids.” She is defiantly confused.

“He is in your tummy.”

She opens her mouth partially to say something but no words come out. Her voice is blocked. She looks at him as he smiles.

“Miss, I am not going to bit around the bush. I will not lie and say I don't like you. I liked you the first day you were standing at the rank looking at me like I'm some kind of meat. I walked right past you on purpose and your eyes were boring my back. You were literally undressing me in front of people! Such a disgrace.”

She gasps holding her chest.

“It was not that bad! I didn’t even think you'd notice because you didn’t even look my direction.”

“With all the commotion that were happening in your face – trust me I noticed you.” She is embarrassed.

“Is my make up that bad?” He is not the first male to say something cruel about her make up. First it was that red man now him!

“Wrong turn.”

She takes a packet of chips and throws it his direction. He ducks laughing.

“Trust me – you looked like you have woken up from the dead.” He continues to laugh hard.

She looks at him embarrassed. Now that she thinks of her eyebrows...she shakes her head not believing herself. Laughter mixed with crying. Eventually she cries out loud. He stops laughing and looks at her.

“I'm sorry I will never laugh at your eyebrows again. But nawe babe, don’t ever do that to your face. You are too cute to destroy yourself like that...” He stands up and goes to sit next to her. The picnic set up is so beautiful and refreshing. First time being treated like this, a whole Queen. The language she knows is sex

sex, sex and more sex.

"Let's make a deal."

"If it involves money than yes."

"Oho, okay. Try not to do that make-up shit and leave it for the pros. If you can go a month without doing that then I will applaud you and reward you with a huge sum of money." He says caressing on her wet cheeks.

"I accept the challenge." Her day, spent in a splendid moment way. She never knew there are men out there who don't lure you to their bed.

"Yes mam..." He laughs and pinches her cheek.

"You are here. I have been knocking but no one was opening. I saw your car parked outside and assumed that you are home."

A girl says. Tazz looks at her without a response. Sisipho clears her throat disappointedly.

"I think I should get going." She says already standing up.

"Thandeka. What are you doing here?" He asks calmly.

"I saw you car parked outside and I thought I should come and say hei."

Her eyelashes flap back and forth.

"Thanks. Next time try not to invite yourself in people's houses. As you can see I have a guest. So, if you don't mind..."

Sisipho grabs her flip flops .

"I will take a taxi home."

"No child of mine will ride taxis. Sit your ass down woman."

"But..."

"Sisipho!" That's more like commanding. She sighs sitting back down with Lungisani's sister looking at her.

"Awu Sisipho. So, you really did kill my brother's child or you have just picked up the child is not his?"

Sisipho just looks at her blankly without saying a word.

"I will not let you harass my guest in her house. Thandeka, you can now leave." He stands up and walks her to the door. She walks out and closes the door behind her.

"I think my mother needs me now. I've been here for far too long."

"You are not going because of Thandeka?" He asks.

She smiles. "No, trust me. I wish I can stay a little longer but I'm sure mother needs me for her personal needs."

She responds.

"Fair enough, I will let you go this time around."

She's back at home all smiles humming. All the positive energy is on her...

"I wish to see the man that is making you happy."

"Mah! Can't I be happy without you mentioning any man?" She smiles rearranging the couches.

"This man must be special. A man that makes you do spring cleaning." She tries laughing but coughs.

"I'm just happy."

They fall into awkward silence.

"When is Onyiye coming to see me?"

"I don't know. I will ask her. I'm trying to find a way to ask her not seeming like I'm being pushy or something."

"I see." She continues to clean with her face all smiles.

MYEZA HEALTH INSTITUTION

"He love me, he loves me not."

She's drawing circles on the wall absent minded.

The door cracks open and Blessing walks in carrying a tray.

"Time for your medication Sisi." She says.

"Sleep, eat, sleep, eat. I'm tired! She half shouts.

"I know. It will be all over soon Nana."

"Where is he?" Her facial expression changes.

"Who?"

"Sizwe?" She smiles getting off the bed. "He was here with me yesterday."

"You have to accept that Sizwe is gone and never coming back."

"No, he was here. We even made love. He told me he loves me and, and I should take care of myself."

Blessing sadly looks at her and sighs taking her hand.

"Look, I know that you are having a hard time accepting that he is gone and never coming back. Accept that the Lord had other plans for him. Be strong for the child that you are carrying. I know it hurts but if you don't want to tell your mind that you are moving on and setting him free, you will never heal."

"But..."

"He wasn't here."

Lindiwe keeps quite. Clearly this woman doesn't know what she's talking about. She saw what she saw and he promised her that he will be back for her.

"Drink your meds."

She helps her drink. Now what is left is for her to sit and wait for the man of her dreams.

It's getting dark and the man didn't even bother coming to see her. But yet he promised to be back! She takes the television and smashes it against the wall and screams out loud.

Blessing comes in running and stops on her tracks when she sees the mess on the floor.

"Lindiwe!"

"He promised to come back and he lied. Everything to him is a lie! He lied!"

She leans against the wall and slides down bursting into tears.

"I am hurt that he lied. He was with me all night and he left saying he will be back because he loves me. He hugged and kissed me. We made love, on this bed right here!"

"Lindiwe..."

"Can we call him? I want to know if he is okay. I want to tell him that the baby is kicking." She stops crying and caresses on her flat tummy.

"Stand up." Blessing helps her stand. "Let's go out for a walk." She holds her out and pulls her towards the backyard filled with flowers. She makes her sit on the bench and sighs sitting next to her. How can a baby kick when she's just weeks pregnant.

"Lindiwe, what is happening with you?"

"I don't know. My mind just triggers and everything shuts down. I miss him much that it hurts me. I feel so empty without him."

"It will take time for you to heal but you have to also help yourself heal. I'm not saying forget about him but, try thinking of the soul you are carrying. Do you want to lose this pregnancy?" She asks.

"No, it's the only happiness that will always remind me of him."

"Good, now try leaving the past behind and move on for the innocent soul you are carrying."

"Can I call Mpilo?"

"Why?"

"I need him. You wouldn't understand." She rubs her sweaty palms against each other.

"Was he the one you were with all night?"

"Yes,"

"Mpilo is something else. That child!" She takes a deep breath.

"Fine I will call him. Just because I want to see that happy smile on your face."

Indeed she kept her word Mpilo came in the evening. She has her arms wrapped around his waist.

"I missed you." She pulls back from the hug.

He nervously smiles.

"I missed you too babe. How are you?" They sit on the bed with their hands entwined.

"I don't know. I honestly don't know. One minute I'm fine and the next I'm shutting down like I'm falling into a deep dark hole." She sniffs. "It hurts that no one gets to understand the pain I am feeling. They don't understand what I'm going through. Having to wake up every morning and remind yourself that your partner is no more. It's just..." She covers her face with her hands and cries out loud. He swallows hard and pulls her in for a hug. "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault. Just know that when you need me I will always be there for you." The assurance in his eyes makes her smile. She leans over and kisses him...

She doesn't want to let go. Her being in his arm feels safer, protected.

"So, you are leaving me?" She's ready to kill. He looks at her not knowing how to respond. He wants to respond but girl is ready to murder him. "Cha babe. I just need to use the bathroom."

She looks around this one hell one room.

"Here's the toilet over there."

Now he doesn't have any idea how to dodge the bullet.

His phone rings again. He sighs in annoyance and looks at the screen. "Who calling you?" She asks.

"Huh? No one."

"Okay, come sleep then." She says. She is still naked waiting for him to warm her body.

He looks at her and his heart sinks. As much as it hurts that the only person that made her happy is no longer available haunts him. As much this man right in front of her eyes crushed her heart - that stupid bleeding heart still wants him. Is she wrong falling in love while still mourning? How will they label her for moving on with another man while hers is being laid to rest tomorrow? Everything just sound serial to her. How does she accept it? What will she tell her baby when he or she grows up? Tears are always his weakness.

"Okay, okay, I'll sleep over." He takes off his jacket and shoes. He gets in bed and holds her from behind. His phone rings again - he clicks his tongue and switches it off. Zandile can be a nuisance at times.

"Mpilo..."

He shortly holds his breath with his heart beating rapidly. Did she just call him Mpilo! He clears his throat, "yah babe."

"Please don't hurt me."

He keeps quite a bit not knowing how to respond.

"Please handle my heart with care. I can't afford another heartache because of love." She says and sniffs. He pulls her close to him holding her tightly.

"Promise me that you will be there for me whenever I need you."

"Before I make any promises - I need to tell you something..." She turns around to look at him straight in the eyes. He takes a deep breath looking back at her...

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

Waking up to the sound of a morning text – “wishing you a good day ahead”. She has never experienced this but here she is reading through a text filled with so many emojis and love warming. She misses his handsome face already. Isn't she feeling like the luckiest girl ever? Does she reply? She is not so sure about it but she does not want to sound uptight.

She stops running around her room and collects herself. “Enjoy your day too.” She clicks on sends and smiles throwing her phone aside. She needs to cook something meaty for herself. Something that will make her clit dance.

A knock on the door – what a bore. Whoever it is really does know how to ruin one's happiness. She grabs her phone from the bed and pushes her legs towards the door.

“Thandeka,” She is surprised seeing her here. Now that their path crossed yesterday everything is going to be awkward for her. She steps out and closes the door. She opens the door and

finds Thandeka all dolled up. Wonder what she is doing here. Maybe she had a runny mouth to her brother now they want to ruin her happiness.

“WeSisipho. This is not a social visit. How are you related to Tazz?”

Ow she should have known that this is where it is heading at. She sighs in that bored expression. She steps out and closes the door behind her. She folds her arms and leans against the door.

“What can I do for you Thandeka?”

“I asked you a question. What is going on between you and Tazz?”

“Maybe if I call him, he will answer on my behalf.” She wastes no time and dials his number. Within a few rings he picks up. Thandeka is right in front of her gawking at her.

“Do not tell me you are doing your eyebrows again.”

She has him on loud speaker. She fits with laughter and shakes her head. Is she embarrassed? No! It is defiantly something to laugh about.

“Trust me, I now know better. I don't want to lose the bet. The money comes first.” She responds.

He chucks, “I think that baby is making you in love with money more.”

She laughs a bit.

“Speaking about love. Can I ask? What am I to you?”

“My girlfriend, baby mama – soon to be wife.”

“Bye.”

“Cook something nice for me, I will come during lunch time and maybe steal a quickie.”

“Sies maan!” She disconnects the call and looks at Thandeka who was looking back at her with an unexplainable look on her face. “Well, you heard the answers yourself. Now if you do not mind, I have to go cook for my man.”

“Mxm, you are not even pretty.”

“Says someone who is running after a man that doesn’t even look their direction.”

“No wonder my brother left you.” She smirks.

“And he did me a huge favor, honestly. I have never been happier.”

“Wait until you see what is coming your way.” She clicks her tongue and walks away leaving her stunned. She sends a quick text and sighs, stepping back inside the house. Now her mood has died.

She cooked and she patiently is waiting for him. Time is running by and she has lost hope. Maybe he is busy and she doesn't want to sound like a nagging girlfriend, well if she is still one. She logs in on her WhatsApp – he is online but not bothering to text her.

She types and deletes. What is the use? He ditched her and she should own up to it. Pictures flooding on her WhatsApp. Unable to view profile picture she notices that she has been blocked.

Her hands trembled with heartache.

“Wow!”

She looks at the pictures briefly before deleting them. She sighs thinking out loud with her mind.

She is not going to be bitter about it. She did that with Lungisani she is not going to run after a grown ass man. At least she got to experience two minutes of happiness. She now ceases doing things her way and learn to do them in God's way instead. such a condition of submissiveness, maybe her life will change for the better. The pleasure of love lasts but a moment, that moment is the moment she will never forget. At least she got to live a soft life for two minutes. That is na achievement for her.

She dishes up for her and her mother. Imagine all the time she prepared, the energy she put in and the heart she poured out when cooking. Men will definitely amaze you. Such disappointment!

It's high time she looked for a job. At least she has a matric certificate, or maybe she could ask Onyiye to help her out. She

doesn't want to sound like a burden, right? She needs to do this on her own. Prove people wrong that she can achieve something out of her useless self.

They eat in comfortable silence. Her phone had still not rung and she was expecting confirmation or some sort of explanation – but none. She sighs again! Maybe she is in that phase of doing a lot of sighs with no way forward.

They are done eating – she is doing the dishes. Funny enough, her heart is not that broken. She was going in with the length of the arm in this relationship. She is not ready to love a man wholeheartedly, not what Lungisani put her through. Maybe just cleaning the kitchen will do and the remaining food will be stored in containers.

She is laying on her back reading through the newsfeed. She continues to scroll through until she spotted a picture of Onyiye and her babies with the red man behind her. These two will defiantly make you download a dating app and get into the dating game right this minute.

“This is the guy that humiliated my eyebrows. I will never heal shame!”

Onyiye replies with a laughing emoji. Her response matters. Something to smile about – at least her night will not be sour as she thought. Tomorrow is another day. She will have to do something about her life before her baby comes into this world.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

She is on the phone with her friend. She doesn't like how her friend is. Honestly, she has been a bad friend lately. She was caught up in her own world forgetting that there is a soul that needs her.

“I will see you this weekend. I am coming back.” Her being back with Mpilo, she will not judge. Maybe this is where her happiness is. Where her happiness lies.

“You are not joking with me, right?” The happiness in her voice immediately makes her emotional.

“I promise my love. I am sorry for not seeing you these days, I have been going through a lot also. Will tell you all about it when I see you,”

“I will wait for you.”

“Tell Mpilo I said thank you.”

Now that she has all the time to think about her distance towards her friend, it breaks her heart that she was not there for her when she needed her the most. She should really see her this weekend.

“How is she?” asks Sthembiso sitting next to her.

“She is hanging in there. I think she is suffering but does not want to tell me what the issue is.”

“Hau babe, you do know moss that her baby daddy passed on. The poor girl is grieving and she defiantly has a fake friend.”

“Mxm

Advertisement

says someone who...” She does not get to finish the sentence he grinds her with a kiss making her breathless. He pulls back, leaving her wanting for more. He walks out leaving her melting for him.

She has Ndimu in-between her thighs.

“Ndimu maan!” She tries opening his mouth with the spoon but he turns his face to the side and laughs.

“I will hit you.” He grins looking at his angry mother. She looks at her son's innocent face. She melts letting go of him. This child is something else. How does one have such a hype child as him?

He runs around the house dropping whatever is in front of his eyes. “How did MaJiyane manage with this child!”

Sthembiso comes in laughing.

“I swear this child is turning you into a war zone babe. Let me feed this champ here. Go rest my love.”

He takes the dish from her hands and runs after his son.

She tries catching up on her school work but the events of Dumisani's skull come back flushing right before her eyes. She begins shaking – like the events are happening today. Trying to breathe seems to be an auto fail. She lets go of the pen and takes a deep breath trying to calm herself. She blinks multiple times. Pictures of him lying on the bed with an open skull has her sweating. Her head becomes heavy, spins and immediately darkness takes over.

She wakes up to the discomfort of the surroundings that she is in. Her mind registers and she notice that she is in hospital. The worried faces looking at her made her even more confused.

“How did I ge...” she recalls collapsing and blacking out. She begins pancaking...

“Babe,” Sthembiso hurries towards her. She looks at her father and wanders how he will feel if he gets to hear that his daughter is a murderer. Tears blind her vision.

“I didn’t mean to kill him.” She sobs painfully. Sthembiso pulls her into a tight hug and lets her sob into his chest. As much as it hurts, he knows that it is affecting her.

“What does she mean?” MamPhilisiwe asks with a huge frown on her face.

Sthembiso lets go of her and now the issue needs to be explained.

Onyinye looks at her father who was looking at them waiting for an explanation.

“Dumisani was after Ndoni – he was obsessed with her up until he tried kidnapping her for his own selfish reasons. The day he sneaked into my room. The day Sbahle was around – he sneaked in and tried taking advantage of her. In the dark Ndoni fought for herself but unfortunately the worst happened.”

“What?”

MamPhilisiwe has her hands on her head not believing.

"No, I refuse to believe that my Gift..." She takes a deep breath calming herself down. "Do your parents know?" She diverts the question to Sthembiso.

"No, and we want to keep it that way. It will be better if they do not get to know anything at the moment – well I am hoping for entirely."

"But if it was self-defense then it is understandable. Imagine my daughter being a victim of... no man this doesn't sit well with me at all. Onyinyechukwu." His wife sides eye her and he immediately keeps quiet.

"We will need to do some cleansing for you, before this gets out of hand. I do not want any bad luck following you round." He further adds.

"I will."

The doctors just confirmed that she is just stressed and she just needs to tone it down. Whatever is stressing her – she should just take it easy. The drive back home was silent. She just wishes that she could just vanish from this place and be back to Durban as in right this minute. She did say that Eshowe brings her a lot of memories, dark memories for that matter. And that she cannot control and right now Dumisani is one of her memories she wishes never to dream of.

Arriving at Dumisanis home she cringes at the thought of her... she doesn't want to think about it. She sighs, stepping inside of the house, the back of her hair stands and immediately she runs out. She cannot be back here!

“I will go book in a hotel.” She says clinging onto Sthembiso.

“Are you okay?” He is worried. Who wouldn't be worried if they feel things they cannot see or let alone touch?

“No, I think he is in there.”

“Okay - you can go stay with your parents at the hotel.” She does not dispute. She hurries her legs towards the car and takes a deep breath looking outside the window. Sthembiso stays behind to sort out a few things, he will be following her shortly.

LINDIWE MAZIBUKO

"Write him another letter. A letter letting him know how you feel. Take out something that comes from the heart, the heart that is bleeding. Share your emotions with him. Remember, he can see beyond and he can feel beyond. Oh, by the way - you are very much in-denial that the man that loved you is no more. You do not want to accept that life took another turn. You can't imagine your life without him. You will never heal if you are still holding on to him. Let me leave you to it. I will come back later on." Blessing steps out leaving her with her diary. She takes a deep breath and begins to pour her heart out.

"The first day we met in that library, I shook your hand. Yes, I was that nervous. I couldn't get past those deep eyes of yours that drew me in every second I looked. I was a hot mess. I was hurting and defiantly in a bad space.

You smiled at me anyway and said I'm Sizwe, nice to meet you. That smile on your face drew me even more towards your direction. I do not know how you managed to make me smile after that heartfelt moment I was in. You were my best friend and taught me so much. I was damaged. I had very low self-esteem, I questioned myself as a woman. You taught me to love myself in those short spaces of time, that seemed like a lifetime to me. I was perfect the way I was because of you. You taught me that I could be myself and that no matter what, you had my back. You would tell me when I was being an idiot or moody. You taught me to screw what other people thought. If we were happy, that is all that mattered. You were my best friend. We would take walks around the neighborhood and look at houses and talk about us and our future - even though we had no money. It sounded crazy that I know."

Such confusions arise in her life. She doesn't get bogged down or feel guilty when people tell her how she can compare both and decide - in the future. How can she think about him when she is with someone. To choose a partner is not easy- she needs to consider her family, society and her feelings too. Sometimes the situations become so complex that she don't know what to believe in- what she has in hand or what she wishes to have. Is she making the right choice? She heard a mouthful yesterday and she is defiantly not sure which steps to take. Tears blinded her vision as she continued to pour her heart out. The most painful thing is to hear that...

“No,” she doesn’t want to think about it. Does she choose to stay? Yes, she does! You know what fuc this shit! Fuc people who are always on people's businesses. She is doing this for her and her child! She closes her diary and pushes it underneath her pillow. She lies on her back and smiles looking at the white ceiling.

Late in the evening Mpilo was standing right beside the single bed she is sleeping on. She opens her eyes and frowns looking at him. She yawns and sits up straight stretching her arms.

“Hei beautiful.” He smiles nervously and sits down.

“Hei. When did you get here?” she asks with her sleepy voice.

He hands her the flowers and turns to face the other side. Not too sure what to say or even react to the situation.

“Where to from here?” He asks with his face still facing the other way.

“Forward, unless you are still holding back.” He turns to face her and she can see his chest rising up and down.

“Thank you.” He throws his huge arms around her neck. Lord knows if this path will be worth it...

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

She's reading through an article. She's not a person who buys newspapers but something in her pushed her into buying it.

"Lucas Holdings."

It's a new company dealing with construction. They are indeed of stuff. She browse through the vacancies...

Maybe she can apply to be a cleaner. Well it's a start. Two three of hoping and praying that Tazz passes by. Looks like he is still with the love of his life, Thandeka. The audacity of that girl sending her pictures of them naked in bed.

She has to do something with her life. Food is almost running out and she doesn't have a cent on her. It's been long since she was even online on any social media. Story of her life being broke. How will she even look for a job? Since the opening is today, she will walk to town. Her stomach, is still not that bad - people cannot notice that she is pregnant. But down the line she will show – sooner or later.

She's ready and done. Now she will walk all the way to town. She's afraid to asks Onyiye for money. She doesn't want to take her kindness for granted. She has been nothing but good to her.

She steps out of the house after saying a prayer with her mother. She's carrying her bottle of water, towel and an umbrella. She tucks her handbag underneath her arm and takes a deep breath taking the way.

The sun is blazing hot - at least she has an umbrella protecting her.

Maybe hiking will do. She is tired of walking and she feels a bit of pressure down there.

Her phone rings, she places the umbrella in-between her shoulder. She digs in her bag...

"Halo," she answers without checking the caller. With the sunshine blazing, she's unable to see the screen.

"Where are you? I can't hear you there's noise in the background." Why is screaming because she can hear her perfectly fine.

"I'm walking to town."

"Walking? Why?"

"I don't have money for transport. Look we will talk later." She drops the line and continues to hike. Onyiye can shout some other time. Right now she needs this job.

A Toyota Van parks metres away and reverses towards her direction. She closes her umbrella and widely smiles. Atleast she will be getting a lift. Now, the problem will be when she goes back home.

"Miss, why are you hiking in such a dangerous place?" Asks a coloured man.

"When you're desperate, you don't see danger."

"Where are you going?"

"Town, there's a new business in town..."

"Let me guess, you are looking for a job?"

"Yes." She laughs a bit. "Times are tough Buti. I need a job, I'm pregnant and... Sorry I didn't mean to brag about my troubled life."

"It's okay, get in. I think I know where you are going."

Without wasting anymore time, she hops in the front seat. She wipes her feet with the towel she had and leans back taking a deep breath.

"Thank you." The man doesn't respond. Rather he smiles and nods his head.

He drives through the buildings and parks in front of the huge construction company.

"Wow," she exclaims stepping out. She stands beside the car with the door wide open. "I hope they take me." She adds.

"What qualifications do you have?" He asks.

"Matric. If I had the power I would have studied further. Thank you for the lift sir."

"Sir is a bit extreme don't you think."

They both laugh.

"I don't know your name."

"Woman, you should have asked me the time you entered my car!" He says stepping out of the car also. She closes the door laughing.

"Okay sir, what is your name?"

"Too late woman. Good luck on your job hunting." He winks at her and walks towards the entrance leaving her behind. With her aching feet she follows shortly.

She enters and find other candidates standing in a queue.

"Halo, are you last in line?"

"Yes,"

Sisipho nods her head and stands behind the girl.

Her stomach is grumbling - it's like there is a hole in her stomach.

She takes out her lunch box - white bread with Rama spread on it. It's just only crusts...

She chews one after another trying to hide her shame. She takes out the bottle of water and gulps it down without stopping.

Atleast there is something in her stomach. She turns to look to the left and finds the man looking at her. She smiles embarrassed... Obviously he saw!

You know the happiness of being told that you got the job no interview required. Maybe the owner saw her that desperate and she seriously needed this job. Her phone rings...

"Mntase,"

"Where are you?"

"I went to look for a job in town. I found something. It's not much but it's a start. "

"I'm happy for you. You said something about walking to town. Did you really..."

"Ow that, no I didn't. I got a lift." She lies. She's too ashamed to share her experience for today.

"Okay, I will send you something. I know your pride will not allow you to tell me."

The line goes dead. She sighs - hunger, tiredness is all in her.

Her phone pings - a notification. R1,700. She wants to scream so damn loud. She hurries her legs towards the gate. She is going to withdraw and buy some food!

A car from behind - it's that very same van...

"Don't tell me you are about to go hike again?" Is that a historical question.

She lightly laughs. "No, my sister just sent me money, so I'm going to town to withdraw."

"Okay, hop in I'll have you in town." She hops in and smiles in relief. She wasn't about to walk back to town, again!

"So, sir where are you from?" She asks trying to make a conversation.

"From Durban. My father decided to grow the business this side."

"Wow, I'm lucky to be part of the business sir."

"This sir is making me look old. Call me Gerald."

"Weeee, your name is complicated." She laughs making him to laugh.

"You can call me G or even better Lucas - that's my last name by the way."

"I'm Sisipho." She smiles.

"Nice to meet you miss hiker." She hits his shoulder lightly and smiles.

She's tired and cannot hide it.

She has withdrawn the money and bought a bucket of KFC. She needs to treat herself. White bread and a 2 litre Coke. The man here insisted on taking her home.

"Thank you sir...I mean G."

"Sure thing."

"Sounds so weird to call my boss by his name." She's popping fried chips in her mouth.

"You will get used to it. But at work we are professional. Outside work, you can call me G."

"I agree with you."

She kept on directing him until they reach their destination.

"Thank you again."

"Tomorrow by 5:00 be ready. I will pick you up. I live near by."

"Yes sir." She steps out carefully holding the bucket of KFC. She tries grabbing the plastic but her hands are just too tired.

"Let me help you with those." He steps out and jogs towards the passengers side. He grabs the plastics and follow her behind.

"You live alone?"

"No, with my sick mother. My sister is in Durban."

He nods his head.

"So if you are not around

Advertisement

who takes care of her?"

"I ask my neighbour to check up on her from time to time. I pay her."

"I see." She opens the door and indeed she finds the neighbour inside.

"Ma," Sisipho greets.

"You are back?"

Her mother's face is twisted on the side.

"Aunt, did mama have another episode?"

"Yes. Today was bad and I'm just glad you were not here to witness it."

"How bad was it?" She sinks down on the couch. Just when she thought her mother was recovering.

"She will be fine. Just keep an eye on her. I suggest you call your aunt for help. I will not be around always to help you. Next week I'm going home for a few things."

"Thank you for your kind heart."

"Let me get going." The neighbour walks past Gerald who was scanning his eyes around.

"I think I should get going."

"Thank you so much. You really saved me a trip there." She wipes the tears.

"I'm glad I was there. Call me if you need me." He gives her his card and walks out.

Maybe she needs a friend right now, someone she can talk to. She can't always call Onyiye when she is indeed. But the fact that she is always there when she needs her - that is enough for her.

She takes her phone out and scrolls through her WhatsApp list. She bought data and thanks to her sister.

"Thank you mntaka mah. You really helped me."

"Don't ever do what you did. You risked alot!"

Okay she's mad. She's still at it. She smiles emotionally - she cares.

"I promise not to do it ever again."

"Good." She logs off. She continues to scroll through, she comes across Tazz's numbers and she notices that she has been blocked. She smiles shaking her head.

"Once upon a time." She has totally forgotten about him. She deletes his numbers and texts. She remembers inviting him on Facebook.

She unfriends him, looks like him and Thandeka are on it and they look happy. She is happy for them but she wonders...she doesn't want to sound as a bitter person. Her life is about to take a drastic turn right now.

From her bedroom she hears her mother chokes. Maybe she was trying to drink water. She gets off the bed and pushes her

body to her mother's bedroom. Midday, she prefers to be left in the dining room so that she could watch television and at night she prefers her bedroom.

She's looking at her mother with all of her eyes popped out. She's way too cold and she finds it scary. She's pacing up and down running out of options. Tazz, yes. She should call him and ask for help but her mind stops her. She deleted his numbers anyways.

She scratches her head running out of options. A knock on the door has her groaning. Her tears are running non-stop. She runs to the door, maybe this person might be of great help. She opens the door and frowns looking at the man's face.

"Are you okay?"

"No, my mother..." She can't hold it in. She sobs loudly. He pulls her towards his chest and hugs her tightly.

"What is it?"

"I think...she can't die and leave me behind. She cannot do this to me." She says in-between the hiccups.

"Where is your mother. You know what, take me to her."

He is driving like a maniac to the hospital. She can't afford these expensive doctors.

"I can't take her here. It's too expensive."

Private hospital!

"It's on me. Don't worry."

"But..."

"No buts. Help me." He hurries out of the car with Sisipho jumping out. From the parking lot he spots a wheelchair. He runs that direction and comes with.

"Help her sit." As heavy as she is they managed to drag her out of the car.

He wheels her inside the hospital. The nurses rush towards their direction and attended to her immediately.

"She's stable for now. We will keep her for observations and once she is fully healed she shall be discharged. For now, your mother is in good hands.

"What happened to her?"

"Her system was shutting down but luckily you brought her right in time. She needs a close eye."

Driving out of the hospital, leaving her mother behind has her heart aching in pain. Yes, she wasn't the best mother in the world but she was always there for her. She informed Onyiye

and she promised to come by some time around this week and for that - she is very much appreciative.

He parks the car outside...

"I forgot my house keys. I don't know how I dropped them but I managed to spot them on top of the table. In case you were wondering why I'm here.

"My mind is just deep in thinking. That was the last thing on my mind."

"Did you leave the door open?"

"No, why?"

She looks closely and notices a shadow standing by the kitchen.

"There's someone in here. Stay behind." He steps out and tip toes towards the house. He sneaks in and finds a huge man standing in the kitchen digging in the pots. The man gets startled and jumps out of the broken window. He tries going after him but the giant was ten times faster than him. He pants taking his legs towards the car.

"He broke in through the window. It's not safe here. Gather your stuffs you will live in my house until it's safer."

"But I can't leave my mother's house just like that. I don't know you. What if you want my body parts?" Her heart is drumming against her chest.

"And you prefer to be unsafe? What if that man comes back? What if there are too many of them and they are hiding somewhere? Gather your stuff. You will come clean tomorrow afternoon."

Going to an unfamiliar place, house makes her body cringe. She feels... somewhat cheap.

"Your house is beautiful." She has her bag pressed against her chest.

"Thanks. Lets go inside. It's cold."

He opens the house door for her and they hear the sound of breaking things.

"Someone is here." She whispers standing behind him.

"That's my mother, Precious."

Great just great. Now she's about to meet a mad woman who is about to break her.

They bother walk in and they find her leaning against the counter.

"Mah, what are you doing here?"

"I came to see my son. Is that a crime? I tried cooking for you. Guess I'm tired."

She stands up straight and looks up.

"Who's this?"

"Sisipho. She..."

"Your girlfriend. Okay boyfriend and girlfriend I'm off to bed. G..."

"Mah,"

"Use protection!" She screams going up the steps. He sighs placing his hands on his waist. Something falling from the wooden steps. He closes his eyes and groans biting his lip.

"Let me help my mother, I'm sure she fell. Please, can you clean this mess up." He looks at her with begging eyes.

"Okay," she puts her bag down - she bends over picking up the pieces of plates...

LINDIWE MAZIBUKO

Stepping out of the of the Myeza institution feels...she can't explain the feeling.

She smiles looking around. Three months ago was the toughest for her but she managed to overpower what she has been through. With the help of Mpilo, she managed to heal and finally let go of the past, let go of what was and focus on what will be.

Her body still hasn't recovered from the trauma. Her weight is still an issue and she just hope and prays that she will gain back he weight. Atleast she has money, Mpilo gave her more than enough. The gates opens...

Screaming...

"Sthuphethu!"

"What are you doing here?" She's surprised. She doesn't remember telling her that she will be out today.

"A Birdy told me that you will be out today."

"Mpilo and his big mouth. Wait, don't tell me you are the one driving." She's shocked.

"Yeap. Madam is now a driver."

"Seems like I missed out on alot." She hops in.

She decided to take her out for lunch and do some catching up.

"So, you and Mpilo had made it official?"

"As much as I may sound bad. Yes, we are back together again."

"Does he make you happy? Wena, emotionally are you okay?"
She's is a concerned friend that, she understands.

"Yea I am. Just that the pasts months have been rough for me. I don't know if I'm ready to see his grave."

"Take all the time you want and need. Whatever you decide I am here for you."

"I know, sthuphethu Sami." They laugh.

"So, any gossip?"

"Another than me and Sisipho rekindling the sister relationship. There is non that I now of." Lindiwe shoot her eyes open.

"You lie!"

Onyiye explains how and what happened. Looking at her friends eyes - she can tell that she is definitely happy. She longed wanted to have a relationship with Sisipho and thankfully her prayers have been answered.

"I'm happy for you."

Later she dropped her off at Mpilo's place. She doesn't want to go to her place. To many memories that she want to bury. She knocks on the door multiple times. Seems like he is not at home. She has no other option but to go back to that one bedroom that she was avoiding. As she turns to leave the door opens. She frowns looking at a girl wearing his t-shirt. Her heart sinks but she wants to tell herself that she will not cry for a man.

"Hei, is Mpilo's in?" She asks trying to hide the hurt on her face. The girl looks at her from head to toes.

"What do you want from my man?" She folds her arms.

"Point of correction our man. Tell him I was here, I want us to pick up where we left off yesterday night. In-fact, every night." She turns to leave - leaving her fuming in anger. She hears the door being harshly shut. Guess Mpilo hasn't grown some balls. He can't take her happiness and later do this to her. She will hit him where it hurts the most.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She's packing all of his belongings with a heavy heart. She feels cheated on. Sizwe was taken too soon. Life cheated and she has no come back after this. He didn't get to meet his child! See how life is unfair? See the man that they get to praise everyday...he is definitely selfish and self centred! Only cares for himself. She takes his t-shirt - holds it so tightly against her chest. She feels his presence, he is here. It's very warm. She closes her eyes preventing the tears from falling. If only she died along with him. If only she was also...she takes a deep breath and continues to pack his clothes. The pictures? She is willing to keep them for the sake of her child. He or she will grow up someday and asks about their father. Destroying his memory will not heal her broken heart. It will not ease the pain she is feeling. She has healed yes but not entirely.

It's been long since she last lived here some spring cleaning will do. Atleast she still have the cleaning detergents.

The fresh air in this house, she needed it. She slept like a baby after months of struggling with sleep.

The air changes - his cologne filling up her room. She sighs stirring her beef stew. She closes the pot and switches the stove off. She's damn hungry. Is she mad at him? No. She has managed to create the walls around her heart. She pulls out for two plates from her cardboard. She rinses them first and wipes them. She dishes for the both of them.

Her food is expressional good looking. With all the different colours on the white plate.

"Here," she hands him the plate. He looks at her with his eyes wide open.

"Eat up before it gets cold." He was probably waiting her outburst, but she has grown. She will channel all her energy where it's needed.

Yesterday she wanted to do revenge - she noticed that it will be definitely not worth it. Mpilo is not worth her energy. The most sweetest revenge is to pretend to be a fool that he is taking her for.

"How was your day?" She asks still not looking at him. He clears his throat.

"My day?"

"Yes, your day?" She shifts her eyes to him. He is sitting so uncomfortably on the bed.

"Yesterday..."

"Is the salt enough?" She knows where he is heading at and honestly she doesn't have the energy to deal with it.

"Li..." His phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket and glances at the screen.

He puts on silence, after minutes it rings again.

"I will give you privacy for you to answer your phone call." She grabs her phone and walks out. She wants to check on the Dazela family...

"Buti Melusi,"

"Lindiwe!" He seems to be exited. "When? How?"

"I was discharged yesterday. Tell mum I will see here when my heart has healed. I'm still trying to live without him but it's hard."

"Take your time Nana." Talking to them made her face smile. Atleast these people have her back no matter what.

She turns to go back to her room she bumps into Mpilo. He looks at her clenching his jaws.

"Did you really have to go there? As in call them?" He asks.

"Yes, I'm carrying their grandchild." She walks past him. She takes her food and continues to eat.

"I don't understand."

"What's that you do not understand Mpilo?" She is getting annoyed with all the interrogation.

"You going back there. I mean..."

"Don't get me started. Just don't!"

"I'm sorry."

"I think it's better that you leave. Your baby mama is waiting for you." He swallows hard. He stands up and storms out. She sighs and continues eating. She puts herself first before everything.

She's catching up on her school work. She is far behind with assessments and she wants to catch up. At least her mind is not that stiff. She still remembers most of the stuffs.

Next week - her exams will be starting she has to make sure that she catches up. Crying over Mpilo will not make her succeed.

At least she did manage to do some catching up with her school work. She just wants take a nap, already it's in the afternoon.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

First time at work and she admits, she's in love with her new job rather than the previous one. At least the pay is better than her previous job.

"The manager is requesting for you in his office." One of the cleaners say. She smiles back. It's almost knock off time.

"Okay, I'm coming." She stands up. Just when she was about to enjoy her lunch she is being summoned. She didn't get to eat midday – work overload. Now that she is being summoned by the boss. Maybe she did not dust as much as she was required.

"Knock, knock..."

A voice summoning her to come in. Ow great! His mother is hear!

"Sanibona." She nervously sits down.

"I'll get straight to the point. I liked you for my son, so I was thinking that it will be better if you become his PA."

"Excuse me?" She is shocked. She was just hired to be a cleaner and not a PA!

"You are excused. You will start training tomorrow. You can go home and rest. Prepare your body for tomorrow." His mother stands up but falls back down to the couch.

"The more I get old - the more the clumsiness take over." She hisses forcing herself to stand up. Eventually, she does. She walks out almost tripping...

"That's my mother for you and her word is final. I cannot dispute anything."

"Wow, I don't even know what to say." She wants to cry.

She's is indeed shocked. No actually she is beyond shocked!

"Welcome to my world." Gerald laughs and packs his bag. "You should go change so that I can take you home."

She's looking at the clothes she once bought. They are not appropriate for her first day for a PA position. She bites her nails trying to figure out what she will wear.

"All of these clothes are just too revealing."

She throws herself in the bed and takes a deep breath. Maybe she should go shopping for appropriate clothing.

She changes her clothes and walks out of the room heading downstairs...

"Going somewhere?" Gerald's voice startles her. She smiles forgetting where she is. This is not her home!

"Yes I'm going to town. I need a new wardrobe. The set of clothes I have are too revealing." She looks at him sitting in the kitchen stool.

"Okay, let me change."

"No! it's okay. I'm just going to go to the Chinese shops. Their clothes are affordable."

"My PA? Shopping where? Please, don't insult your boss."

He leaves her standing in the middle of the kitchen with her mouth partially open. She doesn't much from what her sister sent her. Now she will be forced to shop in those expensive shops with her last cent.

She didn't sign up for spending his money this way. She never saw herself as a Woolworths, Truworths kind of girl. Whatever is cheap for her will do. But with this man right here next to her, she cannot even begin to count how much money they have spent - on just clothes!

"R2200." The cashier says. She packs the clothing in the plastics after scanning them.

"I'll pay half, this is too much."

"Relax

I got this, stop embarrassing me woman." He whispers. He pays with his card without care. Her heart is almost on the verge of coming out.

She follows him behind as they walk out of the shops with him carrying the shopping bags.

"Can I go buy some ice-cream?" She is really craving for it so bad.

"Yea sure. I'll be in the car. I need to make a business call."

She squeals in excitement looking to the Ice-cream Cafe. The last time when she was here was with her sister. She snaps a few pictures and send them to her.

The joy of eating vanilla ice-cream dipped in chocolate...

"Excuse me." She didn't even notice that she is standing in the way. She moves aside - she moves her eyes to the left and her eyes spot a human-being that once made her taste the life of two minutes of happiness. Their eyes lock for a second. He quickly looks on the side. They looking all lovey dovely with Thandeka.

"Mxm," she huffs and continues to eat her ice-cream in peace.

She decides to order two ice-creams. She walks out the Cafe heading straight to the car

Her hands are full. She needs help in opening the car.

"Can you help!" He is just looking at her...

"Ow, yea sorry." He steps out and opens the door for her. She hands him one ice-cream before hopping inside the car.

"I'm not a fan of ice-cream." He politely declines.

"But you made me buy clothes in expensive shops with your money." She closes the door. He smiles...

"I see where this is going." He also hops in the driver's side.

"Trust me, I'm very good in taking revenge sir."

They eat their ice-cream in light conversations.

"It's nice. Thanks."

He roars the engine and drives off.

Arriving at home she unpacks her clothes placing them neatly in her wardrobe. Atleast she has a curly weave...

"Can you help me cook?"

When did his mother get here? Atleast she is wearing a decent dress.

She walks out the guest room and follows her.

She's not that good in the kitchen and she knows herself.

That awkwardness for her in the kitchen with a woman she doesn't even know! She really knows her way around the kitchen. She knows her game and damn She's a good cook. She's definitely learning one or two things here. Her and cooking are like oil and water. Atleast, she tries.

"So tell me. How did you meet my son? I want to know about your love story."

"Love story?" She's clearly confused.

"Yes," she open the oven and takes out meat. Fully roasted and it looks hella delicious. She clears her throat.

"Me and Sir are not dating. He helped me out when he found me at the side of the road hiking. He offered to give me a lift, and it happens that our directions are the same."

"So, how did you end up here?"

"He took me home after the hospital incident. When we got home there was a man in the kitchen. He broke in. So he assumed that it is not safe. I will go home once my mother is back home. But I will go clean from time to time."

She nods her head wiping her hands. Now she is just standing there like a lot puppy.

"But I know where this is heading but I won't say anything. Help me sort out the table." She follows her behind with bowl of salads.

The evening was great. Awesome food and everything was just God damn delicious. Telling her sister how the evening went. It excites her how she cannot wait to gossip with her sister on how her day has been. Without judgement - they will laugh about it and make her feel better.

"I'm happy that you are not pained that Buti Tazz decided to leaving you hanging." Their phone call have always been the best.

"I'm glad too. Maybe if I was the old Sisipho, trust me I would have caused a scene. But now I now better."

"I'm glad. Since you're single, if the man wants to smash let him smash while you wait for your man."

They laugh.

"You are such bad in advices."

"I'm serious. You're pregnant, so you will crave sex. Since you are living under one roof. Seduce mntase."

"You're crazy! Zinjani izitshalo?"

"I'm having orders already from big companies. I'm sure by the end of this year my business would have bloomed. You should consider going back to school."

"I've been thinking about it." A knock on the door. "Someone is at the door will call you back." She smiles shaking her head. Is she jealous that her sister is making history in life? No, she is very much bragging about it.

Their phone call have always been the best past couple of months.

She gets off the bed and fastens her gown, she open the door and finds Gerald half naked. Her eyes land on his well built six pack.

"Just checking up on you." He says.

They both stare at each other without saying a word. She takes steps towards him so he does.

His breath smells so magnificent. He steps in her guest room pushing her backwards. He closes the door and locks it...

It's morning and her body is on fire. She never knew that a man could fuc you this bad. Her swollen Kuku making it hard for her to pee.

"Ouch," she holds it in. She grabs Vaseline from the bathroom cabinet and applies it.

That's better. She pees and sighs thinking how she will face him. It's all Onyiye's fault that she found herself kissing him. The more she thinks about the night the more her body gets shivers. Her clit dances like there's no tomorrow.

"Are you okay in there?" He knocks startling her.

"Y...yes, yes, I'm fine." Footsteps leaving. She exhales out loud. She gently wipes herself and flushes the toilet.

She opens warm water and decides to take a shower.

Washing his scent off her body has her smiling non stop. She closes the tap and wraps herself with a towel. She looks at her stomach and indeed it's starting to grow. She cannot wait when she starts showing. She steps out and cleans the showers wiping the tiles.

She steps out and finds him seated on the bed going through his laptop. He tilts his head to look at her.

"I almost sent a search party there." He says closing his laptop.

"I didn't take long."

She fiddles with the towel that is wrapped around her body.

"About yesterday..."

"I don't regret it. It's been long since I felt like a man inside a woman. I must say you were on fire and I liked every bit of it." The compliments have her blushing. Her cheeks crack red...

"Since we didn't use protection, we should go see the doctor first. Have you started seeing one since you pregnant?"

"No, I was going to go to the clinic some time around this month."

"Okay, get dressed so we can prepare for the day. And please do act normal around me. I don't bite." He gets off the bed walks past her and spanks her butt making her to gasps.

She smiles widely making her bed. She grabs her phone and sends her sister a quick text.

"I've been dickmised all night!" She throws her phone aside and begin lotioning her body.

Arriving at work had her heart drumming in fear. The training that she will undergo by her own manager himself. It wasn't as bad as she thought. Just the basics that she can handle. It's her lunch time. She decided to use the laptop - they have an internet cafe. She's browsing through schools. Maybe attending online classes will do since she is working now.

How does one register? She also confused.

She sighs in disappointment...

"What are you doing there?" She gets startled. "Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." He says grabbing a chair sitting next to her.

"I was trying to apply online but I'm clueless. Infact I'm dumb."

"You are not dumb. We learn along the way. Come, let me help you."

Everything was done within a blink of an eye. She now has a student number!

"Thank you." She wants to jump into his arms so bad.

"You welcome. Your lunch is over. Back to work miss." He stands up and leaves her still seated. Stupid her - she didn't have an email address and now she owns one!". This definitely feels like she can do a victory dance.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

Yesturday she didn't get time to go to the doctors for her appointment. Busy day. Today she decided to pass by, with the forcement from Gerald. Looking at the ultrasound and hearing that tiny heart beat.

"Your child is good as a horse." The doctor says wiping the gel off her stomach. She pulls her t-shirt down and smiles. She didn't understand what she saw on that screen – but s knew that her baby is growing.

"What's the gender?" Gerald asks. One would swear he is the father. The doctor smiles...

"We cannot tell at the moment. Let's wait for her to be five or six months." The doctor replies. Gerald groans...

"Was hoping you could tell. Isn't there another machine, maybe? An X-RAY perhaps? I know it reveals every inch of the inside." Sisipho looks at him. He can't be serious!

"Are you that keen to know the gender of your baby? X-RAY is too dangerous. She might even loose the baby."

"Ahh man!" He whines.

"Your child is growing pretty well. I will prescribe some vitamins for you. " He writes on a piece of paper then hands the paper to Gerald. He grabs the file and walks.

"I want to know the gender." He is still at it. Sisipho laughs folding her arms looking at him.

"Why are you so keen in knowing the gender?" She, also will like to know.

"I don't know. Guess I love babies."

"You love babies?" She is surprised. He doesn't look like a guy who loves babies. He is all about work and money.

"Yes I do. You know when growing up I told myself that I want to have a big family. At the back of my head I even prolonged myself in polygamy."

"Are you still thinking of one?"

"What! Hell no. Let's go." He helps her off the bed.

He holds her hand as they walk out. They pass by the hospital pharmacy for meds...

Still in the hospital she decided to check up on her mother. Still as she was yesterday. No change. Just her laying there helplessly.

"Please get well soon. I still need you. Your grandchildren need you." She kisses her mother's forehead with a heavy heart. She takes a deep breath with tears threatening to come out. If she tells her that she is pregnant maybe it will set back her healing. As misleading as she was to her, at the end of the day she is still her mother.

She walks out... trying so hard to hold it in. She is pained. She sobs with her hands on her face. Gerald spots her from a distance. He rushes towards her...

"Hai, what's wrong?"

"She's not getting any better."

He pulls her to his chest giving her a tight hug. She lets him sob on his chest.

"It's okay. She's going to be fine. Do you want to go home?" He asks.

"We have to go to work. You lied and said we are going to a meeting remember." She sniffs calming down.

"Ow that, yes. Eish. If you good than we can go to work." He wraps his arm around her neck and the walked out of the hospital.

Meanwhile outside the parking lot. A man runs in carrying a girl in his arms. Blood all over them. Sisipho lifts her head looking

the direction where the commotion is. She knows the man, Tazz carrying Thandeka!

She pauses looking at them. He rushes pass by without even noticing them.

"Wonder what happened?" Her inner self asks. Gerald kisses the top of her head and smiles looking down at her. She smiles back...

"Maybe knowing the gender of the baby will make you smile a bit more." He says making her to laugh out loud.

"What the hell is wrong with you and genders?" She shakes her head. He opens the door for her and helps her sit.

Arriving at work - everyone is busy running around so no one paid mind to them being out of the office. Being a PA is quite fun for her. Working with her new crush. Yes, the crush she had for Tazz vanished within a blink of an eye. She tasted a new dick and damn this nigger knows his game. She clicks her tongue thinking of Lungisani. How he didn't give her organisms. Wow! What a waste of sperm? She rolls her eyes not believing. How did she even get pregnant for such a loser? Now she is stuck with the reminder that she will love with her all.

She continues to read through the emails. Nothing much and nothing important. Maybe going to lunch will do. She stands up

and grabs her lunch bag. She's sitting alone in the cafeteria minding her business...

"A lovely woman having lunch alone." A man sits down across her.

"Erm..."

"I'm Sbusiso but you can call me Sbuda." He smirks looking at her. She nervously smiles.

"Hai."

"Can I take you out on lunch?" He has this scary aura around him. Something she cannot pin point on.

"My boyfriend will kill me." She chucks nervously. Which boyfriend cause she doesn't have one!

"He wouldn't know now, would he?" He wiggles his eyebrows.

"I think I should get going." She stands and hurries to her space. She pants sitting down with her head on the table. Her heart is beating abnormally in fear.

"Are you okay? I saw you running across." She gets startled ready to run. She's a jumpy person by nature and sometimes it annoys her. She holds her chest taking a deep breath realising it's Gerald.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." He smiles.

"Some dude just scared me."

"Let me guess. Sbusiso?"

She nods her head making him to laugh.

"Don't laugh. I almost peed on myself!"

"That's who he is. Never let him get under your skin. So, you have a boyfriend – huh?" He asks rubbing her back.

"I wanted to get him off my back." She says. He looks at her briefly...

"We are done for the day. We can go home."

Without asking any questions. She packs her belongings and follows him to his office. It's like she enjoys being the bosses PA instead of a cleaner. And indeed she enjoys it. She believes they are friends with benefits.

Before going him he dropped her off at her home. Her house really needed some cleaning. The new window was installed, all thanks to handyman Gerald. The house is in good shape clean and the managed to change the lockers as well.

"I think they will not come back." She says turning to face him.

"I don't trust anything. Take whatever you need and let's go."

She sighs taking her set of new panties and bras. She locks the house and give it one last double check going around it. All is good. Hope those thugs won't come back. She gets in the car...

"I need ice-cream."

"The doctor said you shouldn't eat alot of cold stuff."

"But..."

"No buts woman." He drives a long the road. Off ramps taking the road to his house. She sniffs looking outside the window.

"Babe," he tries getting hold of her thigh but she harshly pushes his hand off.

"Mxm" she turns her whole body looking outside the window counting the trees.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"Miss, we have orders from two franchise." She jumps up me down in excitement.

"Are you kidding me Kwenzo!"

"Not at all." The young man laughs.

"Let's get working. We making money!" She punches in the air in excitement. Mam Philisiwe walks in carrying a create filled with spinach. The young man excuses himself.

"This order belongs to the tuck-shop down the street. This woman has been begging me for weeks. I regret the day she saw my spinach in the backyard." She places the create down and sigh in exhaustion.

"We don't come cheap."

Onyiye giggles.

"Ow trust me, we cost an arm and leg. Your father is barking outside. He is giving me a serious headache. Can you tell him to go home and rest." She throws herself on a couch. Onyiye's office is fully fitted. Other areas are still being renovated. She decided to build cottages for workers who live far from home. Travelling is really expensive. Atleast, for her she is able to drive from time to time and her parents are always there to step in and by the look of things they enjoy being here in this world and running things while she is busy with school work.

She decided to get funding and by God's grace - with the man she is with, he managed to pull connections for her and she was approved for one hell of a tender worth a million. It's a starter – if she continues proving them wrong the might just top her up with another tender. And so far, she is doing great.

Two of her workers come in carrying papers that need her signature.

Her mother is watching her closely as she asks her workers some questions. She's interactive with them, which is very good but not good as well.

"Let me know if something is missing so that we can ace up the game. And please, let me know who needs a place to stay." The workers walk out after providing her with a list of things needed.

"Be careful who you bring close. Let me tell you something...to be a successful businesswoman you have to be assertive, otherwise people will not respect you. Convey assertiveness by being fearless, speaking with authority and purpose. Adopt a confident manner, deal with any criticism rationally and be calm, cool and considered."

"Okay, where is all of this coming?" She's confused. Why is her mother a sudden speech therapist?

"I'm just looking at you interacting with your workers and I must say you are a good boss. But at the same time you should be feared in a good way. A more confident woman, feels and looks more positive, motivated, and is respected. She becomes a force to pay. Let's drop the work topic. We talk about that all the time. When will you go see your mother?"

"Why are you asking?" She looks at her mother briefly.

"You have kids now. Your heart needs to be open and white. Create a positive cycle by laying the foundation from early on, not only for yourself but for your children." "Ma

I don't get you where all of this is going. Everything you are saying doesn't make sense. It's not all in one sentence."

"When will you forgive your mother? Maybe if I ask you in that manner you will understand my language."

"How do I forgive my mother for hurting me repeatedly, when she doesn't think it was wrong?" She asks.

"I have a very toxic and negative mother but she just doesn't know or think she is that bad. She's done countless hurtful things to me. My mother is complicated. To be fair, she is kindhearted, which sounds a bit contradictory, however there is a disruptive side to her. Living with her was difficult, tiring and suffocating to say the least...she was very negative and very condescending I believe she still is. Things coming out of her mouth were just hurtful and very discouraging.

I am not exaggerating. My mother is thoughtless and tactless. Your clothes looks bad on you, you have no sense of style; what awful haircut you got; so and so's daughter is making 100K a year, why can't I have a daughter that smart....all these negative comments constantly comes out of her mouth."

"I know baby, but she is sick right now and I'm sure she needs you now more than anything."

"I don't know. I want to go see her but I'm scared. Scared of how she will welcome me. I still have fear."

"Do this for your kids. Next month we are going to Nigeria for your introduction. Are you ready?"

"I'm scared. I don't know if they will welcome me. I don't even know the language."

"You will learn babe. I'm the wife, I don't even know the language they speak. But trust me - the Okojie family is the best."

Doing her final touch ups - just making sure that everything is good on her side. She takes her handbag and walks out. She closes her office and – locks it and walks out. She bumps in to two men.

"Miss, we are looking for the owner of this place."

"Yes, it's me." Her heart skips a beat but she keeps on the brave smile.

"Are you Onyiye Mazibuko?" One asks.

"Yes I am."

"How are you related to Sthembiso Jiyane?"

"He is the father of my kids. Why?"

"Ow, so he has kids? How many?"

She looks at them closely and notices that they are not wearing any uniform. Sthembiso trained her well. She will only answer a person that was sent him, only! Now that these men are here asking questions, Sthembiso didn't alert her on anything, which only means one thing. She scans her eyes around and everyone is in their far cottage. Her parents are already gone. Something in her tells her to run for her life.

Without waste she runs back to the officers with two men running behind her. She takes another route - behind her office bumping her knee on a brick sticking out the wall.

"Ow God!" She enters the store room and closes the door shut and locks it from the inside. She drops everything that was occupying her hands. Fishes for her phone in her hand bag. She looks at the screen and notices that there is not network.

"No, no, no." She shakes in fear. "This cannot be happening." She whispers closing her mouth with her hand.

The door handle being roughly pulled but the door is locked. She looks for a place to hide. Nothing, no place. Everything is in the open! The only thing that is here is the working materials. She looks at the window. It's too high for her to reach.

She looks at the wheelbarrow. A plan comes to mind. She turns it upside-down. She grabs her belongings, sneaks under it and curls herself into a ball. She hopes and prays that nothing happens to her. All she could think of is her kids!

STHEMBISO JIYANE

"So, Zulu is still after us?" He chucks banging the starring wheel.

"I declined the proposal from two guys this morning. There was something offish about them." He adds.

"I believe he sent them to keep an eye on you." Khoza.

"The questions that they were asking. It's like they knew about me and my business." Sthembiso is furious. "Can't we just take him out?"

"With him still on our toes we can't. I'm sure he is still trying to gather all the evidence we destroyed. And I am sure he does suspect something about Dumisani."

Sthembiso takes a deep breath trying to adjust what Khoza is telling him.

"What now?"

"Secure our families, nothing else."

"Shit!" She grabs his phone out of his pocket. One missed call from Ndoni. He feels his heart almost jumping right out of his throat.

He tries calling her but it's taking him straight to voicemail.

"God dammit! Something is not right."

"The network there is bad. I'm sure..."

"Khoza! I know my woman. Onyiye - that girl mfethu. I know her more than she knows herself. Something is not right." He starts the car but it jams. He starts again but the car won't start.

"Let's use my car." Khoza offers. They both step out of the car. Khoza gasps looking at his leaking car.

"Fuc! Now I believe they had this all figured out."

"Call your woman, Sbahle."

Khoza wastes no time. He tries her numbers but it keeps on making disconnected beeping sounds.

"I'm in real shit." She squats covering his face with his hands. They say men don't cry. But he cannot, he can feel it that his Ndoni is in fear wherever she is.

They have run out of options.

"The van!" He says standing up. After the funding being released, Onyiye bought a second hand vehicle for work purposes. A van she uses for delivery - but today she decided to take her own car.

He is on the road flying hoping and praying that he finds her alive. His stomach is knots, he is pressed and wants to release. From town to Ballito seems like it's just too far and he cannot wait any longer.

With him not caring about the mud at the entrance, he drives right through it and the van gets stuck. The more he tries moving the car forward the more the wheels go deeper. "Shit!" He jumps off the car.

"This is bad." They were just 15 minutes away from the farm. They have no other option but to run directly there.

He is panting, sweating and running out of breath. From a distance he hears a gunshot. He stops running and stops his breathing trying to listen carefully. Another gunshot is being fired.

Screams... Screams... Screams...

"No, no, no. Khoza!" He runs as fast as he could with his thin legs leaving Khoza behind.

AT THE FARM

Meanwhile she is groaning in pain.

You know leads to bodily changes that prepare us to be more efficient in danger: The brain becomes hyper alert, pupils dilate, the bronchi dilate and breathing accelerates. Her heart rate and blood pressure is rising. Blood flow and stream of glucose to the skeletal muscles increase. Her ears are blocked. She can see movements but it's like she is in her own world.

First a simple impact, then a warning sting, then the growing ache as she begin losing blood. That is how she felt when the gunshot landed on her thigh. How they managed to spot her under that wheelbarrow? She also doesn't have answers for it. Everything is becoming fuzzy...

The immediate feeling is nothing. The nerves are shutting down instantly. Even though her heart is shattered, there was no pain. Slowly her nerves started to work again, and then there was pain. She groans holding her aching thigh. It looked like hamburger meat or is she exaggerating?

A bright figure in front of her blurry vision. She briefly smiles.

"Babe," her voice is shallow. She feels being picked up and floating. Her eyes becoming heavy, darkness taking over.

AT THE HOSPITAL

When she woke up after the surgery, there was an intense pain. The doctor asked...

"Would you like some Demerol?"

"Yes, please." Her voice is husky. She doesn't even know the what is a Demerol. How does it feel to survive it? Pretty damn good, considering the alternative. Sthembiso is here beside her all bloodied. She looks at him and briefly smiles. He smiles back...

"You were lucky that the bullet went straight through the meat, sparing veins and bones and everything else. Your wound is clean and there is no major damage that was done. The pain will ease in few days." He says looking at the gunshot wound on he inner thigh.

"When can you discharge her?" Sthembiso asks.

"Tomorrow."

"Can't it be now?"

The doctor looks at him without responding.

"Please..."

"The police where here to take statement." The doctor replies.

"Trust me. The cops will not help us on this. All we need is our family."

"I'm afraid I..."

"Doc please. Consider her as you child. She really needs to be in the safe place." He adds.

The doctor sighs running out of options.

"You are putting me in a really awkward position here. I could even loose my licence. What will I tell the cops?"

"Figure something out man. Give me your number, just incase the wound doesn't heal."

The male doctor punches his number on Sthembiso's phone. Saved as Doctor Nxumalo.

Sthembiso helps Onyiye change into something comfortable. He helps her on a wheelchair then wheels her out of the hospital.

He scoops her up in a bridal style and helps her to sit comfortably in the backseat. Khoza is already waiting for them

in the Van. He hops in the backseat as well sitting next to her. She takes a deep breath looking outside the window.

“Where are the kids?” she asks, still looking outside the window. She can hear him through swallowing a huge chunk of salvia. He clears his throat and takes a deep breath.

“With the nanny.” She turns to look at him with a slight frown on her face.

“A nanny?”

She does not recall hiring one as far as she can remember.

“Yes love, a nanny. I hired her today.”

“Without my consent Sthembiso!” She half screams. He looks at her with his eyes popped out.

“No matter how angry you are with me, never raise your tiny voice at me.” He grabs her by neck and forcefully kisses her. He pulls back and looks directly into her eyes. “I'm sorry for not telling you. I know I sound like a jerk right now - but I did this for you. I have noticed how you usually come back tired from work. You still have to cook, clean and take care of the kids and on top of that catch up on school work.”

She looks at him and smiles. He smiles back in relief.

“Thank you. Right now, I just need to sleep and forget about everything.”

“And you will my love. He grabs her hand and kisses the back of it. They pass by the shops and they bump into Tazz looking like a mess.

“Tazz, why do I have a feeling that you are ignoring us?” Tazz tilts his head and looks at the guys. Onyioye was in the car fast asleep. Tazz looks around.

“Someone shot Thandeka.” He whispers.

“Huh? Your booty call?” They get confused. Last time they checked Tazz was determined to date Sisipho Onyinye's sister. What changed?

Tazz pulls him by his hand to the van. They all hop in...

“What do you mean Thandeka was shot? Ain't you were dating Sisipho?” Tazz asks looking at his face. Tazz takes a deep breathe.

“I cut ties with Sisipho because some guys are after me.”

“What?’

“Why did you not come to us?” Sthembiso.

“Because I did not want to put your lives in danger.”

“Tazz, you do understand that we were all in this. You do understand that we were all together doing this shit. All of a sudden you face difficulties and you turn your back on us. We

are also facing shit bra but we have each other's back through thick and thin.”

“I understand that Sthembiso. They have been sending me threatening messages. I have to cut communication with Sisipho because I knew that she is not safe and her life is in danger.” He takes a deep breath. “I did not break up with Sisipho because I wanted to, I had no choice. I had to save her life.” He looks down in shame.

“This is one fcked up shit!”

“I believe that they are also following me wherever I go, that is why they shot Thandeka thinking it was Sisipho. Now I'm bound to stay with Thandeka for life since she took a bullet that was not meant for her. The doctor said she can no longer have babies. Her womb was damaged. I do not even love that chick.”

The atmosphere is thick. They look at each other not knowing what to say further.

“I think since the case is like this, we should continue like this. Let them think that we have gone our separate ways.” Khoza suggest.

“I think that will be a good option until God knows when.”

They promise each other to be in touch with one another. Tazz apologizes to the guys for giving them a cold shoulder.

They arrive at home – Onyiye finds the helper in bum shorts. She clears her throat; the helper jumps in fear and turns to face them. Their make-up is on point and her cleavage is all out. Sthembiso looks down embarrassed but Onyiye keeps her smile on.

“Is this your little sister?” she asks. Her eyelashes are flapping back and forth.

“No, the owner of the house.” Sthembiso replies.

“Ow, Hai.” She sounds disappointed.

“Hai. I will be in my room.” She leans against Sthembiso for support. He held her waist supporting her as they took baby steps to the bedroom. He helps her sit on the bed but she notices that the bed covers have been changed.

“Did you change the covers?”

“No babe, why?” He takes his bloodied T-shirt.

“It was not like this the time we left in the morning. Did you not tell your girlfriend that my room is off limits?”

“Yaz babe, I did not get time to talk to her. But I will tell her now.” He changes his t-shirts, kisses her cheek and makes her lie on the bed. Covers her with a blanket and walks out to find

the helper on the couch with her legs wide open. He clears his throat and looks at her. She stands up and smiles widely.

“Can I go dish up for you?”

“Is this how you normally wear?”

She looks at herself. “Yes, is there a problem?”

“Yes, there is a problem. I am a man and men get seduced easily. So, I would really prefer you to dress in something appropriate. Its only my woman who is allowed with this kind of clothing in this house. If you are unable to abide by the rules – unfortunately I will have to let you go.”

“But...”

“No buts. It's either we respect each other or I let you go.”

She looks at him with a long face.

“I prefer if you let me go sir. I cannot change my sense of clothing.”

“Very well then

you may leave my house.”

He dropped her off at the rank, now that he thinks about it – it was very wrong of him to take such a huge step without consulting Onyinye. From now onwards he will make sure that

he consults her first before making any decisions. This thing almost backfired on his face!

Arriving home, he finds his team wide awake.

“Bafana bami.”

When their eyes are glued to pepper pig – you cannot disturb them. A call comes through on his phone with a number he does not recognize. He swipes to answer...

“Sthembiso!” That is his, other hurting his eardrum.

“Mah,”

“Zanele gave birth and she passed away this morning. Her mother does not want to do anything with the baby. I don’t know what to do Sthembiso.”

Why is this woman pancaking.

“Ow, okay. The its fine we will take care of the babe.”

“You do not understand. I hate everything that has to do with Dumisani!”

“Mah, what do you want me to do with another babe when I have a full house. MaZet’s babe can live with you for the time being.”

“You will find him in the bin!” she disconnects the call. He sighs, putting his phone aside. His mother is really something else. It's

just the anger that was in her talking. She cannot do that to her grandchild.

He glances at the watch and notices that it is late. He needs to bathe his kids and feed them. Feeding Ndimu has always been a struggle. He cannot sit still like Ngimuphiwe. Looking at his kids gives him so much joy. He still wanted to ask Mazet about the baby she gave up and never cared to look back. He still has questions for her even in her death. He still wants to know why she gave up his son, just like that without care. Why did she never look for him even after everything? How was she going to love this one when he didn't know where his first son was? She saw Ngimuphiwe but she paid no attention to him and she did not even care. It was just a pity that she just died. Good riddance to bad rubbish. He clicks his tongue realizing that he has just wasted his time in thinking over useless things.

He takes the babies out of the bathtub. If Ndoni was to witness this she would have given her the scolding of his life which he loves very much.

He leaves them on top of the bed and heads to the kitchen to make them purity juices.

He scrolls around the house just to be sure that everything is on set. The cameras are working and the alarm has been turned on. He locks all doors and turns off the lights. He whistles going to the kid's bedroom. They share one bedroom for security

reasons. He finds them already with their eyes half open. Ndimuphiwe the devil son, the devil advocates son and there is an angel son which is Ngimuphiwe. That little champ never cries unless he has a reason for his outburst. His eyes become teary not believing that he is a father. He kisses them and leaves them to sleep. Rather leave the light on with the door open.

He finds Onyiye awake trying to get off the bed.

“What do you think you are doing Miss Blackie.”

“I want to use the bathroom.” Her voice seems tired and pained. He looks at her face, listening to her groaning.

“Don't worry I got you.” He scoops her up like a piece of paper sends her to the toilet. She pulls her underwear done and pees...

“Can you give me privacy?”

“Whatever you want to do. Do it Infront of me.” He leans against the bathroom counter, takes out his phone and secretly takes a video of her pooping.

He smiles looking at her embarrassed. She wipes her behind, stands up and flushes the toilet and sprinkles the refresher in the air. She strips naked and limps to the shower. She takes a quick shower.

They are now in bed...

“Mum called.”

“Is she okay?”

“Apparently MaZet gave birth and my mother does not want anything to do with Dumisani’s child. I don’t know what to do. You should have heard how she was cussing and screaming hurting my eardrum.”

She chucks.

“I'm sure she is still hurt she will come around. Let her bond with him and...” Sthembiso’s phone rings. He pulls for it on top of the dressing table.

“It's my father.” He exhales loudly and answers.

“Baba,”

“Your mother is not feeding this baby. It has been crying non-stop. He is now burning. He even has hiccups. This baby is going to die.” The panic in his father's voice has caused a mini heart attack.

“Can I talk to her.”

Shuffling.

“Yah,” Okay this woman is not in the so cold good mood.

“Mah, I will fetch the child tomorrow morning. Can you please just take care of him just for this night? I beg you in the name of Jesus Christ. I will even buy you those Goma Goma couches you were crying about. By tomorrow they will be in your house.”

“Okay! Bring my grandkids. I miss them.” Just like that the phone is being tossed aside. He shakes his head and disconnects the phone and sighs...

“What have I done?”

“You had no choice. I would have probably done the same.” She assures him.

“Looks like we cannot get rid of Dumisani no matter how hard we try. Looks like he will keep haunting us even in us even in his death.”

“Do it for your niece. The baby is not at fault here.”

“But I feel like the burden is piling up on you every day. We have more than enough kids and I do not want to add anymore trouble.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

She was clearing his drawers. Setting up papers accordingly. Now that she stumbled upon an interview paper for a PA. She read through and understood every concept of it.

"A Personal Assistant, or Personal Executive Assistant, completes clerical tasks for senior-level staff members. Their main duties include answering emails and phone calls, scheduling meetings and booking travel arrangements."

She wants to do all of this without being told. At least she now has a clear understanding with her job description. She feels satisfied, being trained by him is a drain honestly but she cannot tell him that. Instead of her learning the are always out in the office only God knows doing what.

He walks in and looks at the papers on to of his table.

"Where are my documents?" He asks.

"In the first drawer sir."

He forces pushes her against the wall.

She gasps...

He presses his lips against hers making her to melt.

Their bodies pressed together heatedly against the wall, breathing heavily as their lips pressed together. She could taste their shared breath, feel the thud of their combined heartbeat as they fumbled to take off one another's clothes.

"Where else do you want to kiss me later?" He asks in between the kisses. She's panting unable to respond. Her hands are all over him. She unbuckles his belt and zips his pants down.

It's like any intense romantic movie where the camera focuses on a couple while staring deep into each other's eyes, realizing that they're in love. A daring gaze paired with a lingering smile - does this mean he's really into her? She pushes him off her and makes him sit on his office chair.

While sitting in a chair, they are straddled face to face. She sits on him with her legs apart to allow penetration. He is fully fitted inside of her making her to throw her head backwards.

He holds her back for support. He start by kissing her on the nape and then sway back and forth to increase the thrust.

It's like driving with the windows down and seat warmers on. But in a very sexual way. And a thousand times more intense.

Now, with orgasm building up with every thrust, her shaky legs, erect nipples, a tightness in and around your vagina,

Euphoria. Complete joy and pleasure building up until you reach the mind-blowing release of endorphins. Clenching to hold onto the feeling until she finally give in and then the best feeling hits. He holds her wait and pounds her faster and harder from underneath.

"Ow, God!"

He is dripping sweat cursing and grinding his teeth. He gives her the last hardful thrust making her to squeal in her shaky voice.

His penis begins to lose its erection. About half of the erection is lost immediately, and the rest fades soon after. Muscle tension fades, and then man Gerald feels relaxed or drowsy.

They look at each other and let's out a enormous laugh.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

Five am on the dot he was already on the road. He made it at home around six thirty am.

Looking at his brother's new born baby had him have all sorts of emotions. He looks so tiny and fragile. Tears fill his eyes.

Yes he put him through hell growing up. He admits that Dumisani was a selfish, self centred bastard who only thought about himself. He was too selfish to even see the wrongs he prolonged in his life. He sighs picking the innocent baby up. He looks so much like his own especially the little one. Or is it because they share the same mother. Sighs!

"I think that babe has some sort of demonic. I didn't sleep all night!" His mother hisses with her eyes half closed.

"We will take him. I don't know how we will cope with all the troublesome we have in that house."

"Ukupitile Sthembiso Jiyane?"

"I spend most of the one with them to help. More like I'm with them during the day and leave at night when the kids are asleep." Half truth, his heart screams.

"Do not do something I did not teach you. If you want to leave in the same house as her do right by the family."

"I know mah. We will be traveling to Nigeria month end for Ndoni and the kids introduction."

"When?"

"This month end."

"I need to buy new clothes. I can't go looking like a Granby that I'm being subjected to." She says. Sthembiso looks at his mother. He didn't mention that she will be not going. Does this woman even know how expensive a flight is? He is looking at her going on and on and on, on how she has to present herself to her in-laws.

Onyiye's call comes through, it's saves the day and listening to his mother's endless list. She's very anxious - he thought...

"Ndoni."

"Is he okay?" He shuts his eyes closed and let the tears fall. After everything she has been through - through Dumisani. She still has the heart to ask of his babies well-being.

"He is so tiny." He responds.

"Take a picture. I want to show you crazy son."

"Hai babe, I will be coming with the baby nje."

"I know. But I'm just excited. Send the pictures."

Indeed he did send her the pictures. So this woman did not sleep at all after he left. She stayed awake, waiting for pictures. Women! Weird creatures.

The baby has nothing much but just clothing from the hospital. Two rompers baby blanket and a formula. How will he drive with a new born baby? He also does not know.

"You should ask Gezepi to help you with the kids."

"Who? Hell no! Her mother is definitely a witch. That woman forced Zanele down my throat." He still hates her and he doesn't see himself forgiving her.

His mother clears her throat.

"Did she notice the young one?" She asks. He knows exactly what his mother means.

"No, I don't think she even recognised him."

His mother nods her head. She's looking at him more like she wants to cough something out of her chest.

"What?"

"I know what happened that night."

Sthembiso coughs uncontrollably. He puts the baby back on the couch and runs to the kitchen to drink water. Almost peeing on

himself, he doesn't know how to face his mother. Maybe, just maybe he is jumping into conclusions. He puts on a straight face. He will deny at its strongest peak.

He finds her still seated in the same position.

"I won't talk about it but I just wanted to let you know that I know son. And trust me, I hold no grudge against that young girl. She did a pretty good job. Dumisani has put me through hell and..."

"Can we not talk about him. Clearly there is nothing to talk about. Does he have a birth certificate?"

"Nothing. Not even a name."

"Ndoni will do the naming. We will see what we can about the birth certificate."

Driving back home with a sleeping child in the front seat. He had to cover the window with his blanket preventing the sun from burning his skin. He looks super weird. Why did he have to look like his seed! MaZet is definitely working over time in hell. She will always be a thorn in his life.

"Bloody stupid dead meat!" He clicks his tongue.

Arriving home he finds Sbahle's Avanza parked in the driveway.

"Khoza is stingy man." He clicks his tounge again and steps out of the car. He walks around it to take baby out. He gently carries him towards the door. Sbahle opens the door for him and helps in.

Onyiye smiles widely.

"What's his name?" That's all this woman cares about?

"He doesn't have one."

"Ow." She spreads her hands and accept the baby. She looks at his face and frowns.

"Why does he looks like Ngimu so much?"

"That was my first reaction also." He sits next to her.

She continues scanning the baby...

"Sibaphiwe."

"What the hell is the meaning for it?" Surely this woman has the meanest names.

"God gave me Ndimuphiwe. I was all alone with him. Then I was gifted with Ngimuphiwe and again, I was all alone until I met you. Now that we are together, Sibaphiwe. Sibaphiwe uJehova."

"Ow, wow." He is speechless.

"I love it."

He left the ladies to take care of the house. With Sbahle around he trusts her way more better than anyone else. What the hell was he thinking bringing someone from the outside. He shakes his head grabbing his file and reads through. He looks around his office and smiles not believing that he is here. He made it. Khoza though. Look at him blushing over another man!

"Why the hell."

He is definitely straight!

The alarm beeps. He looks at the laptop CCTV screen closely.

"Come in." What ever is knocking is disturbing his detective mode.

"We have a break in Nduna." One of the security say.

"Gather the team and let's go." He says standing up. He looks at his loaded gun, puts his bulletproof on and tucks his gun behind. He steps out of the office to go join his him.

AT THE HOSPITAL

"Are you good?" Tazz asks Thandeka who looks pained. She sniffs and bursts into tears.

“Talk to me ntokazi.” He swallows hard.

“I won't be able to have kids in the future. I am just as good as useless. Imagine having everything in life but failing to have a child. My life will never be the same again.” She sobs even harder.

He stands there looking at her. He sighs in annoyance. As much as it hurt, she had to push herself right down his throat – but on the other hand it worked in his favor. Imagine if Sisipho was shot along with the baby. Now that, he would have never forgiven himself.

“Tazz! I'm talking to you.”

“Huh, sorry you were saying?” He completely zoned out while she was talking. That happens a lot when his mind and heart shut down. He just randomly thinks about her, her smile

Advertisement

laugh and the way she talked. She had a dark past yes, but all in all she was a great woman to be around with. Easy to love and very annoying in some ways.

“I have been talking all this while you were thinking only God knows what!”

“I just have a lot on my mind.” He lies. Yes, he does have some issues at hand but it does not affect him in any way. Because Sisipho is not in the picture with one of his troubles.

“I do not understand why you are being so cold towards me, yet you were the one who agreed to my proposal for us trying this dating game again. But...”

“Can you just shut up for a minute! Yes, you pushed yourself down my throat and I do not know for what reason. Was it to spike Sisipho?” He half shouts attracting eyes. “Yes, she is pregnant with your brother's child, so what? I loved that woman because she was a natural crazy, fun to be around with and defiantly not a nagging type. Have you ever wondered why she has not contacted me after the stunt of you sending her pictures of us sleeping naked? Because she a woman who chooses her fight wisely. She fights her battle with dignity. Unlike you who is very much desperate...you know what. I'm tired.” He walks out leaving her leaving her astonished. He hops in his Tazz and roughly closes the door.

Meanwhile inside the hospital Thandeka was staring into thin space. Tazz and her never had that really romantic relationship. It was all about sex and more sex. At the back of her head, she thought that they were defiantly dating. Looks like she had her hopes wrong.

Tears blind her vision as she sighs in a heavy heart. She takes a deep breath with the pains shooting pains on her lower abdomen.

She sees her brother Lungisani with his wife. The smile on his face made her smile forgetting the pain she was in.

“Buti.” She tries sitting up straight but flinches due to the massive pain.

“Sisi,” he sides hug her. He takes a deep breath and steps back shoving his hands in his pockets.

“So, how are you?” he asks.

“I don’t know. Hurt.” She shrugs her shoulders.

“Was that Tazz that was passing by?”

“Yes,”

“I thought you guys broke up. Wait, is he not dating Sisipho?”

“They broke up.”

She doesn’t know where this conversation is going because it is very much annoying her.

“I see.” He clears his throat. She looks at her sister-in-law who very much unbothered to be here. To even think that she used to fight for this girl and today she has suddenly become an enemy.

“Buti, you can leave. Your wife does not want to be here.”

Lungisani turns to look at his wife who had an attitude eyebrow ached. She huffs and turns to leave but Lungisani pulls her by her t-shirt.

“I will not tolerate your attitude towards my sister. If you have a problem with it spit it out or you can gladly leave, just so you know – once you leave never set foot on my father's premises.”

“What!”

“Yes Londeka. I am definitely sick and tired of you!”

He hisses clicking his tongue.

“Lungisani.” She clutches on to her chest. She turns to look at Thandeka who was looking at them. “See what you have done? Congratulations for finally making my husband turn his back on me.”

“My aunt did say that you are a lunatic but I did not believe her. Guess I was blinded by beauty too much.”

“Ow, this is how low you think of me right before you low class siblings?”

“Londeka!” He roars, making her startled.

"It's pointless arguing with you. I don't know what to do other you any more."

Meanwhile Tazz was still seated in the parking lot going through his gallery. With a heavy heart, he looks at Sisipho's picture smiling - he back slap make up. You know when they say perfect moments are the best captured. That is what he exactly did. He smiles emotionally and starts the car driving out. In life, you learn to make compromises, even if it's the thoughtest decisions to make for the one you love to be safe.

Never in his wildest dreams has he ever thought that he would let go of someone he has feel for in the short period space of time.

He parks at the side of the road with his heart drumming with no come back. He grabs the bottle of water and steps out of the car for some fresh air.

His breathing accelerating on another level. He opens the cap and gulps down the spring water and burps calming himself down. For a minute he asks himself if was all of this worth it? Him running away on the unknown. He takes a deep breath as he leaned against his car. Is is too late to turn back and fight for whats his? What if she has already moved on? He doesn't want to think the worst. He doesn't imagine himself and Thandeka leaving the it life!

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

You know the pain of acting normal after being banged from your boss's office. It was the bitter sweet moment that lasted for a couple of minutes. She later had to put a straight face on and continue with her work like they didn't do anything yesterday. Sighs!

Again today she had to pretend like nothing happened but deep down she's hurt. Is she catching feelings so early in the sexual moments. Clearly this man knows his A game.

"Seems like you have a lot on your mind." He leans against her cubicle. She buried her head even deeper in work.

"I'm just busy."

"If I knew better I would say you are avoiding me." He walks around the table and sits on it. He pulls her chin up for her to see him.

"We are at work." She shyly says.

"I know."

"Weren't you the one who requested for us to be professional? I don't want any troubles Gerald."

"My father will be coming later on. Just wanted to give you heads up." He gets off the table and kisses her cheek.

She looks at him as she disappeared out of sight. Her face immediately flushes looking at his well built body. One does one maintain their body in this manner?

Again...wait...did he just say? Ow hell no!

She drops her head on the table and screams within her.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

Sisispho looking at Gerald's mother astonishingly. This woman drops everything like it is no body's business. She had to be full hands on – just to prevent more breakage.

“The meat is fine now. You can take it out.” She speaks. Without waste Sisispho takes out the meat from the oven and places the tray on the sink. She looks at the well-made tender meat. Her heart pumps in joy looking at the juices on the side.

“Wow, I actually made it!”

Precious stands up from the chair and comes stand next to her. She looks at the meat and smiles.

“You did a great job. I didn't trust you.” She confesses. She is not offended at all. She does know that she is never good in the department of cooking.

“All thanks to you for telling me what to do.” She speaks.

She is normally used to simple dishes and right now she is looking at the food she has never eaten before.

This classic lasagna is made with an easy meat sauce as the base – that she paid a lot attention to. Layer the sauce with noodles and cheese, then bake until bubbly!

“This is great for feeding a big family, and freezes well, too. It's a great way to feed the crowd and a perfect dish to bring to a potluck.” The woman says slicing it perfectly in slices. The art of modifying.

"The food looks scrumptious." She wants to cry so bad. Never in her wildest dreams had she ever thought that she would ever see this kind of food with her two naked eyes. The woman just smiles as she continues to set the table with her help – OfCourse.

“Can you bring the wine glasses as well as the red wine.” She tries grabbing the tray which almost slips out of her hands but luckily, she is there. Imagine all of this meat going to waste!

“You can take a seat; I will do everything. You need to rest.” She lightly grabs her hand and makes her sit down. She is afraid that all of this food will go to waste.

She tries putting everything accordingly – at least her setting looks able. A kiss on her neck startles her, making her jump.

“Gerld, you scared me.”

“You are always jumpy.” He smiles rubbing his boner on her butt. He breathes down her neck from behind. She curves her

neck closing her eyes. Her heart drums rapidly in excitement. This man right here really knows how to make her heart pump in joy. He always knows which buttons to press to make my clit vibrate at its lowest.

He spanks her butt and grabs her cooker jar seductively.

“G...”

“Hmmm,” his hands trails to her firm tender breasts. “We will book later on. I don’t want you screaming my name all night.” He lets go of her and innocently stands back with his hands in his pocket. She takes a deep breath and calms herself down.

She walks past him without taking a glare at him. Her heart is heavy, catching feelings was not one of the things she didn't want to look forward to it.

This family is loving and very respectful towards each other.

Their love is a kind of philia pertaining to the love between parents and their children. She heard that there are twins as well that come right after Gearld. This woman loves her husband and her son like there is no tomorrow. The husband is very intimidating and hardly smiles – but when it comes to his wife, he smiles a genuine smile like there is no tomorrow. The warmth in this family has her head filled with love and happiness with her unborn baby. She caresses her stomach

without them noticing. Gerlad tilts his head and turns to look at her. He sneaks his hand underneath the table and also caresses it. She smiles shyly and focuses on her plate. His hand drops on to her thighs but she presses them together because she knows what he is about to do next.

“So, when is your baby due?”

Precious asks.

“In months' time. The stupid doctor couldn't tell the gender.” Gerald answers first. His mother looks at him with his eyebrows ached. Sisipho just sits there uncomfortably...

“Where are you from?” His father asks, looking at Sisipho who was fixed on her plate. She swallows almost choking.

“Around sir, just outside town in a place called Mlalazi.”

He nods his head.

“What is the drill between you and my son? Last time he was in a relationship his heart got crushed. So, as a concerned parent – what are your intentions with my son?”

“My intensions?” She is confused. She is just here for safety reasons, well that is what she thought when she was brought here.

“Dad...”

“I'm asking. Is the baby even yours?” This means truly was sent here to grill her.

“Sir, just the honest truth...” Gerald cuts her short before she could even say anything.

“Dad, Sipho is my guest and you are making her uncomfortable, to answer your question. Me and Sipho are together and it just started. We are getting to know each other better before we make things official. Yes, the baby is mine biologically and the father is good as dead because he is married. She gave her money to abort but she did not because she is not an animal. Her living here was my idea because there was a break-in, in her home. Her mother is sick in hospital, she has had a stroke and at the moment it's just us praying that she comes out alive from the hospital. So, for her safety and the human being she is carrying I decided for her to be under my supervision until her mother comes back home. But she will go home from time to time to clean.”

He takes a deep breath leaving Sisipho astonished.

Sisipho clears her throat not knowing how to respond.

“MaHerry Herry, that is my son! Ever had of a proud mother. Eve Ghost can vouch for me.” She pinches Lucas’s cheeks, making him smile. He slaps her hand and smiles looking at the other.

“Awu madoda, ngaqoma mina lana.”

Sisipho, cannot contain her laugh. She laughs out loud and Gerld joins in.

“Your family is something else.”

She says admitting to the craziness. She zones out for a second and thinks about what Gerald said to his father. Maybe this is one of the stunts for him to get into her pants.

She really had a great dinner with his family. The mother is something else. All over the place and defiantly not hard to love. That is why her husband just melts immediately whenever she teases him. This is the type of happiness and love she wishes to have for her child. She steps out of Gerald shower and wraps herself with a towel. Imagine being so close with your fuck buddy.

“Are you okay?” He asks, sited on the bed with the laptop on him.

“Yeah, I'm fine. Just tired.” She dries her body. She pulls her nightgown from her bag.

She gets on top of the bed and faces the other way. Why is she suddenly emotional? Gerald places his laptop aside and slides beside her holding her waist from behind.

“What's wrong?” He asks.

“Do we really have to pretend to be a couple?”

He turns her around and makes her face him.

“Us leaving in one room indefinitely a pretense and I'm sorry for putting it in a mean way. But for us being in a relationship, yes, we are in one but still getting to know each other.”

“But...”

“I know I did not say anything to you and you thought that I am leading you on but yeah, we will see where this shit leaves us.”

“Shit, you say?” she chucks looking directly in his eyes.

He laughs and perks on her lips.

“Only time will; tell if we are compatible with each other. But so far, I'm enjoying having you around and having you in my arms. I don't want to lie and say I'm in love with you but I can defiantly say I like you.”

“You are brutal with honesty.”

He laughs at her statement. He flips himself over getting on top of her.

“Honesty is me baby girl. I am transparent as a new born.”

Well that she has noticed. This man is brutal when it comes to honesty. He tells the truth that way it is no matter how painful it is.

“Now, stop thinking deeply about this and allow us to enjoy what we have started. And I dot mind you showcasing me as the man in your life.” He wiggles his eyebrows still on top of her.

“Even at work?”

“Hell yes!”

That’s it she has concluded that this man is defiantly a nutcase.

AT THE RANK

A young man gets off the taxi. He stretches himself and takes a deep breath inhaling his birth soil. It has also been a refreshing and calming state to be back home. Swaziland is far, and the hours of being squashed inbetween people in the taxi for 5 hr 11 minutes! Yes he counted because he couldn't spend another minute in that car! He smiles looking at his tiny home town.

It's an awesome feeling. It strikes the excitement chords in brain - it may be the heart, he is not sure. It triggers a countdown in biological clocks.

This is where his blood belongs. He takes his phone out and looks at the time. He is so tempered to call his beloved mother but he doesn't want to run the surprise. Joins along the road heading straight to a Van - Shinashina. These cars are something else. Can't his hometown upgrade for once. Not that he has shame with his rural, loxtion hometown but some change will do.

All passengers are at the back of the Shinashina, facing each other.

"Enomaqoni."

He tells the door operator. That's what they are called, right?

The van stops, he has to squeeze his feet in-between in order for him to finally jump out.

He takes a deep breath, hangs his bag over his shoulder and takes the way home.

Looking around the yard - still clean as the way his mother loves it. Shiny windows, red stoop and white curtains.

He loves his home, after all who don't? Home is the known heaven of happiness down here on earth. He can go a little further to add a bold scientific theory on this, 'home alone can offer a person highest stability in life, as it has least free energy

than other places.' Wierdly scientific...he chucks thinking to himself.

He knocks at the door - his mother opens. She gasps dropping the remote as it drops into pieces. She covers her mouth in shock and pulls her son into a tight hug.

"Smanga!"

His mother is not believing. He returns the hug. The smell of his mother's perfume;

They say, flowers in the field bow their blooms with awe in the presence of a mother. She is nature's blessing to all.

She pulls back and smiles looking at him from head to toes.

"You look skinny. Clearly this girl wasn't cooking for you. Lindiwe..."

If he doesn't stop his mother now, he will never here the end of this.

"I'm starting, what did you cook?"

He changes the subject...

"Amatabunga with roasted chicken." She responds pulling the bag off his shoulders. He cooked his favourite meal of all times!

"Wow, my favourite." He sits down.

"I missed you, so I decided to spoil myself with my son's dish. The prodical son who didn't tell me that he is coming over. How pathetic of you." He laughs. He watches his mother as she disappeared out of sight with his bag. He is really exhausted... His butt is numb.

Minutes later his mother comes back with a tray filled with his favourite aroming dish. Exitment written all over.

Without even washing his hands. He digs in and within minutes he is done. He hasn't eaten his mother's food in almost a year. Don't blame him.

"Can I go lay down a bit. I am not feeling well. In-fact I'm tired, Swaziland is far."

"You can take a bath and sleep. I'll clean up here."

What will her do without his mother?

He takes his skinny ass on the outside bedroom. It's not locked, which means his mother was here. He smiles looking at the neatly made bed. If he needs better he would have said she knew he was coming home, since he is on a monts leave.

He looks on the dressing table and his smile dissolves looking at his framed picture with Lindiwe wearing school uniforms. Their love was fire until her decided to be a arse and break her heart for his selfish reasons instead of bein an open book with her.

A note on the table, this note he wrote before leaving to Swaziland.

'I'm sorry I couldn't be as inspiring for you. I tried to keep you going when you were down and confused in life, and I'm sorry I couldn't. But I promise to always be there for you. That sucks for me, but I'll take it anyway.'

Why is this note still here. Him also, he doesn't know.

Maybe taking a bath later on will do. He throws his heaving boy on his bed, closes his heavy eyes...

LINDIWE NGOBESE

After months of Sizwe Dazela's burial. It is today that she gets to see where he was laid to rest. Looking at his tombstone feels like a dream.

She has a red rose in her hand...

"I will give you space." That is Melusi turning to leave giving her space to talk the man he once dated. A man that she loved and still loves.

"Traditionally, you know that I'm your wife, right?" She takes deep breath trying to be strong.

"The days that followed, your death was both utterly full and completely empty... full of activity yet empty of life. Much of the time I sleep walked through the things I had to do, so numb that I was often completely unaware of what was going on around me. I felt like Pinocchio must have felt inside of the whale...cut off from everything that I thought was my life. Then an event or a few spoken words would bring me out of my darkness, only to find myself standing alone and confused on some strange and unfamiliar shore, full of feelings and memories, but also feeling utterly lost."

A few years drop from one after another.

"You made me fall inlove with you, only for you to leave me in this vein. You took a piece out of my heart that never can be put back. To make matters worse - you are shoving me back to the person who took your life within splits seconds. The same person that made me sink into a whole. Sizwe, do you have any idea how much you took from me? I don't even know what to say. But I just want to let you now that our child will know about you. He will now where we buried you and how much you were looking forward to hold him or her in your arms. You are gone from my sight, but never from my heart. But I guess you know what's best for me. I will always love you."

She drops the rose she had in her hands, takes a deep breath and looks at his grave without saying a word. She allows the tears to fall. She smiles looking up...

"Till we meet again. I'm going home for some fresh air. I will visit you when I come back." She turns to leave. It's like she is leaving another part of her behind. She's not even twenty one and already her life has been drama one after the other.

She hops in the car...front seat and buckles up.

"You good? Melusi asks.

"Yea," she smiles briefly and turns to look outside the window...

He was someone who really loved life.

He was someone who was so just in the moment. If he heard a good song, no matter where he was, he was going to jump up and dance...

"Do you need anything to eat?" He asks cutting her thinking session. Such a caring brother!

"MacDonald's." It has been her favourite lately. That double cheese larger burger.

Melusi is driving her down - to her home town. She just wanted to be away from Mpilo and the busy streets of Durban.

"Call me if you need anything."

He gives her that sympathetic look.

"I will, I promise." She smiles trying to hide her emotions. She will never be the same again. Absolutely nothing will make her heal and forget.

A void which can't be filled, no matter how hard she tries.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Having a new born baby in the house is overwhelming and exhausting. To adjust to a new life. She is trying to accommodate him and somehow, she believes that it is just too much for her. She is looking at him sleeping peacefully in his arms. He looks so much Ngimu when his mother left him in her arms and never looked back. That woman is something else. She smiles...

“Is he asleep?”

Sthembiso has been of great help for the past couple of days. He leaves late for work and comes back home early.

“Yeah, he eats a lot.”

“Like who?” She asks.

“Like some black bimbo I know.”

She looks at him and – she has no come back for this. She looks at him and smiles. She will definably get him for this.

“Okay Sthembiso Jiyane.” She places the baby on the bed and covers him with his blanket.

She slowly stands, the pains are still there but the wound is slowly closing up. Sbahle comes from time to time to assist and she must say - he has been of great help throughout. Her parents hearing that she was shot, it was hell of a distraction. Her father wanted to turn the whole of Durban upside down but Sthembiso assured him that he had everything else under control. The house is clean which means Sbahle has left. She wants to make breakfast and surprisingly this stupid man is in the kitchen...

“What are you making?”

“Eggs with toasted bread.”

Who eats that kind of breakfast? She sighs looking at him...

“You can go sit. I'll come dish for you.”

She turns to leave him to continue burning the kitchen. She limps towards the dining...

Breakfast is not as bad as she thought. It is very eatable. She looks at her happy kids smearing their faces with eggs. How does she manage to hold up a big household like this at her age? A part of her has a lot of questions. How and when did she become this mature at this age? Her agemates are out and about having time of their lives while she is here.

Spending time together as a family creates a sense of belonging. Children are less likely to go look for that feeling somewhere else if they can find it at home.

You never know when a family member could be taken away from you.

She believes that nobody is perfect. Everybody has flaws in character. Her mother made many questionable choices as she was growing up, some of which put her in danger. She had a hard time forgiving that, and sometimes still feels really upset whenever she thinks about it. But she got through it and got over it. Maybe it's time she finally moved on and bury whatever hatchet she had with her mother.

“I think it's time I forgive that woman for hurting me. I think I am ready to walk past that stage and be free.”

Sthembiso stops chewing, he wipes his mouth with a napkin and gulps down his beer.

“As in forgive her?”

“Yes, I mean the past cannot be changed but can defiantly make the most of the future.”

“When are you going down?”

“This weekend.”

“I am proud of you mnyamana.” They continue eating over light conversations.

She is writing her assessments online and damn everything is just a hard rock.

Agriculture is very scientific and well, difficult. Entering this phase she thought that maybe – just maybe she will be aiming it like she did in high school. But guess what? Baby girl was wrong. She thinks it is now time she attend classes. Her mind will explode. She will have to talk to Sthembiso about this. No way, that she could have a monied baby daddy and she has to suffer in this manner.

Her phone beeps. Maybe this will exit her because damn!

“I think I'm falling for him.”

That is Sisipho. She laughs a bit shaking her head. She told her not to catch feelings but the girl does not listen. She dials her numbers and she picks up in the first ring...

“Please don't judge me.”

“Ay, I am judging you. One task I tell you to do and already you have fallen for him.” She says laughing.

“You do not understand.”

“Then make me understand. Why are you catching feelings?”

“He gives me food, clothes and whatever I need. Is that normal?”

“You are not telling me the whole story.” She is beginning to be impatient. Why is this girl going around in circles?

“He is kind, amiable, and speaks without rudeness. He listens to my ranting and insecurities then later makes fun of them. He never judged me on my past. A man who is always there to fix my craving for a child that is not even his. The bed sessions are always the best. This guy is good and that is why I keep falling deeper for him. He is comparatively gentle with me. Yesterday he told his father that we are an item – at first, I did not believe him but when I asked him to confirm he assured me that yes, indeed we are a couple. He does not want to lie and say he loves me but he is into me because he likes me.”

“It sure sounds a lot like love to me. To provide for the needs of the beloved is a central concern to the one doing the loving. Hopefully a two-way street.”

“I don’t even know what the hell you just said.” She giggles.

“Do you love him?”

“I am falling for him deeply and it scares me.”

“Then go ahead and tell him how you feel. Talk to him and make him understand what your heart desires.” Onyiye.

“Imagine me asking a grown ass man out, Yoh!” Sisipho exhales out loud.

“It is worth a try. Wena tell that man you are in love with him. Will see you this weekend.” Her eardrum is definitely damaged after that harmful scream.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

She drops the line and holds her phone onto her chest. She feels lighter after talking to her sister. Imagine such a grateful bond that she almost destroyed just because of her selfishness. That reminds her – she will have to go home this week to prepare for the arrival of her sister. She cannot wait for her to be here.

“I did not know that you gossip about me this much.” She half screams and turns to face him. She shamefully looks down with her heart drumming against her chest. This is what she was not prepared for. How will she face him after this? She cannot read his facial expression.

“Gerald... it's not like that.” She tilts her head to face him.

“So, how it's like?” He asks folding his shirt.

“Gerld...”

He grabs her neck and smashes his lips against her trembling soft lips.

“Look me in the eyes and tell me what you just said over that phone call.”

“My sister is coming this weekend and I need to go clean the house. I'm sure she will be coming with the kids.” She is shy. No hell way will she be declaring her love to this man right in front of her.

A knock on the door disturbs their moment.

“Come in.” he shouts. They are still standing in the same position facing one another. He smirks looking at her looking all uncomfortable.

“Hei, Gerald.” The smirk on his face dissolves. He slightly turns his head to the right. His body hardens as he clenched his jaws taking a deep breath.

“Cici, what are you doing here?” He calmly asks, still standing in the same position.

“I got a promotion and was offered a job on this side. I saw that it was your company and I thought I should accept.” The

woman responds. She is so pretty. Way out of the league. She clears her throat and steps back.

“I will go back to work.” Sisipho.

“We were still talking. When is the doctor's appointment?”

He asks. Sisipho frowns looking at him. Why is he bluntly ignoring the poor girl?

“G, you have a guest.” She whispers.

“So? My family comes first - every other thing can wait.”

“It's okay, I will come back later on.”

The girl says. She looks at Gerald who has his eyes fixed on Sisipho. She walks out of his office shutting the door behind her.

“Sipho,” he smiles revealing his devilish smile. “Will see you at home.” He winks at her and walks past her smiling. He sits on his desk and smiles opening his laptop.

She gathers herself and steps out of his office...

Day went pretty fast and before she knew it – it was knock off time. All day she tried by her all means to avoid a man called Gerld. She changed her routine time. Talk about deeper

insecurities. She is so insecure and feels like she isn't enough for him at the status he is in.

And to her favor avoiding him, it worked. She gathers her things and walks out bumping into her colleague.

“Awu mageliza,”

“Nandi

Advertisement

” she smiles greeting her back.

“Look at you glowing. You are even starting to show and you are even gaining weight. Look at your skin. Our hard labor was not really healthy for you.”

She would really love to stand and have a chit chat but her bed is calling her.

“Already my back is giving me pains. The doctor said I should take it easy.” She lies.

“Awu bantu. Let me leave you. Take care.”

Jeez! Now that she is showing people are going to be on her case!

She walks out and heads to the parking lot. Today she is wearing an Oakridge maternity long sleeve dress. Crew all over floral print with the sandals. Her curly weave bouncing to the

length of her shoulders. Gerald is in the car already waiting for her. The girl comes out running to Gerald's car and takes the front seat. She can see through the window that they are arguing. She opens the backseat and throws herself inside. There is nothing that she needs other than having a warm bath and sleeping. Hopefully there are still some left overs of lasagna from last night. Without saying anything Gerald drives out with the girl talking non-stop and complimenting everything. Sisipho secretly rolls her eyes. They pass by intersection and she notices a woman selling chicken feet. Her mouth salivates...

"G, stop the car!" Without asking he stops the car and parks at the side of the road.

She jumps out of the car and hurries towards the lady's table. G also jumps out of the car with a huge frown on his face. He rushes behind her and notices her standing in front of a bistro table.

"Hei, can I have 10."

The woman stands up, wears a plastic in her hand and take out 10 chicken feet from her container and put in a transparent packet. She takes out R50 from her breasts and hands it to a woman.

"I don't have change; can you wait while I go look for change?"

"How much?" She asks.

“R2 each.”

“No need. You can keep the change.”

“Thank you.”

They look sourcey and the smell is divine even though they are cold. She takes a bite and God damn it is was what she has anticipated.

Arriving at his house her mouth was full occupying all the chicken feet bones... the girl was dropped off at the rank even though she was not having any of it but Gerald put his foot down.

“Who was that girl?” she finally asks. Not that she cares, she just noticed how the girl was towards him. Who is she fooling! Maybe they once fucked and girl caught feelings along the line like her.

“I thought you would never ask. “ He asks.

He sighs and leans back against the headboard. The parents are not around, so cuddling first before they arrive will do at the moment since they cannot be intimate.

“I am going to be honest with you. Cici is my ex from hell. She was a pathological liar and I couldn’t keep up with her energy. I loved her yes, but she was just too much for me. She even lied

about unnecessary things. She would lie and make up stories that fall somewhere between conscious lying and delusion. At first, I thought that maybe she was in that phase of being afraid of losing me but I was lying. She made up stories that sounded so damn real enough that other people believe them...”

“So, you broke up with her because she is a liar?” she doesn’t understand. Maybe she is too slow.

“Yes babe. I left her because I was emotionally tired of her constant lying. She went to a point where she framed her pregnancy and stupid me believed her. Yes, she was pregnant but the baby was not mine. Anything that comes out of her mouth is always the total opposite. I still need to do a follow up on the post that she is talking about. I do not want that woman next to me. I hate here with everything in me.”

“Shes pretty.” She compliments. Yes, she is beautiful and now her confidence just went from thirty and dropped down to zero.

“Without no brains – and trust me on that one.”

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She has just woken up from her sleep. She looks at her surroundings and notices that she is home. How did she forget? A small smile creeps on her face.

She remembers talking to her friend on the phone and dozed off. She gets off the bed...

Her mother is not in, still probably at work. She is all alone and bored. Maybe cooking will do. She takes the meat out of the freezer and places it on the sink, opens warm water defrosting it.

Her phone rings from her bedroom, maybe it's Onyiye wanting to give her an earful. She pushes her feet towards her bedroom...

She picks her phone up from the bed and sighs looking at Mpilo's name flashing on top of the screen.

"Hello," she is not in that mood to argue with him.

"Mnono, can I see you."

"I'm not in Durban." She responds. She is not in the mood to fight.

"I know. I'm outside."

She knows exactly what he means. She takes a deep breath and steps out of the house, closing the door behind. There he is parked tight Infront of her father's house. She hops in the car and reclines on the seat making herself comfortable.

“Babe,” he is nervous she relaxes...

“Hei,” she turns her focus on him. “I was about to cook.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that you wanted to be home? Did you use taxis?”

“No, Melusi dropped me off.”

“Wow, so me to get hold of you I have to track your phone all the time just to know where you are. Lindiwe, can’t you see I’m trying! My life is a mess and I hate myself for what I did. Can you at least meet me half way.”

“Meet you half way while you are still living with your baby mama?”

“She was chased out of the house by her parents. She has nowhere to go.” He responds.

“Can't you rent her a flat somewhere and make it clear to her that you are in love with me and not her?”

“It's not that easy.”

"Well then consider me and you not in a relationship. Remember one thing, I'm this lonely because of you. You took the only thing that makes me happy and that makes sense to me. You took something that loved me and only me alone. Do you want to know why I loved him more? He made me feel more of a woman and he valued me very much. I never shared him and I was certainly sure that I am the one for him."

"Lindiwe..."

"It's okay Mpilo. Do what you do best. And that is crushing the little heart that's left. I need to go back before my mother finds me here."

She steps out of the car...

Mpilo is certainly is the least of her worries, she's worried because she distancing herself from people.

When she feels dead on the inside...she doesn't care if she eats too little or too much. She doesn't care if she sat at home all day. She doesn't care that she is losing friends. Not that she doesn't care but everything is just going South for her. She just has no care for her body any longer. Except for maybe one person. Who is around her, she feels a rush of emotions. But the feeling is dead on the inside. She didn't knew that it was going to end, especially like this and this soon. Feeling dead on

the inside has been her day job and a daily one. She is in that state, where she looks at people and wonder why they are happy. She noticed that, when she started feeling dead - because not even her favorite show or seeing her best friend makes her happy. Feeling dead on the inside makes her blame God for everything. She ends up asking God to just end it all some way so her family does not dwell on the fact she ended her life. She feels dead as if she don't have a soul or that she don't even have a heart. She feels a hole in her chest. And it sucks. It fucking sucks because she can't feel emotions!

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Looking at the woman who gave birth to her looking all helpless on this hospital bed breaks her heart into a million pieces. Yes, she wished karma could visit her at times but now seeing her breaks her even more.

What does she say? Where does she even begin? This feels so unreal. This woman was never sick. She looks at Sisipho tongue tied.

“I don’t know what to say.”

She mutters softly.

“I will step out. Just say what is in your heart.” She taps on her shoulder and walks out.

She takes a deep breath and prepares the speech within her. She did not rehearse anything for this moment. What does she say? She will see where her tongue takes her. But what she knows is forgiveness and anger don't combine nicely.

“I am choosing to forgive you. I accept what happened, and I am ready to let go of my resentment. I don't want to be angry anymore. I release the past and its power over me. I may not

know how yet, but I am willing to let this pain go. I am willing to release you from my own hurt.'

'Forgiveness can even lead to feelings of understanding, empathy and compassion for the one who hurt you.

Forgiveness doesn't mean forgetting or excusing the harm done to you or making up with the person who caused the harm.

Forgiveness brings a kind of peace that helps you go on with life.' Baby daddy's wise words of encouragement.

Ntombi's eyes slowly open, through her aching, blurry vision she manages to spot a dark figure in front of her eyes. The machines in her mouth make it hard for her to utter anything. Her hand is heaving making it hard for her to even lift her finger. Tears whale out one after the another. Is this truly her daughter? Did she really say she was forgiving her?

Onyiye runs out to go call for Sisipho who was seated on the benches eating her chicken feet. Looks like she has found her new obsession.

She looks puzzled, looking at her mother's eyes wide open.

"The last time I saw her with her eyes opened was three months ago." Her mouthful with chicken feet bones.

And now it registers, they need to call for the doctor!

Sisipho runs out to go look for one but luckily, she bumps into him right at the corridors.

“My mother is awake...”

She feels relieved that she finally coughed out what is on chest.

‘Forgiveness doesn't mean forgetting or excusing the harm done to her or making up with the person who caused the harm. Forgiveness brings a kind of peace that helps you go on with life’. She can't let of Sthembiso's words out of her tiny head.

“How do you feel?” Sthembiso asks, while driving out of the hospital.

“I don't know. It makes me feel stronger and have a positive outcome. I am just happy that I was able to have this moment and finally let out what was in me.” Honestly it is refreshing for her. You know when a huge milestone has been lifted off your shoulders. That is how she exactly feels

“It is not about forgetting, as the adage would have us believe, but about letting go, about choosing positive emotions over negative ones.”

She nods her head smiling. Sisipho is sitting in the back seat while Ndimu is occupying the front seat with his tantrums.

“When did you get pregnant?” She has been looking at her in shock all day.

“Like the last time I had this fella her.” She brushes her son's hair.

She looks at Sisipho who had her eyes all out. She laughs a bit. No way in hell will she ever share how her babies came into this world. This will be her secret and she is ready to take it to the grave with her unless the ancestors say otherwise.

“Wow,” she seems shocked.

“I want the biggest family one could ever find.”

“How many babies?”

“Seven, is what I want.”

She always wanted to have a lot kids when growing up.

She doesn't care about the big houses and the fancy lifestyle.

What would matter is that there is love in it. No one understands the love of her having a big family. Even her friend Lindiwe does not understand her choices at times. Speaking about her friend Lindiwe. That one has been giving her the cold shoulder. Avoiding her at all cost. She doesn't pick up her calls any longer, it's like she is shutting everyone close to her out.

She avoids outings and seeing her. She is hurt and she doesn't want to lie. Lindiwe knew all of her struggles and she was there for her through thick and thin. Now that she is the one facing challenges, she has these walls around her. Walls that will take the entire life too break down. She will have to pass by her

house and talk to her mother about this. She cannot lose her friend and sister.

“Onyiye! I've been calling.”

“Ow, sorry. You were saying.”

“I was saying there is no food in the house. We should buy something to eat for the time being.”

She agrees - so they pass by the shops to buy a few items and drove back home.

Arriving at home it feels so strange for her. Last time she was here it was world war zone. she lashed out on her mother in a not-so-good way.

She gained the courage to leave home - was the seed she had planted in her small head... eventually she did.

She gave herself enough time thinking things over.

She is definitely creating a positive mantra to counter the painful thoughts.

Acknowledge her past to establish a starting point.

'We all die in a few tomorrows.' that is what her heart uttered when it told her to finally forgive her mother.

"Still looks the same." She scans her eyes around. She pauses her breathing when her eyes landed on her high school picture.

"Mum said I must put that up."

Sisipho says sitting down on the couch.

"Wow," she's emotional. Happy? Yell, yes her heart is gratified.

For the first time in a longest time she gets to see her face on the wall. She longed wished for this ever since she was in high school!

Having her night without Sthembiso beside her feels so, somewhat very weird. She smiles laying on the bed looking at the sleeping Simu. Does she get to explain how she robbed him a chance to have a father? They say when you talk to babies while asleep thy hear and understand.

"I'm an accidental killer. There's never a time, even when I'm laughing, I'm always thinking about it." She si and thinks...

'God made provision for what happened to you.' Mam Philisiwe told her. She doesn't remember her response. She only remembers being confused why did it. She didn't go to any counselling and none was offered – well they did and she rejected. She didn't talk about what had happened with anyone other than Sthembiso. She feels guilty everyday for surviving when a man had been killed by her, and she knew she would

carry that weight with her forever. She remembers staring at the white wall and feeling like she was rushing towards it. If she took a nap

she would jerk awake from the sensation of hurtling uncontrollably. That is her daily pain.

Leaving through the pain of knowing that she took someone's life!

"I'm coming back!" That's Sisipho shouting from the outside bedroom. It's funny how she now has a bedroom inside her own bloody house!

She hears the kitchen door being shut. She gets off the bed to go lock the door...

She decides to watch television, she is bored. No talkative Sthembiso, no annoying Ndimu.

TV is also boring on it's own. Maybe browsing through her school books will do. Normally if she is this bored she would talk to her friend over the and gossip non stop. She misses her and she cannot even hide it. It pains her that she is being shut out completely.

She takes her phone hoping this time around she picks up.

It's just taking her straight to voicemail. Okay, that hurts. She doesn't want to try her mother's number. Maybe she is asleep.

She will pass by the morning to check up on her. Hopefully, she will not have her thrown out of the house.

What if she has found comfort in drugs?

She shakes her head no, she doesn't want to think the worst of her friend. She still has faith in her.

She sighs reading the upside down notes.

Studying also seems to be very much useless for her.

How will she cope with all the stress weighing her. She smiles and blinds everyone that she is fine but in an actual fact she is not doing okay at all. She needs sled supervision, inspecting herself or even admitting to herself in some woman empowerment shit.

The small cries brings her back to earth. She takes the bottle and runs to the kitchen to go warm it in the microwave.

The way this child looks like Ndimu scares her alot. Chills run down her spine thinking of the possibilities in the near future. But then again it was self defence.

AT THE GARAGE

She's craving for stake and kidney pie. She once hated pie with her all and now, it had suddenly become her best friend.

"Are you sure that will be all?" Gerald asks looking at her stuffing herself. Crumbs dropping all over where she is seated.

"We bought four, so two for me and two my sister."

He shakes his head and leans back looking at her.

He thought that maybe this was going to a smash and pass. But he is being drawn towards her every second that passes.

"You need to change your hair."

"Why? Is it that bad?"

"No, I just want you to look pretty." He caresses on her arm. He brushes her head...

"I missed you today."

"But you were with me at work." She responds.

"I know, you are just way too serious at work."

"Haibo! Wasn't you the one who told me to be professional? You..." His phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket and looks at the unsaved number.

"God." He hisses.

He swipes to answer.

"CiCi, how can I help you?" He takes a deep breath.

Sisipho turns to look at him. She can tell that whatever this stupid girl is saying is really upsetting him. He is seething his teeth in so much annoyance.

"What makes you think I'm still in love with you?" He asks. She turns to look at him in shock.

"Listen here Cici..." She grabs his phone from his hand.

"Yewena satarawu. Stop harassing my man. Respect people's relationship. There are so many other fishes in the see. So, why mess with the one that has already been caught. This is my fish! Don't text nor call my man. Don't worry about him. Trust me, I'm crazy enough to kill and I always get away with murder. Now, stay in your lane woman!" She clicks her tongue and tosses his phone on to his lap.

"Block her before I smash that useless phone of yours."

"Did you just...?"

"Yes I did. And trust me I would do it again given a chance. I'm sick and tired being left hanging. First it was that stupid baby daddy who told me to abort. Then it was Tazz, who moved on within minutes of our relationship. He moved on like nothing happened. Then I met you. If you think you are going to leave me hanging again, ow trust me. Your family will be singing amagugu."

He looks at her astonished.

"Wow," he is still looking at her. "You look cute when you are trying to look angry." he says trying to break her attempt to continue... now he notices that smile on her face! He is winning. He takes her hand and holds it.

"I'm here Sipho. One of the best feelings in the world is knowing that there is someone out there who is willing to stick with you no matter what the circumstances are. You know that it is not about the things you can give or provide. It's about your warmth and presence —the companionship. That is why I give my heart to you because I know that you will take care of it the way it is supposed to be taken care of."

"Is this another way of telling me that you love me?" She giggles.

"And she ruins the moment."

She laughs. "I'm sorry G."

"Wash my car tomorrow."

"Mxm," he brings the engine to life and drives along taking her back home.

SOMEWHERE IN THE BUSHES

The police are raiding the bushes looking for a suspect.

"These are the footprints. But they seem dry." One of the cops say touching the dry footprint mud.

"Alright everyone. We will need to go in separate ways to find these people. We don't know whether we are dealing with a heavily armed or just want to be crooks."

The all agree.

The search dog begins to sniff around the soil pulling their handler in all directions. It barks attracting attention. They look closely at it as it begins to walk around in circles panting. The dog digs and paw at the spot where they smell the dry blood smell.

"We are running out of time." One of them yell.

"You guys can go. I will stay behind. Maybe there was a body buried in here." He says. The cops go in different directions.

The dog continues to dig...

"Come on buddy, you can do this.

It seems this grave is going on in too deep. The handler runs to the van and luckily their is a Pick at the back of the van. He pulls for it and runs back to the spot and finds the dog still digging.

This could be interesting. He moves the dog aside and begins to dig.

He stops half way when the Pick hits something, wooden. He drops it down - takes off two gloves behind his pocket and begin to dig. He pulls out for a huge sjambok. He looks at it closely, but it's a bit dark. He pulls out for his torch...

"Blood." He utters.

He scoffs looking at the blood stains. Another case to dig up on. He pulls the dog leading it to the van.

Arriving at the station he steps out of the car with the weapon on his hands, still wearing gloves.

"What is this?" One of the cops asks.

"How did the search go?" Another asks.

"Well I found this and I just need to take it to the lab for..."

"You do not even need to explain any further. You can go." The station commander says.

Without waste he drives straight to the lab technician. He has already briefed her of the issue and she is aware. He waits

patiently for the next step well probably the results. He is looking at her closely doing her magic.

At the lab, they use very fine powder that can stick to the oil on the fingerprint. Once the fingerprint becomes visible, the woman then lifts it from the surface with clear tape and transfer it to another surface to then take into the laboratory to analyse further.

"The results will be back tomorrow morning." She says taking off her gloves.

"Just email them directly to me or give me a call. I'm the one who is handling this case."

He walks out and wonders if is that humans blood or an animal's. But he hopes that it is not what he thinks it is.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She thought that being home would probably make her forget things. How can she forget about anything when Mpilo is just right around the corner, like a pest? How can she move on when this stupid man is shoving himself right down her throat?

She has cooked and cleaned. Her parents were very happy to see her. The woman started crying tears of joy.

Lean into the emotion - they would say.

She admits, she really missed her.

This woman has taught her so much in life and she ended up being significant.

“You have taught me everything I know and stand for and have raised me to be strong and independent. But no matter what, I will always be your little girl.” That is what she told her mother when they shared all the pain she had been through. It did not sit well with her mother but hey – It is part of life. She had to go through a hardship in order for her to know how to deal with the pain.

She is walking around the area looking at all the houses with good and not so good roofs. It's in the evening and she just wanted to have that fresh breeze and look at her hometown. It's been long. She wishes Sizwe was here with her

- her hands wrapped around her arms. It is a bit chilly and possibly about to rain soon. The clouds say it all. Maybe she should go back home, she even forgot her phone.

“Lindiwe!” She gets startled and holds her chest.

She slowly turns around and gasps looking at her good-looking long-time ex. For some weird reason she finds herself rushing her legs towards him. She throws herself in his arms and inhales his cologne. He still smells the same, good to be precise. She breaks off the hug and he looks at her shocked.

“Smanga! Is this really you?”

“Yes, what happened to you?”

“It’s a long story and trust me you do not want to hear about it. You look handsome.” She caresses his cheek. For a minute she forgets about the deep dark hole she is in. He smiles and gently holds her hand. He kisses the back of it and pulls her again into a tight hug. All of a sudden, the winds, temperature and pressure, the rain pours heavily making her gasp in shock. She places her hands on her head preventing the rain from

destroying her braids. Smanaga takes off his leather jacket and covers her head with it.

“Do you want to run?” he asks smiling.

“Like the old days?” she chucks shivering. He holds her hand and they begin to run in the rain.

Running is a way for her sake to take her mind off of her problems and relax and kind of take herself out of her life for a bit. They take short, quick strides. They are somehow running with the rain, at a speed equal to its horizontal velocity. They both stop and laugh. She is where she told herself that she would never be back at. She is far from home and it is raining cats and dogs outside.

“Come, let's go in before you catch a cold.” he says, leading her to his outside bedroom. She stands beside the door shivering. He asks her to take off her clothes and his eyes drop to her bloated stomach.

“You pregnant?”

“Yea...” again it's something that she does not want to talk about. She wipes herself with his towel...

“I'm cold.”

“Ow shit! Yea, get in bed.” She is still naked with her hands hugging her body. She gets on top of the bed and covers herself with a big blanket.

“Can you make me tea?”

Smanga frowns looking at her.

“You and tea?” He is shocked. Lindiwe never struck as a girl who loves hot stuff. She’s all about sweet stuff.

“I'm just cold.” indeed she is.

He walks out without saying anything at all. She is left alone in his room. The pictures on the table make her stupefied. That is her picture of her and Smanga when they were still the it couple in high school. This guy once bashed her about her weight. Her eyes move along to another picture and it’s a picture of a baby girl. This could be his daughter. She caresses her belly and smiles. She cannot wait to hold her baby within the next few months.

Minutes later Smanga walks in carrying a tray with tea and some scones.

“The scones are wet!” she laughs.

“The only thing that matters to you are the scones?” She gets out of bed and wraps herself with a blanket. The tea smells

horrible for some weird reasons. Beggars can't be choosers she is cold as hell.

She takes a few sips and it is just not doing any justice for her. She places the cup on top of the table and takes a scone. Sweet, her favorite of all time. No wonder she has toothaches.

She is falling slightly into deep sleep. The rain has no justice and she is still super cold with her body shivering. Smanga shifts himself next to her and holds her from behind.

"It's been long since I last held you like this."

"Why did you leave me? Was it true when you told me that I am not your type and my weight was your problem."

He tenses his body in shame. That was something he never meant to spit out of his rotten mouth. It was just a slip of tongue. Or maybe it was jealousy that got over him?

"I was just angry that you went to Durban and you completely change to be a person I do not recognize. I was angry at myself also that I was keeping secrets that still haunt me till today. Maybe if I had a different approach about the matter, I would have not been feeling this way. Maybe we would have still be together. Who knows."

“So, you thought brining me down will kill my spirit?” She asks and turns to face him.

“I know it was selfish of me and for that I apologize from the dept of my heart.”

“It's okay, I have forgiven you. How is your family?”

“My daughter is fine. She will visit me some time around next week.” She nods her head smiling.

“I cannot wait to hold my baby as well. It’s a pity that the father is not here.”

“He did a hit and run?” He sounds shocked.

“No, he passed away. He was in a car accident.”

He takes a deep breath. A loud peal. A loud reverberating sound of thunder. She screams and jumps on top of Smanga who was only wearing his briefs. She holds on tight to him.

“I'm scared.”

Heavy rain is fine – but thunder is something else she cannot stand. Worsley, she forgot her phone at home!

He hugs her while she's still on top of him. He brushes her back, the more he brushes her back and their skin rubbing against each other the more his blood flows. He clears his throat and holds his breath. The lightning has died down...

She tilts her head to look at him. Their eyes meet and for a second, she wonders how his lips taste like, now. She moves her head down – without warning she smashes her lips on to his lips.

"You still look beautiful." He says inbetween the kisses.

The thermographic camera captured an increase of 0.8 degrees Celsius on average on the receiving party of those cherished words.

She can feel the heat radiating off of him. The tiny hairs on her body brush against his making her body feel the rush for the desire to be touched even more. She slightly moans in his mouth. She puts her legs onto the side of his waist and begins to grind him.

"Lindiwe," he breathes helplessly. She is moving her waist back and forth rocking on his hard rock. Her hands trail down onto his torso but he holds her hand before she could even grab the joy stick.

"This was not meant to happen." He says with his eyes closed.

"I know, but I want it to happen." She continues going around in circles on top of him. He groans letting out a soft moan. Heavy breathing, which is an indication of excitement in his body. She still knows him too well. She untangles her hands off

his tight grip...he holds her waist and flips her over. He takes off his briefs and lets his member springs free.

He knows how she likes it, if she is underneath with her legs wide open.

“Are you sure about this?” he asks with his squashed voice.

“Yes, I want this. Maybe it will heal the pain I am feeling.” she responds. He nods his head understanding.

“Let's use protection.”

“No

I want to hold feel you like I used to.”

He looks at her, not too sure how to respond but he trusts her. He strokes himself and positions himself then aims for the way...

The session was steaming hot. Adrenaline was unleashed, deep strokes making her to forget about all the troubles she is going through.

For the first time in ages, she gets to tell her story without shedding a tear.

“Let the hurt move through you. Then you can move on. The best way to make progress when the going gets tough is by

relying on others. Do not shut your friend out. I'm sure she needs you and you also need her more than anything. Don't let this make you the person you are not. I am sure that she misses you more than anything."

"I know and I feel bad already. I was shutting everyone out forgetting how I have people around me who love me. I was hurt to the point that I wanted to take my own life. But thank you for opening my eyes. I will reach out to her and talk to her as my sister but not a friend."

"Please do and stop pity partying yourself. Being sexed doesn't heal you but it makes you forget your trouble for a while you enjoy the intimacy. Same goes for alcohol..."

"I get you madam speaker." She laughs and guilt strikes thinking of how she was shutting everyone out.

"Can I make a request?"

"If it does not involve money, then yes."

He has his arm wrapped around her shoulders with her head on his chest.

"Can I just be with you for the whole night. I just want you to make me forget and tomorrow I will be facing my demons."

“Lindiwe, I do not want to be in trouble. Just because you can be able to manipulate me and my body. It does not mean that you get to use me for the whole night.” He whines.

“Just for this night and after that I promise not to use you again.”

They continue to talk and share their conversations about their past life, how they were very much in love and how he managed to break her heart unintentionally. How they are just not compatible with each other but yet still inlove with one another.

“So, the current girlfriend or baby mama. Do you love her?”

“I don’t have to answer that.”

“But I answered everything and it is only fair that you do the same. Who knows – maybe I might help.”

“She is fine but not someone I want to spend the rest of my life with. I loved her at first, she was just not for me. I guess I was looking for you in her.” He responds.

“I think you are not ready to love. If you still compare two different people that means you have not moved on from the past. Forget about what we had and try finding happiness without adding me onto the equation. I did the same and I managed to find happiness even though it was short lived.” He nods his head.

“I will just try that. Now that we are bidding farewell to each other, can I have the last round of me letting you go?”

“I’m all open. Take me I’m yours for the night.” With that said he gets on top of her...

She will defiantly spend the night here. She just wants to forget about Mpilo and his crazy ass of his.

STHEMBISO** **JIYANE

“Where is that other one?” His mother asks, looking behind him.

“He is with his mother.” he responds.

“Mother? Didn’t that family say that the mother was dead?” this woman knows how to press his buttons so early in the morning. The came here last night but they were not home. These oldies sleep empties.

“Not that woman mah, I’m talking about Ndoni.” He responds, trying not to sound annoyed.

He walks right past here with the kids bag to the dining room area. A bag full of diapers and their food. He finds his father sitting watching soccer. Who watches soccer so early in the

morning? His father's face lights up when he sees his grandchildren. He opens his arms and welcomes him.

“Jiyane grandkids.” He smiles failing to contain his excitement. He pulls them to sit on his lap...

The youngest one goes for his beard as always. He laughs, this is what they missed the most being pulled by all directions.

“Open pigs for my grandchildren.” He says looking at Sthembiso. He grabs the remote and opens the cartoons channel.

“It's Peppa pig by the way, sir.” He speaks making his father to laugh a bit.

He left the kids with his parents. He knows they are bonding and having their good time of their lives. He just wants to sleep a bit. Ngimu is a Springbok at night. He had to wake up every hour to double check on his position. How his woman manages at her age - he also would like to know.

Being home is always refreshing yes, but being away from her is a total mess for him. It's like his life does not function that well.

Look at him whining over the phone.

“I can't deal with an old man right now.” she says with her voice followed by those few giggles.

“But I need you. What do you expect me to do woman? I don't know how to find you even though you're right behind the corner.”

He makes her laugh even harder. He smiles...how will his life be without this woman in his life? All of those months looking for her and she was just below his nose. Stupid him!

“And she is laughing.”

"I just love it when you cry for me. I find it cute."

"I miss you, what must I do?" He has her skirt on his face.

"Then come see me."

He sits up straight.

“There is no distance that stops me to meet you because you stay in my heart. The sweet memories we have spent together make my today beautiful. I am coming!" He jumps off the bed to wear his shoes. Seeing her dark beauty face will leave his face with that rectus look on it.

Khoza call comes through.

“Look I will have to call you back, Khoza is calling me. See you in a bit I love you."

“Love you too.” She responds by dropping the line.

“Mfana kithi.”

“We have trouble.”

He stand straight to listen. Trouble had been following all over.

“Sbahle just told me that...” A harsh knock on the door.

“Wait let me call you back.”

“DO NOT OPEN T...”

Sthembiso drops the line and swifts his thin legs to the door. He opens and finds two police officers standing outside the door. These are the two officers who were attending Dumisani’s case.

“Yes,” his heart is drumming rapidly but puts the brave face on.

“Sthembiso Jiyane, you are under arrest for the murder of Dumisani Jiyane. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in court. You have the right to talk to a lawyer for advice before we ask you any questions. You have the right to have a lawyer with you during questioning.” They cuff him. He takes a deep breath and he immediately knows that shit is about to hit the fan but he couldn't allow all of this to fall on the love of his life.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

"I'm sure he is coming." Sisipho says.

"When? It's been four hours. His phone is not going through and Khoza is not picking up!"

Sthembiso doesn't just vanish into thin with telling. Even him going to the toilet to go shit, he reports! She's pacing up and down with her heart tell her that something is not good at all and they are all avoiding her.

A text comes through from Khoza. She retrieves to read. Her hand tremble, her eyes pop out in shock.

"No, no, no." This can't be true. She doesn't want to believe. Not her Sthembiso.

Sisipho takes the phone and read through...

"When, how?" She asks.

Onyiye bursts into tears failing to breath. The room begins spinning and she falls into unconsciousness...

She wakes up in the hospital all confused. Sisipho, with her red swollen eyes next to her and the baby on her hands.

"Mntase," Sisipho says standing up.

"Where is Sthembiso?" She asks.

The doctor comes in...

"You are awake. How are you feeling?"

How is she feeling? Not so good.

"I need to go home." She sniffs.

The doctor smiles.

"The hormones are getting into her."

"What hormones?" She asks.

"You are three weeks pregnant miss."

"WHAT!" She feels her world crumbling down. Not in a mess like this. She cannot be pregnant and lose Sthembiso in one day. She covers her face with her hands and burts into tears. How did she get pregnant when she made sure she drinks the pill every morning.

"She's fine we will discharge her."

She doesn't care any longer. All she wants is her Sthembiso!

INTERROGATION ROOM

"We have have all the time in the world. All the evidence is their in that packet. Just confess and you will get a lenient sentence." Sthembiso continues to keep quite.

"Since he doesn't want to talk. Put him back to his cell."

The pull him up by his collar making him stand. He can't fight because they shackled him, both hands and feet. He doesn't care about anything at the moment. The only thing he could think of is his family. He makes his way to his cell with a cop following him behind. They push him inside and unhook the shackles. They close the gate and he sighs sitting on a single wooden bed.

This is it he cannot escape this. He shut his eyes closed pained, hope Ndoni will forgive him for what he did.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

She is looking at his grave with a smile on her face. Today she decided to go down to where he was buried. Sometimes, it's beneficial to sit in a quiet and take time to think or to pray. It's something that she does lately. And it soothes her soul.

"Hei babe." She kneels down and begins cleaning his grave. She no longer cries but always smile's. That is what he would have wanted.

"Look who I bought. Nomaswazi."

She sits down and takes a deep breath. Mpilo hands her the baby and steps back giving them privacy.

"I wrote you a letter again." She chucks, she always right him a letter whenever she passes by. It something that she decided to do, with her heart out.

"I know you might've been tired of hearing my voice telling you how much I miss you. I'll try not to say I miss you. I am grappling with this new routine, new hours, new sleep pattern. I have learned that we cannot go around the pain of our grief. Instead, we must learn to embrace and express it. This is hard but absolutely necessary work for me and my

health. It comes in random flashbacks that, on any other day, would make me giggle, smile, or even blush. It's an onslaught of emotions out of the blue, in the most poorly timed moment, like as I'm just joining a video meeting at my still-new job. It's screaming my lungs out or punching my steering wheel on my commute home. It's lying across the freshly dug dirt at the cemetery, sobbing How did this even happen? Why you? Some days, I want to eat all of the things, and others, just the thought of food makes me sick. My grief also has these moments of calmness and focus, followed up almost immediately with guilt. I'm still grieving and healing but it's not an easy road. But I'm doing this for us."

She sniffs and turns to look at Mpilo who was now squatted behind her. He has his head bent down in shame.

"Your memory will never be wiped in my heart. You will be always loved." She says standing up. Mpilo also stands up to help her.

"I will find you in the car." He tells her. She nods her head and move her legs to the car where it was parked - outside the cemetery with the baby on her chest.

He takes a deep breath putting his hands in his pocket.

"They are the most special people in my life and I want you to always know that I will do anything for them. Because their

happiness is my happiness, I will make sure to keep things light for them. If it gets too tough, I will stop myself from going down the wrong road. No matter what, I love them and I can't be prouder to have someone like them in my life! You can take my word for it. Sorry for what I did, hade bafo."

He stands there for about a good minute before taking his leave.

"Zandile will be bringing Qophelo over. It's time I set boundaries." He says laying on the couch. He still lives in flat but has been considering buying a house. He is a man, he can't raise kids in a flat.

"Hmmm," she deep into her books not minding him.

"Mnono!" He pulls her toes.

"Can't you see I'm ignoring you? Sometimes I forget that you have a hearing problem." She says.

He sits up straight and looks at her still buried in her books.

He snatches the book off her hands and throws it aside.

"Mpilo!"

She's furious, why on earth would he do such.

"I want my attention." He whines.

"Wouldn't you have asked instead of snatching my books?"

He just stares at her without saying anything. She fails to contain herself and burst into laughter.

"I've never been with a man annoying as you." She clicks her tongue getting off the couch. He pulls her by hand making her to lay on top of him. She has gained a few kilos in the past months.

"And you still have your entire life time to see this annoying face." He smirks making her to blush.

There was this time when their relationship faced a degree of difficulty but they stood against all odds.

Falling in love was the easy part. The challenge for them was how to rekindle the fires of romance and cultivate the mature, trusting love that is the hallmark of a lasting relationship. Communication has been the best but they are still warming up to each other.

"I think I'm going to regret ever falling in love with you." She chucks.

He smiles widely and sucks his lower lip. He places his hand behind his head for balance and another hand on her back.

"I think I'm regretting it too."

They both stare at each other...

The door opens and they both look towards the direction. Lindiwe secretively rolls her eyes moving off him. He stands up and looks at Zandile who has her baby boy in her arms.

"I thought you were alone." She says looking at Lindiwe up and down.

"No, I'm with the woman of the house. We need to talk." He says taking the baby off her hands. He goes to the bedroom with the baby and comes back finding both of them still standing.

"Sit down." He instructs. Zandile huffs as she sits down folding her arms dramatically.

"I'll be in the bedroom." Lindiwe tries to untangle herself from the situation.

"Sit your ass down woman." He instructs. Zandile smirks looking at Lindiwe who didn't seem bothered at all.

"The reason why I called you here is because I want us to set boundaries. You see this woman, this woman is here to stay and I see a future with her. Me having a child with you doesn't mean that we will get married or have a happily ever after. I

want you to respect the woman who is in my life and know your place as a baby mama."

"So, what about the world you promised me?" Zandile asks.

"I didn't promise you the world. Yes

Advertisement

we were in a relationship but not for once have I ever said anything about the future or even talk about marriage."

"Wow!"

"The thing of you walking in and out of this house needs to stop. The spare keys that you have will be left behind..."

"What if my baby misses you and wants to be with his father?"

"I'm sure he doesn't know anything about keys and lockers. If he wants me as you claim, give me a call I will come pick my son up. If I'm busy my woman will come by."

Zandile gasps looking at him.

She fishes in her bag and takes out a set of keys and throws them into his direction. She stands up and walks out banding the door behind her.

"She will heal. Don't mind her."

That's all she does these days. Minding

her business to its best!

The baby mama issue has been set and laid out. Now that they have that out of the way they will need to focus on the future and the utmost.

"Thank you for giving me another chance but I haven't healed that you gave my cake to that so called ex!" he huffs side eyeing her.

One of the reasons why she was rebellious and out of control was because of him. She rolls her eyes and continues to watch TV. This is something he gets to sing every day without fail. How he found out – till today she does not know. Never in her wildest dreams will she ever ask him because clearly his mind works over time. Or maybe he was following her that day.

"How do you know?" she asks. At this point she would simply like to know how does he know about all of this. She promised herself never to asks but her stupid mouth goes to do the opposite.

"I am something else, don't underestimate me. How was it?"

How can someone know this much when they were never told?

He chucks looking at her.

“How was what?” he asks again. She puts on the brave mode on. She will never admit that she slept with him. Smanga’s sex game has always been the best. That man can do his job left, right and centre without fail. She finds herself wanting to smile.

“The sex. Was it that good for you to scream your lungs out for the whole neighbourhood to hear?” guess he will never let this slide. Rather give him wants he wants...

“It was okay. I was just in pain wanting something to release and he was the best object.”

“So, you used him?”

“No, we used each other.”

He chucks. “I see.” He turns his whole body to focus on the television. He asked for the answers so he has them.

SISIPHO MAZIBUKO

At first her mind probably thought that this was Tazz calling her but her speculations were wrong. Tazz will never call her, he is with Thandeka. How stupid of her to think such!

Her phone rings again...

"Ain't you going to pick that up?"

Gerald asks. For some reason he is annoyed.

"I don't know this number."

She shrug her shoulders getting in bed.

"Then pick it up. What if it's something important?" He is getting more mad.

She sighs annoyed and picks the phone up.

"Halo," she answers with her phone on loud speaker.

"Sisipho, it's me. Please don't drop."

"Lungisani. What do you want?" She is shocked. She never expected this this, his call to be precise. Gerald is now ears on attentively.

"Can we talk?"

She wants to scream and say no but the man right in front of her face will say otherwise.

"About?"

She's trying so hard to be calm to her outmost.

"It's something that we cannot talk over the phone. I need to see you."

She looks at Gerald. He nods his head in agreement making her astonished.

"Ow, okay."

"I will bring my wife along. I hope you do not mind."

Some things never change. He is still the same old bastard.

"It's okay. I'll bring my husband along too. Just text me the details."

She drops the line and clicks her tongue. Clearly this man has an agenda behind his meet up.

"So, I'm your husband?"

"No!" She tries getting off the bed but he pulls her by her gown. She giggles falling back on the bed.

"I don't remember marrying you." He laughs. She's embarrassed!

Morning came - breakfast prepared, kids bathe and feed.

She's looking at herself in the mirror...

"Are we having a double date?"

Gerald is wearing a white Polo t-shirt, black Nike short with his Nike flip flops. Showing his well built body.

She pauses looking at him without saying a word. The man has a great body...

"Wow," she is even failing to compliment. Her on another hand - she's wearing a black and yellow short circle dress with her Air Force. Simple look yet elegant.

"We should get going. I don't want to drive at night. You look hot by the way."

Arriving at the located restaurant she finds them already sited. Gerald has Sipho on his hands.

She greets before sitting down. Lungisani grabs a bottle of water and gulps it down without stopping.

Gerald pulls for a chair and settles down also.

"I will just get straight to the point."

"Okay."

"I just want to know. Is the baby mine?" The audacity of this man.

"I had an abortion, like your told me to."

Thandeka cringes to the sound of that and looks at his brother in disbelief.

"So the baby you are seeing is not yours but his."

"But..."

"No but's Lungisani. I did do an abortion."

"I see. So, you really did an abortion?"

"Yes!"

"Babe..." Gerald intervenes. She takes a deep breath and her eyes glister with tears.

"She is your daughter."

Gerald brushes her arm.

"I'm sorry Sisipho. I shouldn't have done what I did. I was afraid of what will people say since I was married."

"You married her while still in a relationship with me. So I don't understand what your point is."

He clears his throat looking uncomfortable.

"You said you broke way before you even met me." The wife says in disbelief.

"It's a long story."

"Wow," Sisipho.

He made it clear that he didn't want to have a baby with her and forced her to have an abortion. She decided to keep the baby and found herself on the receiving end of his insults and accusations. Still, she held on and told herself she will never have an abortion.

She gave birth to her beautiful daughter and fell in love with her instantly.

Instead of being angry or hating him, she asked God to give her the strength to forgive. She forgave him for her own sanity. She now has a job and can look after her own daughter. She's the best thing that ever happened to her and she's so glad she didn't abort her.

He is so focused on the road. The conversation earlier brought back a lot of emotions for Gerald.

She didn't even notice that they have arrived. The car has been so silent, just thoughts flooding through their minds.

They both step out with the babies at the backseat. She will drop them off in the morning at their father's place. Her mother is with Gerald's parents. Durban was fun until Lungisani came

along. What was he doing there in the first place? Now Gerald's mood has dropped from hundred to zero.

He went straight to bed without bathing.

She sits besides him not knowing what to say but she knows that she definitely has to say something.

"You may not have given her life but you sure made and still going to make her life better. Anyone can be a father, but it takes someone special to be a dad, and that's why I call you her dad, because you are so special to me and to her. You know you will teach her the game and you will teach her how to play it right."

"You think so." That's the blushing that she missed.

"I don't think so, I know so. Fatherhood requires love, not DNA. You know I once read somewhere that a man can help make a child, but it takes a special man to help raise a child. Never doubt your fathering skills to that child of yours. Lungisani coming back to claim what's his doesn't change the fact that you are still the dad in this and your word is final. He will not have to go through me when he wants Sipho, he will have to go through you. That is how much I value you."

"Thank you. I guess I needed that."

So, dude has been sulking!

"You always told me that communication is the best. What changed?"

"Nothing. And please, send these kids to their fathers house early in the morning. My eardrums have infection. Jesus! That young fella can scream." She laughs getting in bed. The special moment almost became sour.

She did have fun with her sisters children and she promises herself to have a life time of those moments.

ONYIYE MAZIBUKO

Five years later and still going strong.

Life tests us all at every point of our lives. So being brave and strong while facing the challenges is the best you can do.

Realizing your self worth and pushing yourself to reach your dreams is what makes you proud and be successful.

She has come too far...

"Are you ready for the big day?" Mam Philisiwe asks fastening her dress. Today marks exactly five years without Sthembiso in her life. She has never looked at any other man – well except for that one man that she tried with but did not last even a second. Her kids have grown and it saddens her that he is not here to witness this. She long accepted that he doesn't want to be seen by her but at least he was man enough to call her now and again. He would gossip about his inmates, tell her about prison dramas, which she finds fascinating...

"Yes mah, I'm ready."

She looks at herself one last time and takes a deep breath.

'Be a sunflower.. Stand tall and find the light'. Sthembiso told her when she once reached that breaking point. She will

definitely not enjoy this day with her man present. The annoying man of them all. He was not there at her welcoming ceremony. How she paraded in her village greeting her brothers and sisters. That is how people from Abuja refer to one another. She visits Nigeria from time to time...

Her whole family is here, including her mother and Sthembiso's parents - but not her heart.

Nontombi is still in a wheelchair and was declared muscleness. Her lower body is not functioning and she has accepted it even though it breaks her. Their relationship - still not that tight but better than the other years. The first note was to accept that not all relationships can be repaired.

She believes that someday their relationship will be mended to its best.

"You look good."

Sisipho compliments Onyiye who is wearing a beige Asymmetric Hem One Shoulder Dress. Girl got married some years ago and she's pregnant with her second child. Tazz couldn't bare seeing the woman he claimed her loved being treated by a queen right before his naked eyes. It's a pity that his relationship with Thandeka didn't even last a year. Their foundation was based on lies. Tazz tried reaching out to Sisipho

but she had fallen deeply with her boyfriend which is now her husband. That is why he moved to Joburg to start his life afresh without having that constant reminder of the happy Sisipho. The baby daddy is still very much useless. All he does is fight Gerald and claiming his daughter whom he doesn't even bother to do anything for her or even get to call and check up on her. Typical of him!

She says she doesn't see herself getting pregnant anytime soon.

"Thank you. I'm just scared." Indeed she is.

After failing couple of assessments she decided to attend full time classes. Learning online with kids on the side was hard for her. Family is there yes but they were not always there.

The nanny is the best but still she had something missing.

"You will be fine."

They both fall into comfortable silence.

"Do you miss him?" She wishes Sisipho didn't touch base on that topic. She misses him everyday and it hurts.

"Every second."

"Why not move on?" She asks looking out for her baby sister.

"I tried but Sthembiso is the one I want and need. I will wait even if it takes ten years."

"I get you. Do what your heart desires and I will support you."
They hug.

Nontombi lets herself go and smiles emotionally looking at her daughter.

"If someone told me you would make me this proud one day I would have been a better parent."

"Don't start mah."

The name-calling has upgraded. From Maka Sisipho to mah!

She takes a deep breath...

"Both of you have made me proud in different ways. I am the talk of town and the neighbours envy me. I may be crippled but my hands work like magic. Can we pray?"

They all close their eyes...

"The Lord bless you and keep you;

the Lord make his face shine on you and be gracious to you; the Lord turn his face toward you and give you peace. Amen."

"Amen."

"I don't believe this woman. She just prayed with a script from the Bible."

Onyiye makes a joke out of her. They all laugh.

"I'm sure MaMdluli took all of my prayers before I could even pray. Phela that woman likes everything I have."

"If we don't go now - we will never hear the ending of these neighbours of her." Sisipho says wheeling her mother out.

"I will follow you shortly."

She takes her clutch bag on top of the bed, looks at herself in the mirror and follow them shortly. Their graduation ceremony is being held in their school premises. The hall is big enough to accommodate everyone.

LINDIWE NGOBESE

Mpilo really knows how to test her patience.

"Mpilo!" Screaming her lungs out will not change the fact that he is still staring at himself in the mirror.

Qophelo comes out first with Nomaswazi behind him. Her daughter has really grown. She still goes to Sizwe's grave to visit him some time. Spend time with him and their daughter. Tell him all those crazy stories, and how much of a hectic day she had.

She is indeed her father's copy. She knows how to open the old wounds that she thought she buried, but in an actual fact - the sore is still there.

"Mama," Nomaswazi walks right past her with her doll captured right underneath her armpits. She visits her father's side of the family now and again. They just can't get enough of her.

Everyone is ready, beside Mpilo. She cannot miss her own graduation day!

Finally, the man of the hour is here. This cologne of this will surely suffocate everyone one day.

"You sure take time like a woman."

Anathi tells him. Whoever gave birth to Mpilo should consider sending him a lunatic's hospital. She cannot stand this!

"I'm here now. We can also go." He picks both babies up and steps out of the house.

He promised her that a house is what he will buy and indeed he did. Locking her house feels like a dream. Her mother is very proud of her. She got married traditionally two years ago and Onyiye was there throughout. Her baby kick harshly. She flinches holding her stomach. She's due anytime from any hour or minutes. She swears never to fall pregnant again!

"Are you okay?" Mpilo asks looking at her sour face.

"Yea, in good. She kicked too hard."

She's having another baby girl in the house. She really enjoyed this pregnancy but she swore that it will be her last. After giving birth she is definitely tying her tubes.

She believes this day will not pass without her giving birth. She feels it. She prays that this baby holds on until the day is over.

She takes her phone and texts Onyiye advising her that they are on their way.

STHEMBISO JIYANE

He has spent countless nights like this, lying awake, anticipating life, trying to escape imprisonment through his mind's eye. He imagined the things he will do once he's free. Flashes of him laughing with family and friends at a cookout or enjoying the company of a beautiful woman play out in his mind like a silent movie. He remembers the images, so different from these, that swam through his mind on his first night in prison.

Her scent still occupies his nostrils. Her picture has always been there with that ecstatic smile. Just a couple of hours away and he will be out of here. Sleeping seems to be taking forever. He looks at the watch and it seems like seconds are taking more than it should. Time is not moving at all!

He woke up this morning and his stomach was in knots - he was so nervous. Nothing felt real. It was like 'is this really all ending today?'

He was afraid and also sad to leave his friends there behind, but there was some relief too. He misses his Ndoni more than anything.

Suddenly, the door of his cell opens, and an officer says, "Mhlophe, are you ready?" As he rise from his bunk. He is thinking, Is he fucking serious? He has been ready since the day the jury foreman read "guilty" off a little index card at my trial.

He grabs his letters and the family photo album. The Mhlophe nickname!

After the formalities of telling the processing officer his birth date, and other information that verifies his identity, he is allowed to put on the clothes that his friend sent a week earlier. This is the first time he has worn street clothes in five years. It feels weird. This jeans fits very tight. This could mean one thing...he has gained a bit!

He is being ushered outside...

The gates open making him to take a deep breath. That fresh air of freedom. He turns to look back at the brown bricks and shakes his head smiling.

How does it feel to be out of prison?

The feeling is unexplainable.

Khoza parked his car outside the gate. Still looks the same and he wonders how things are back home.

"The man of the hour."

They shoulder bump embracing each other.

"Finally." He says. The only thing he needs now is be with the woman who owns his heart.

"Ready?"

"More than I can ever be."

"It's her graduation day to day. And I just hope we arrive in time. That means I will be flying." A year ago he was transferred back to Westville prison because of his good behaviour. Now that he took the fall for the dilemma, he hopes and prays that it doesn't be a problem in the near future.

"As long as I don't get killed." He says hopping inside the car.

He needs a warm shower.

"How is my business going?"

"So far so good. Your woman has brains for a Fifty year old.
That girl

Advertisement

well she's a woman now. I applaud her, she can think."

He nods his head proudly. Seems like he did a good job in choosing her under load shedding.

"That girl is my one and only girl." The pride in his voice.

"I know. Your whole face says it all. What would you do if she moved on?"

"Kill him."

Definitely he would. But his heart is at ease knowing that she wouldn't dare and if she did they would have spilled the beans

like the last time she tried dating but failed dismally. That relationship did not even last an hour.

He chuckles smiling looking out the window. Everything still looks the same to his eyes. Just the long trees that are all over the place.

His house - it now has a vegetable garden. This woman!

Why on earth will she have a garden at their home when she has a huge land where she gets to plant what she wants?

Woman and their overthinking will surely kill them one day.

He searches for the spare key where they normally hid it. He laughs out loud finding it.

"Something's don't change hey."

He opens the door and her sweet perfume...

He finds his phone is on top of the table. The screen has fingerprints all over. So, Missy has been using his phone all this while. Even his sim card is still there, which only means one thing – Peppa Pig. The description of the screen alone says so much. The pictures plastered around the wall are still in one place and not even one has been removed. He takes his skinny legs to the kitchen – the mess in here. The dishes are all over, the floor is a bit messy. He understands, maybe she left in a

hurry and she was not able to tidy up. This is what happens when she is all over the place and very anxious. She cannot keep herself together, everything just runs all over in a mess.

Khoza walks in...

"Wow, was there a tsunami in here?" He asks scanning his eyes around.

"I wish to know." He lets out a low laugh. "You should call that cleaning service of yours. I'm sure they left in a hurry and they did not have time to set everything."

"I'm sure it's that big headed son of yours."

Sthembiso laughs out loud. Khoza steps out to contact the cleaning services company. He takes time searching from room to room and damn everything is upside down. He also notices that the kid's bedroom has been occupied by someone...he wonders who it is.

Finally, his bedroom. Everything is just her. Her smell, the bedding. He smiles shaking his head looking at the picture painting on the wall. He is was included; this can only mean one thing. He was in her heart for all these years. He defiantly feels appreciated. More reasons for him to do right by her. She had been waiting for him for so long.

He strips his clothes off his body, dropping them on the floor and steps into the shower taking a very long warm bath. When

was the last time he had a bath this warm and rejuvenating? He closes his eyes confirming the smell of his shampoo. He is indeed home...

The flashbacks of him being beaten to a pulp, being placed in an isolated room. The stab he had on his back almost crippled him because he used a wheelchair for a year. See why he refused Onyiye to ever set foot there. She grew up having a hard time now having her to see him with all those bruises would have certainly pulled her back into depression and that would have worsened the situation he was in. He had to stay strong for them so that he would come out a better father and a better man Which he is now.

He browses through the wardrobe looking for something presentable to wear. He was so sure to find his clothing in the trash bin but woman still has his clothes neatly packed. He then decides to apply lotion on his body then look for something to wear after.

She finished his cologne. He chucks thinking the amount she normally puts. But that was years back. He has no option but to spray her perfume. He will be smelling sweetness all day.

At least his jeans still fit him perfectly. He is wearing Mid Wash black skinny jeans with his white T-shirt and his Addidas Adirola Blue and White Sneakers. When was the last time he ever felt like this? Amazing isn't?

He steps out of his room and finds Khoza flipping through the channels.

"Finally, the man of the hour is done. Sbahle says we should hurry."

"I need to pass by the jewellery store and a flower shop."

Suddenly he feels anxious and very much afraid. He is taking deep breaths one after another.

"Is it what I'm thinking?" Khoza asks with a wide smile on his face.

"Yes, it's time."

"Welcome to our world." He recently paid dowry Sbahle and that was just weeks back.

"Let's go."

AT THE GRADUATION

A bunch of red roses and a ring - probably she has been waiting all her life for it. Today he is doing right by her by doing the right thing.

"Looks like they are done."

Khoza parks his car and they both step out. He takes another deep breath calming himself down.

He can do this.

"Fuc."

He never knew that a woman could make you feel this way.

The nerves are getting in the way. Perspiration and sweaty palms. Him laughing at every wording Khoza utters. He is fidgeting with the red roses with his heart beating rapidly.

"Come on man. Don't tell me this girl is making you sweat."

Khoza laughs out loud. He laughs again awkwardly.

Her name is being called out. There she is looking all pretty. She has grown!

He feels himself getting emotional. He uses the back way behind the curtains sneaking up on her. Khoza makes his way to the DJ and whispers something to his ear. The music stops, she frowns looking at everyone clapping. She chokes on her own

breath and collects herself. She cannot believe she's here. The MC smiles and steps back.

She accepts her degree with happiness filled inside of her. She looks at her family and the smile on their faces are the best results she could ever imagine.

As she is about to step off the stage her favourite song plays...

"Something is killing me slowly

And I'm feeling so lonely

Now I'm looking up to God o

Eyeh yeh..."

She smiles emotionally and takes a deep breath raising her hands in the air with the black gown suiting her perfectly. The claps and the whistles...

A blond man with bushy red afro approaching behind her with a bunch of red roses. Mam Philisiwe stands up and holds her chest in shock. She looks at her husband who looks very much chilled. Smiling from ear to ear. She sits down...

"What's going on?" She whispers asking her husband. Obinna smiles and looks at his clueless wife's face. The song continues to play. She looks at the crowd in confusion. She takes the first step down but the noise went even higher making her even more confused. Maybe there is something going on behind her and she is just clueless what is it. She decides to look back...

"Paid my tithe, I paid my dues See distractions everywhere
Now me feeling emotions Ehh

I get plenty, so many things that I really wan complain to you
See those people wey they try to

Bring confusion in our brotherhood, eh

Baba bless my family, bless my enemies

Bless everybody Together we be smiling

That's why me tell them say"... There he is kneeling down with his shaky self. She gasps holding her chest. It aches so much that she doesn't believe what's in front of her eyes. Maybe she is dreaming, all of this is just a hallucination!

She blinks multiple times clearing her vision. The more it becomes brighter more she sees him clear. She shakes her head 'no' with tears already streaming down her face. Her chest rise up and down...

She fails to hold it in and burst into tears. All of this feel like a dream to her.

"Sthembiso." She is failing to hold her emotions.

"Onyiye Mnyamana Mazibuko, will you make me the happiest man on earth and be my forever after?"

She take steps towards him, without response she passes her tiny hand across his face. He looks on the side and clenches his jaws.

"It's really you!" She screams. He looks at her confused. "Oh my God!"

Still looking at her confused. She nods her head multiple times and he sighs in relief. He stands up and embraces her with a very warm hug. The song continues to play with them intact in each other's arms...

"Chizoba, Chizoba, Chizoba

You promise I'll never be lonely

You go dey there beside me

Me tell them say

Chizoba, Chizoba, Chizoba

You promise I'll never be lonely

Say you go dey there beside me

Eh aih..."

She stays in his arms finding comfort. It has been confirmed, Onyiye That Girl was a girl that he was destined for. No way in hell will he ever let go.

This is the beginnings to their life and the start of their happiness. Happiness is a choice and this woman right here is his choice.

.....THE END.....

For daily latest books please visit <https://novelsguru.com/>

And also visit my Facebook page, and like and share it

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/3345453369055623>